hnemann Hospital

THE Medic

1943
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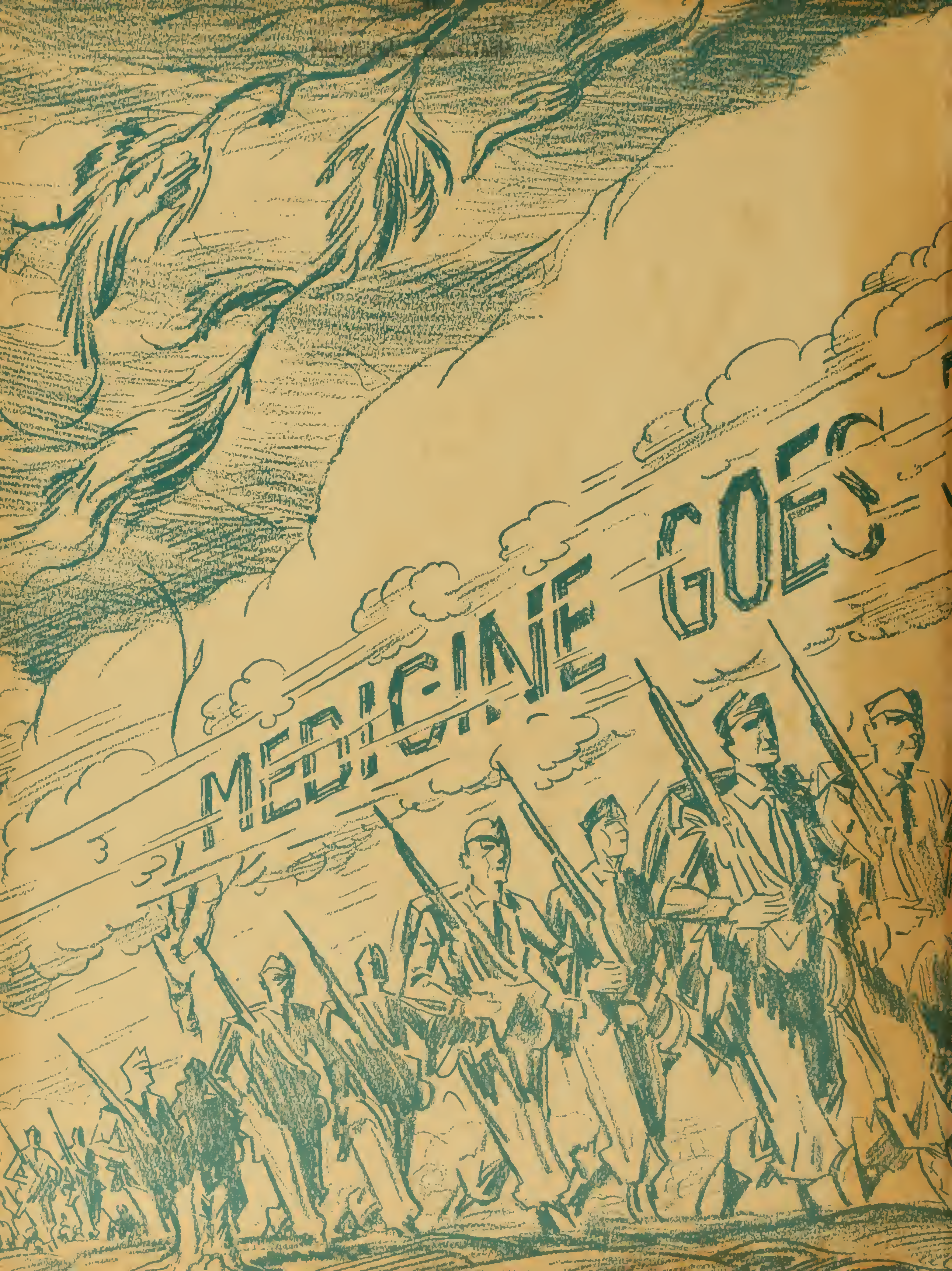
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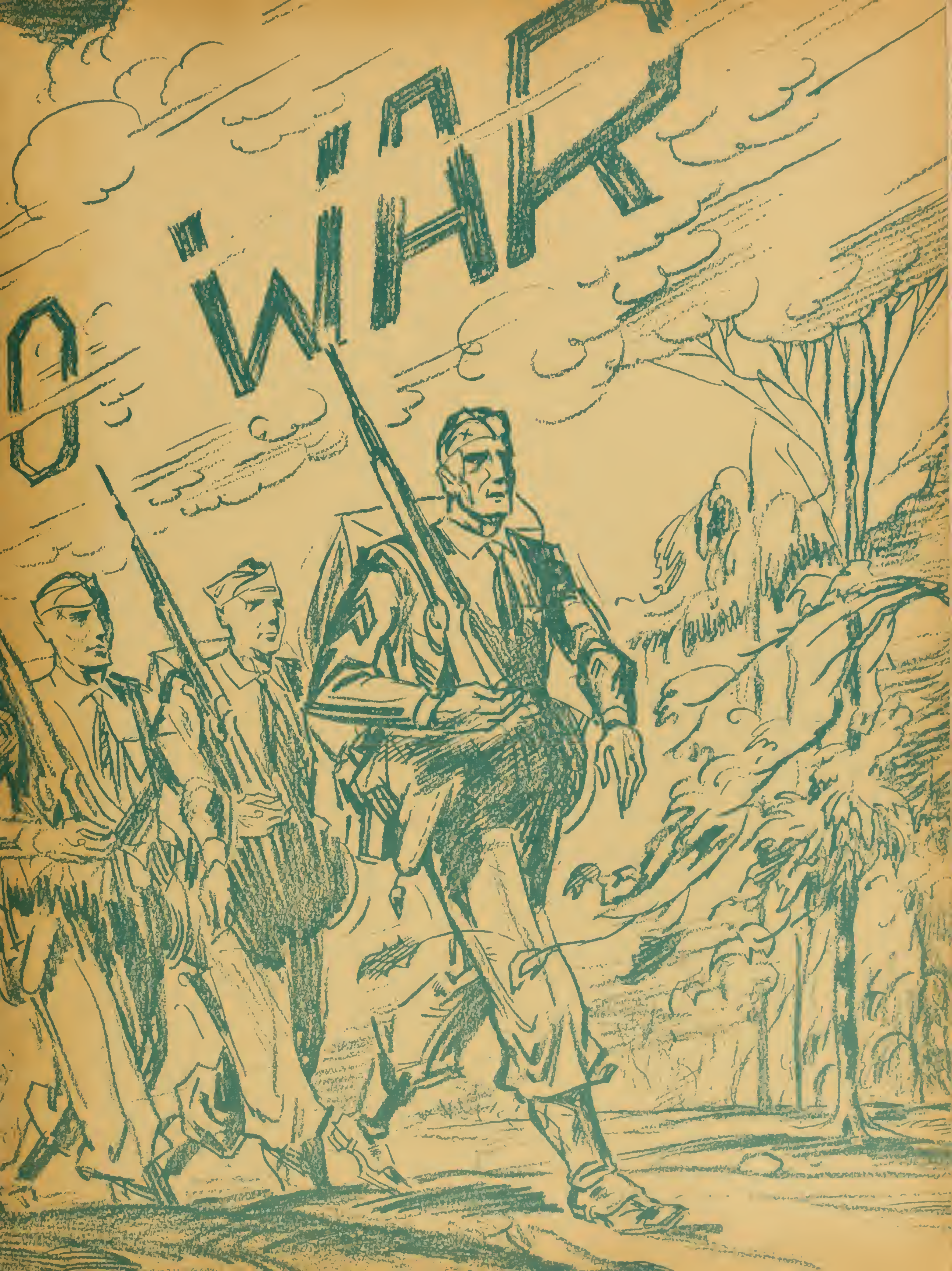
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THE MEDIC

PUBLISHED BY

THE NINETY-SIXTH
GRADUATING CLASS

OF

HAHNEMANN
MEDICAL COLLEGE

THEME

In time of war men in medicine are called upon to do a great service for their country. They give up hard won practices and in many cases even their lives in order to do their part. It is to this end that much of our curriculum and school activities have been directed. Many of our usual pursuits of happiness have been curtailed so that our efforts may better be utilized. Civilian attire has been and will be replaced by brass buttons and regimented uniforms. Having had this military way of things so decidedly emphasized during our last days at school, we have embraced the theme of our book and are stepping out to serve as

Medicine Goes to War!

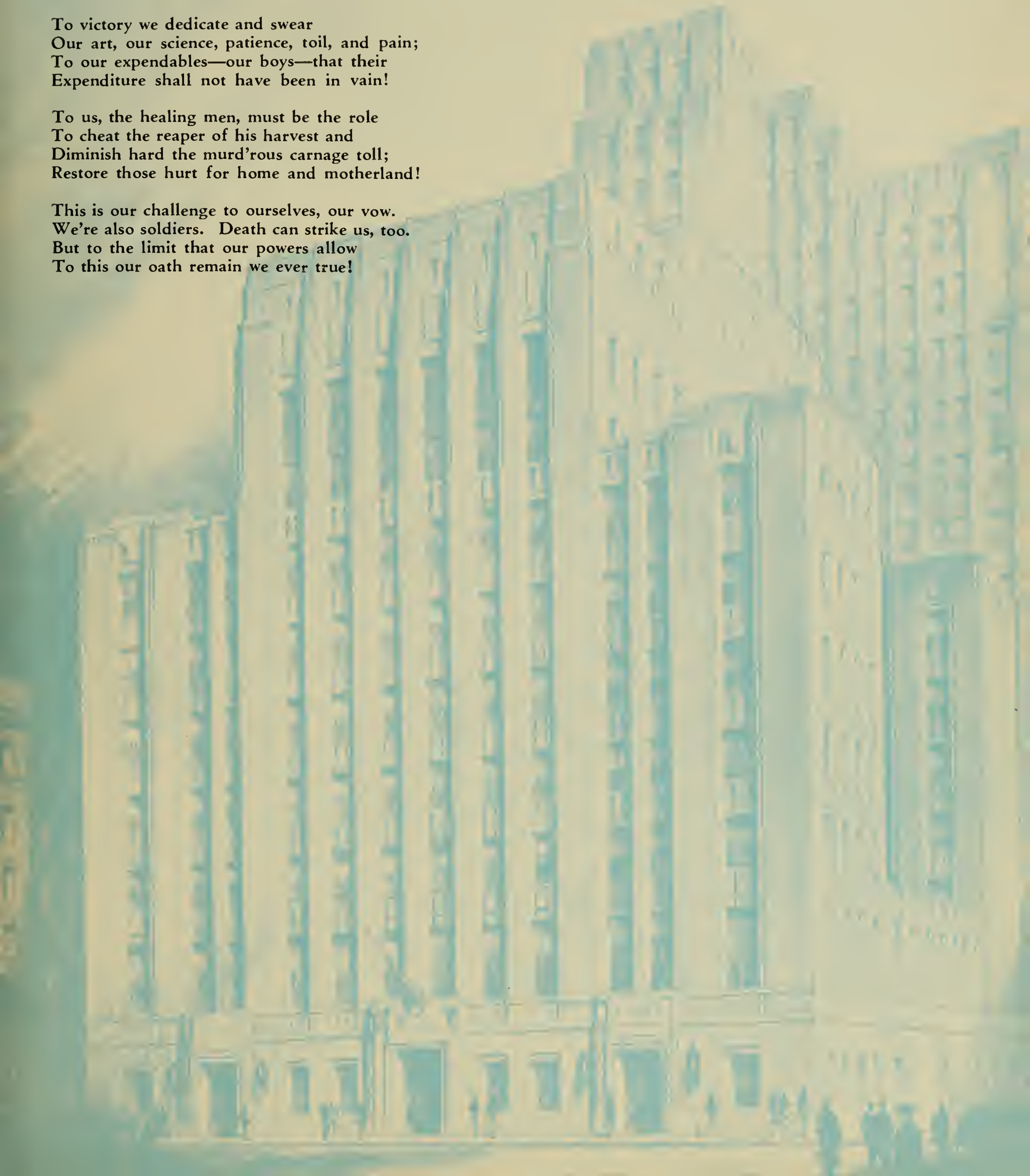
The night's a carnival of death and blood
With sudden flash and hellish din of noise;
The soldiers hug the trembling earth; the flood
Of death pours over them, our fighting boys!

To them's the hardest lot and job: the grime,
Paralysis of fate, the mortal wound,
Foreboding fear repressed, the stubborn spine—
To victory alone their life attuned!

To victory we dedicate and swear
Our art, our science, patience, toil, and pain;
To our expendables—our boys—that their
Expenditure shall not have been in vain!

To us, the healing men, must be the role
To cheat the reaper of his harvest and
Diminish hard the murd'rous carnage toll;
Restore those hurt for home and motherland!

This is our challenge to ourselves, our vow.
We're also soldiers. Death can strike us, too.
But to the limit that our powers allow
To this our oath remain we ever true!



FOREWORD

Four years ago a motley and heterogeneous group was brought together in pursuit of at least one mutual interest. During this period we have undergone the various trials and tribulations of the course required to attain the final goal of a medical degree. Having spent these four years together, there should be some record of what has passed under the inexorable feet of Time. Not wishing to entrust these moments of the past to the vagaries of the individual memory, where they cannot adequately be preserved against the erosion of Time, some effort has been made herein to stamp with permanence some of these fleeting memories of the past.

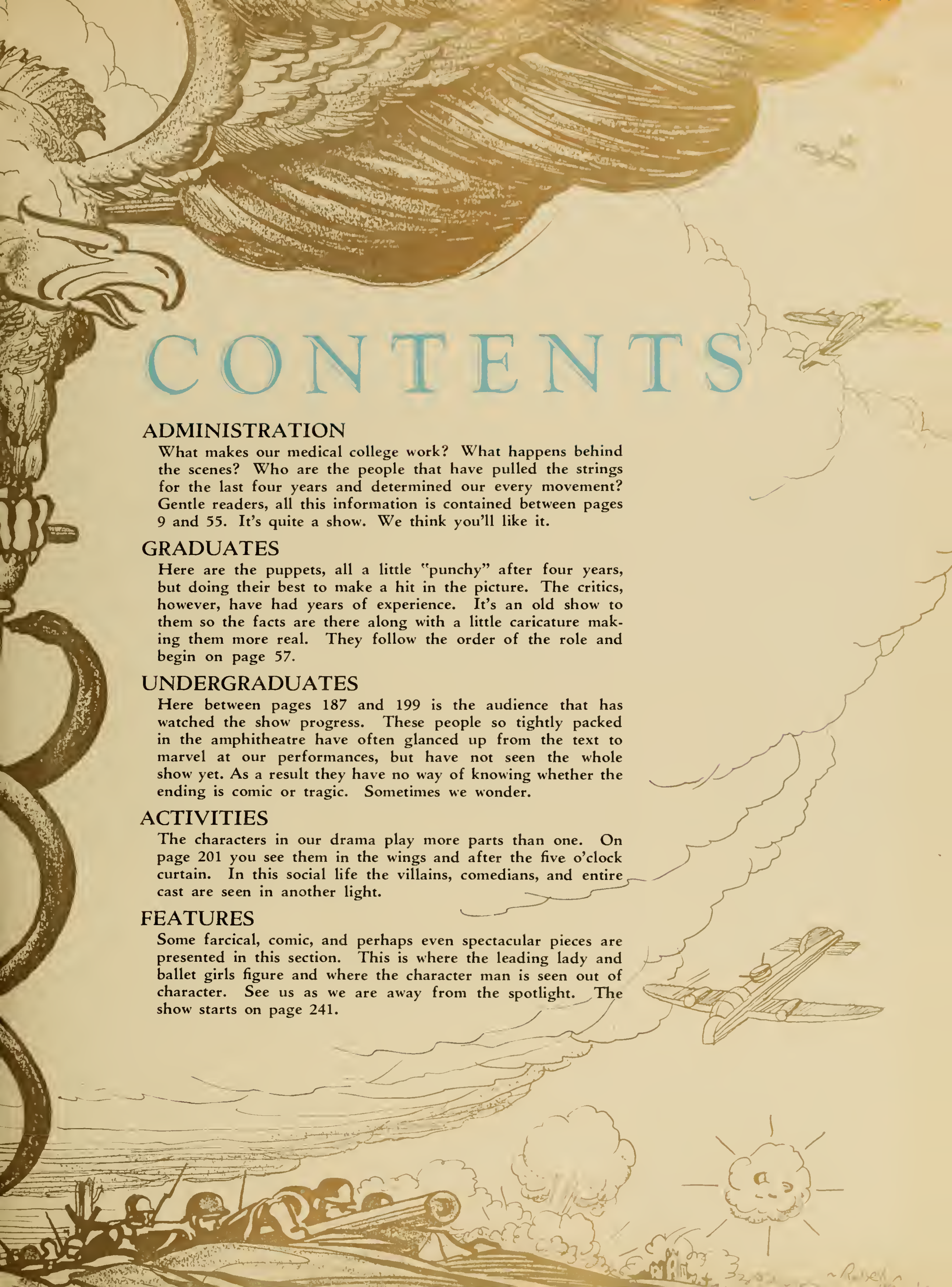
It is the fervent desire of the Staff that this publication will serve to cement in our minds a picture of the finished product—a picture which will include the bitter and the sweet——not just glowing eulogies, but remembered choice bits—the joys and trials, successes and failures, which characterize such an obstacle-ridden course. No effort has been made, in any way, to modulate the comments so that this book may be read by any person other than a 1943 graduating senior. The sole purpose has been to produce a document which shall be pulled down off the shelf periodically as the years go by so that we may again relive, with the same ideas, ambitious fervor and, in some cases, frivolous action, those years at Hahnemann from 1940 to 1943.

The tempo of the style has been somewhat accelerated in order to make for more digestible reading. In accomplishing this end, bits of the phraseology have been penned with barb-like pointedness. Let no one take offense, for, after all, the criterion of a truly great man is the fact that he can take any of the verbal barbs coming in his direction with the same spirit of good nature with which it was directed.

With this in mind, there has evolved this printed record. May it serve as the anchor to hold stationary those memories which would otherwise be washed away in the tidal wave of future events.

Irvin Sussman

Editor-in-Chief.



CONTENTS

ADMINISTRATION

What makes our medical college work? What happens behind the scenes? Who are the people that have pulled the strings for the last four years and determined our every movement? Gentle readers, all this information is contained between pages 9 and 55. It's quite a show. We think you'll like it.

GRADUATES

Here are the puppets, all a little "punchy" after four years, but doing their best to make a hit in the picture. The critics, however, have had years of experience. It's an old show to them so the facts are there along with a little caricature making them more real. They follow the order of the role and begin on page 57.

UNDERGRADUATES

Here between pages 187 and 199 is the audience that has watched the show progress. These people so tightly packed in the amphitheatre have often glanced up from the text to marvel at our performances, but have not seen the whole show yet. As a result they have no way of knowing whether the ending is comic or tragic. Sometimes we wonder.

ACTIVITIES

The characters in our drama play more parts than one. On page 201 you see them in the wings and after the five o'clock curtain. In this social life the villains, comedians, and entire cast are seen in another light.

FEATURES

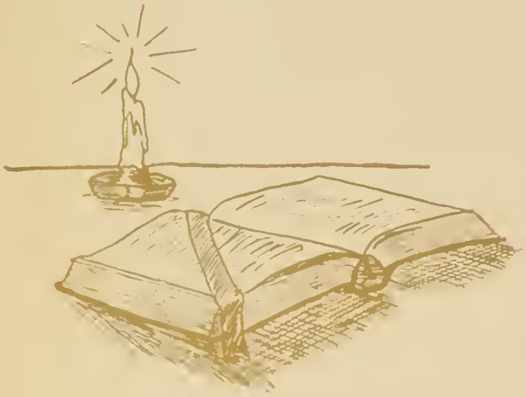
Some farcical, comic, and perhaps even spectacular pieces are presented in this section. This is where the leading lady and ballet girls figure and where the character man is seen out of character. See us as we are away from the spotlight. The show starts on page 241.

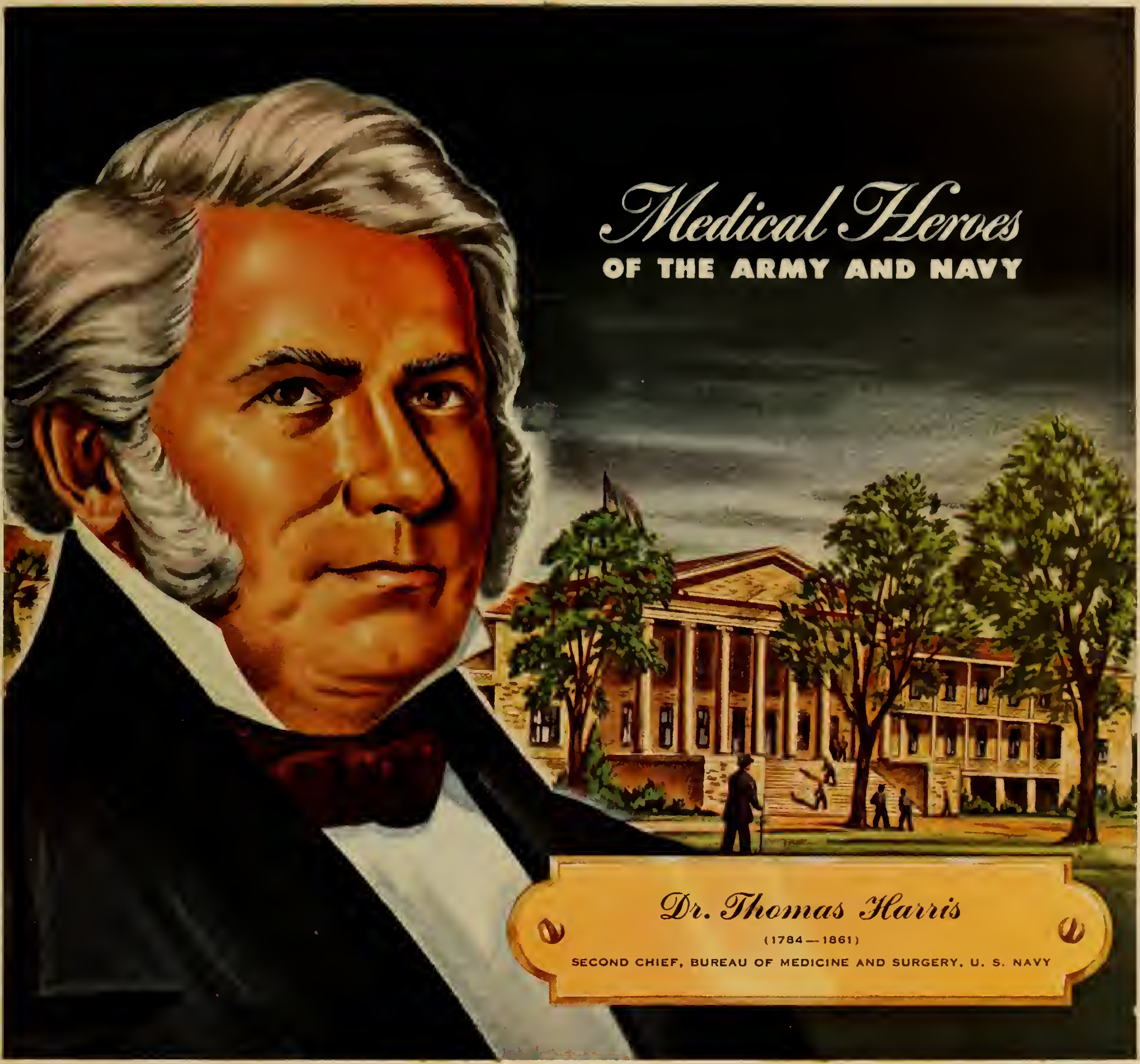
GARTH W. BOERICKE
M. D.

DEDICATION

GENTLEMAN and scholar, physician and friend—each term as aptly suits our own Doctor Garth Boericke as the toga does a Roman. A nobleman in every respect under the Hippocratic creed, his purism in ethics is equalled by his great love for humanity. An authority on therapeutics, whatever the school, he is one of the most faithful in perusal of current literature. As a consequence he has often confounded, with minute detail, those who have ventured to inquire about little known healing measures. Always becoming in manner and faultless in delivery, his great wealth of knowledge frequently has stood him in good stead when lecturing extemporaneously or conducting the most enlightening bed-side clinics of the four years. A sharp wit and an eloquent tongue did much to keep drooping eye-lids open during drowsy summer hours in the college air-cooled dungeons. His passing remarks on the specialties, our chronically absent members, and nuggets of knowledge have made more tolerable the long, long grind.

Greatest gift of all, however, is that indefinable touch the Doctor has for understanding people and their problems. The student, long exposed to sharp buffetings of impersonal professorial attitudes, finds a perfect reversal of form in Dr. Boericke. For some reason we are at ease with him and feel that he is interested in our own welfare and progress. The personal relationship is priceless. He calls us by name. In him our class sees a paragon—the perfect example, insofar as humans are perfect—of what a doctor should be. Good, sympathetic, understanding of Man's frailties and generous with his faults, full of the milk of human kindness and the tender quality of mercy, we find in this modest, learned man our dedicatory alpha and omega.




Medical Heroes
OF THE ARMY AND NAVY
Dr. Thomas Harris
(1784—1861)
SECOND CHIEF, BUREAU OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY, U. S. NAVY

HE FOUNDED THE FIRST NAVAL HOSPITAL

Skilled, distinguished surgeon who worked to keep the Medical Corps at a high level. Dr. Harris received thanks from a grateful Congress for services in the War of 1812. He sailed with Decatur to end piracy on the Barbary Coast—our first African War. Dr. Harris supervised construction of the first Naval Hospital in Philadelphia where he conducted a post-graduate medical school for successful candidates. From it has grown today's great school housed in modern buildings with the latest equipment, where each year thousands of officers receive advanced instruction.

ADMINISTRATION

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W. A. PEARSON, M. D.
Dean

THE HAHNEMANN MEDICAL COLLEGE
AND HOSPITAL OF PHILADELPHIA

The Hahnemann Medical College is striving conscientiously to do its assigned duty in winning the war.

The accelerated program, continuous sessions, military relations, and torrid weather have made the task very difficult for both faculty and students.

The need for well-trained physicians for military and civilian practice is paramount and all handicaps must be overcome to consummate an efficient end-product.

The Class of December 1943 has completed its formal medical course six months earlier and later classes will be graduated progressively more in advance of the normal date.

The cooperation of all students in adjusting themselves to difficult conditions is appreciated and it is hoped that all will prove professionally competent.

Personally, I am of the opinion that all students now in uniform will serve in the military forces and in the aggregate The Hahnemann Medical College will make an important contribution toward winning the war.

No one knows what the fortunes of war will bring to each graduate, but the experiences of more than five hundred of our graduates who are now in active military service indicate that they have been tried and not found wanting.

May good fortune follow all Hahnemann graduates.

Cordially yours,

WA Pearson

WAP:CCF

W. A. Pearson, M. D., Dean.

JOSEPH S. CONWELL

A MAN of whom the student hears much but sees little is the President of the Board of Trustees. Mr. Conwell is a vital part of Hahnemann, and his is no small task, for we all know that it is the Board of Trustees which serves as the ultimate guiding force behind the scenes.

Though we are uninformed on the details of his endeavors, we are aware of his efforts as we observe about us the evidence of a well-directed institution.

We are fortunate indeed to have a man of his calibre and understanding take an interest in our cause, and through the medium of this book, do we give expression to our appreciation.

ADMINISTRATIVE

FREDERIC J. VON RAPP

THERE are certain men in the institution with whom the student body has but little personal contact. One such man is our Provost whom we have had the pleasure of meeting on a few official occasions. Despite this sparsity of contact, we are quite cognizant of the fact that Dr. Von Rapp is that essential figure who coordinates the various departments into a well functioning unit.

In a most efficient manner, he has demonstrated his capacities for these duties and they most certainly have not gone unrecognized by the student body.

DR. EBERHARD will always be remembered as the professor of gastroenterology who covered his material well, giving us the essence and not only the foam.

Yet Dr. Eberhard had a dual role which in its way was as important for us as his instructive lectures. As Vice-President of Medical Affairs he served as the link between the student and the faculty. Serving thus as the students' friend, he has become affectionately known among us as "Uncle Harry."

We recognize in Dr. Eberhard a man who has done much for Hahnemann, a man of diverse interests and capabilities.

HARRY M. EBERHARD, M.D.

LEADERS

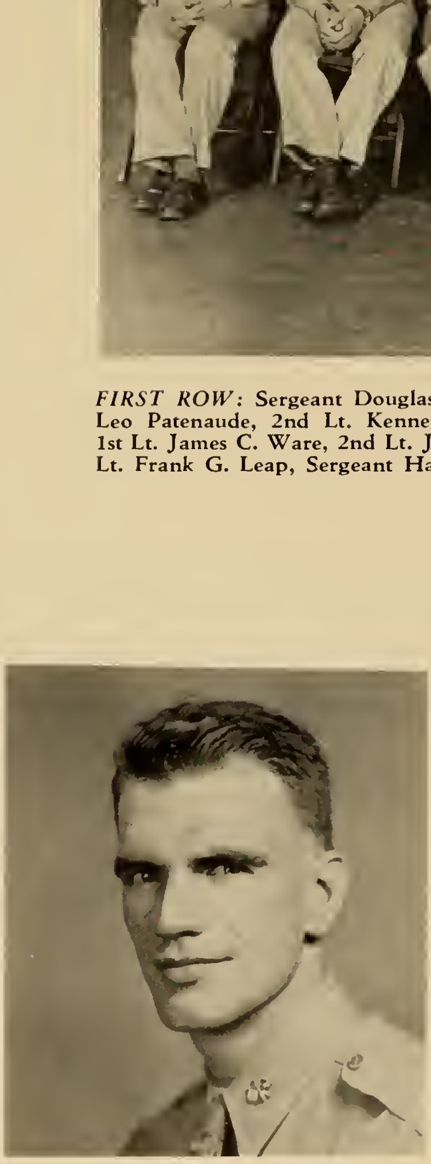
THIS quiet, unassuming gentleman had the distinct honor of serving in the capacity of Chief Surgeon to the Atlantic Fleet of the United States Navy during the exciting years of World War I.

As Hahnemann Hospital's Medical Director, Dr. Plummer is to be commended for a big job well done. Proud of his staff of physicians, surgeons, and vigilant nursing personnel, he took more than a passing interest in the medical student body. This fact was most evident to several of us who will recall how surprised we were when, on speaking to him, we found he was better acquainted with our individual capabilities than we ever realized.

RALPH W. PLUMMER, M.D.

FIRST ROW: **Sergeant Douglas Hamilton, Sergeant Leo Patenaude, 2nd Lt. Kenneth Van der Heuvel, 1st Lt. James C. Ware, 2nd Lt. Joseph S. Reeves, 2nd Lt. Frank G. Leap, Sergeant Harold I. Moses.** *SECOND ROW:* **Pvt. William Hobbs, Pvt. Thomas Pancoast, Corporal Joseph Oliva.** *ABSENT:* **Corporal Albert B. Cowan, P.F.C. Harry Shoemaker.**

HEADQUARTERS



IN THIS disillusioned world many people have suddenly found their daily routines altered and disrupted. Those of you who were called to the service this year and confronted with these changes are to be commended for the way in which you have fallen into stride and for the rapid advancement you have made.

Medical science has made great progress in the past 25 years. With your assistance, may it continue to make such progress, not only in the field of medicine where we find so many of man's most destructive enemies, but may you go deeper and find the reason for man's being his OWN worst enemy.

To the soldiers and other members of the class who are completing their studies, the staff and I wish success. Whether your tasks be on the battlefield or in the laboratory, may your combined efforts play their part in bringing about the inevitable victory of our country and our allies.

Lt. James C. Ware,
Commandant.

FIRST ROW: Captain R. C. Holcomb, M. C., U. S. N. (Ret.), Captain L. M. Stevens, U. S. N. (Ret.), Ensign Margaret A. Williams, S. C., U. S. N. R. *SECOND ROW:* Lieutenant H. S. Rummell, U. S. N.R., Lieutenant (j. g.) R. Q. Seyler, M. C., U. S. N., Commander E. Friedman, U. S. N. R., Acting Pay Clerk F. O. Hammar, U. S. N. (Ret.), Lieutenant J. A. Newpher, U. S. N. R., Lieutenant J. H. Walsh, U. S. N. R.

PERSONNEL

TO THE NAVAL GRADUATES:

You are now not only doctors of medicine, but you are Naval officers in the service of the United States. In this dual capacity you will be looked up to as examples by your shipmates. You must live amicably and agreeably in crowded conditions with these men even though all of them would not be of your own choosing. You will learn to treat patients with one hand while you are holding on to a rolling ship with the other. You will get more of your share of broken bones and dislocations, immersions and exposures. You will find yourselves concerned with the food, clothing, sanitation, and general living conditions of the officers and crew of your ship. As it is right and proper you will think more of your duties and responsibilities than you will of your official rights and privileges.

Many congratulations, a fair wind, and Godspeed to you all.

L. M. STEVENS,
Captain, U. S. Navy, (Retired),
Commanding, V-12 Unit.

THOMAS W. PHILLIPS, M.D.

Professor and Head of Department of Anatomy

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1916; University of Pennsylvania, 1923; St. Marks, London, 1923; Pi Upsilon Rho; American Institute of Homeopathy; American Association for the Advancement of Science

A QUIET, pleasant and congenial person is Dr. Phillips, especially suited to handle men entering upon the study of medicine.

The inevitable "Good morning, men" announced his arrival in the lab each morning. Some of our mimics become so adept that we heard the customary greeting many times before Dr. Phillips really arrived.

With great patience and perseverance he made us feel at home and kept us on the job (and in the lab).

Dr. Phillips' pocket filing system was of great interest to us, especially the hieroglyphics following our names and the various possibilities of their meanings, which probably caused more speculation and research than did the ramifications of the vagus.

It is quite doubtful that we shall ever forget the students' friend to whom so many of us ran when in need of aid.

"*Repetition—Repetition—Repetition*"

ANATOMY

OSTEOLOGY, angiology, neuro-anatomy, viscerology, myology, syndesmology all adds up to anatomy.

The impromptu quizzes brought out many new and interesting changes in human anatomy. For some strange reason the relationships, too, disagreed with Gray. The skeletons in the lab often assumed many unusual and not exactly natural poses.

The female perineum always seemed to be a popular subject for discussion, and quite a few of our young anatomists were quite capable of giving very comprehensive lectures divulging the details of the fairer sex.

We were fortunate in having our anatomy course over a two-year period, which gave us a bit more time to assimilate the vast amount of material that the subject encompasses.

What an odd picture we must have presented the visitor; a pair of students, hack-saw, mallet and chisel in hand, removing a calvarium with numerous unscientific expressions interjected. After gently lifting the brain one often heard, "Hmm, there really are such things as cranial nerves."

As we undoubtedly tried the patience of the members of the department, we give them a vote of thanks for their untiring efforts and self-control.

DR. THOMAS M. SNYDER
"Man's greatest pleasure after fifty is—"

DR. HERBERT S. WARREN
"An anomaly?—Wait. I'll get my camera."

DR. C. J. SHOLLENBERGER
"This structure is . . ."

WILLIAM A. PEARSON, Ph.D., M.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

Professor and Head of Department of Chemistry

Dean of the College; Ph.C., University of Michigan, 1900; Ph.D., University of Michigan, 1902; Sc.D., LaSalle College, 1926; M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1916; American Chemistry Society; American Pharmaceutical Association; American Association of Clinical Research; American Institute of Homeopathy; Pennsylvania State Homeopathic Medical Society; Union League; Merion Cricket Club; Rotary Club; Penn Club; Director of International Students' House; Philadelphia Consistory; Trustee, Allentown State Homeopathic Hospital

"ALL right, now we'll sing for five minutes before class. It wakens a person and puts him in fine fettle to study chemistry."

Dr. Pearson—the man *on* the hour, never late, and with the everpresent story or example to illustrate some point in the lecture. His ten minute quizzes were remarkable in that there was inevitably someone so studious as to hand in two or three papers.

Dr. Pearson's strutting back and forth before the class while expostulating the merits of accurate water analysis will long be remembered. Then too there were his tall tales of urine-passing contests that have as yet gone unrivaled.

We have been well guided by this able scholar in the chemistry to fit us for medical practice.

"Put a caboose on it"

CHEMISTRY

THE amount of H_2O boiled away in water-baths in 1940-41 was almost enough to put a serious strain on the Philadelphia water supply. But it served its purpose; in a pinch, we should all be able to stew up a mean chicken in a double boiler.

Probably few of us ever thought we would have anything to do with blood in chemistry, but there it was, every morning for a month at nine point zero zero.

The Kjeldahl experiments under the watchful eye of Dr. Hepburn, and the care necessary to insure good results was trying. We probably never guessed the intricate things we consumed until food analysis plagued us.

The sink test requires skill, a sharp eye and an adroit wrist. One holds the test tube up to the light and shrewdly guesses the contents, peers quickly over either shoulder, pours the vile mixture into the sink with one hand and with lightning speed turns on the water with the other. Then another sly glance around the lab and the test is over. Complex stuff, chemistry, nowadays.

DR. JOSEPH CHANDLER
"I can't talk now; it's an emergency."

DR. JOSEPH S. HEPBURN
"It's in the book; it's in the book."

DR. PHILIP MAAS
"Take a card, please, any card."

HARRY M. EBERHARD, M.A., M.D., LL.D., D.Sc.

Professor and Head of Department of Gastroenterology

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1898; Pi Upsilon Rho; American College of Physicians, Associate; National Gastroenterological Association, Vice-President; American Institute of Homeopathy; Vice-President of Medical Affairs; American Medical Association, Fellow; American Therapeutic Association; Association for the Advancement of Science; Union League; Philadelphia Country Club; Germantown Medical Club; American Board of Internal Medicine, Diplomate

WE HAD a year of preparation in anticipation of listening to the lectures of the "chief," Uncle Harry. A true top man in his chosen specialty, he has long been considered the student's friend. His sympathetic understanding and progressive views are qualities we highly admire. Among his many duties he was chosen to fill the gap between the trustees and the medical men at Hahnemann, a task proficiently carried out.

Omnipresent is the black, sometimes green, cloth bag with draw-string replacing the old fashioned zipper. We could never decide whether this was for instruments or served as combination lunch, book and laundry bag. Nevertheless, this bag divulged the notes for many excellent lectures.

"Rub with a turkish towel to a warm glow"

GASTROENTEROLOGY

WE JUST didn't fall into Gastro-enterology abruptly. Dr. Bowers gave us introductory lectures in our junior year emphasizing the value of belching, and with rapid-fire delivery told us of the "gradient." Chronicity, periodicity" were never absent, so we had a fair idea of the approach to ulcers.

In our senior year the word was "I can't impress you too strongly" as Dr. Eberhard started us on the McCoy of G. I. We traversed the stomachic rapids, we ascended the biliary tributaries and ended in the placid river of the colon in a well planned, interesting trip through the canal. The course was well provisioned from a vast store of clinical material and we can never forget "They do die, and quickly, if you don't get a tube down and decompress them."

Interesting were the G. I. dispensaries where one could by various bending and breathing exercises convert a habitus enteropticus to an apoplecticus in the short space of twenty or thirty years.

This was a course well managed, whose practicability was much appreciated by the student.

DR. LESTER L. BOWER
"Also found in cabbage and turnip greens."

DR. ROWLAND RICKETTS
"Now, the rubro-spinal tract."

DR. ALFONSO L. PIERRO
"Calcium bilirubinate crystals and . . ."

EARL B. CRAIG, M.D., F.A.C.S.

Professor and Head of Department of Gynecology

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1906; M.D., Jefferson Medical College, 1908; Alpha Sigma; American College of Surgeons; American Board of Obstetrics and Gynecology

DR. CRAIG, another advocate of the "be present and on time" cult is to be congratulated for the engaging manner in which gynecology is presented. The interesting and amusing illustrations given during lecture helped ease and make less didactic the conditions to which the female may fall heir.

Do you have that heavy, dragging sensation in your pelvis as if things were going to drop out? Well, go to our nearest gynecologist and have your sacrouterines tuned up and a half hitch thrown into the round ligaments.

A practical man, even to the extent of wearing a laboratory apron beneath his operating suit.

A scholar, teacher, and devoted enthusiast in the field of gynecology, Dr. Craig has done much to give us a lift along the way.

"And never more than 18-24" above the hips"

GYNECOLOGY

THE pelvic floors, the diaphragm, the pampiniform plexus, to say nothing of the movable fixation served as etiology for many nightmares. Nonetheless, the vagaries of pelvic anatomy were superbly untangled and a working knowledge of the basic principles driven home. We were even instructed in the management of exfoliative vaginitis and pelvic hypotonia.

The operative clinics were unparalleled. The seemingly limitless supply of clinical material alone impressed us with the importance of the subject.

The gynecological outpatient clinic brought us face to face with many problems that had been baffling us heretofore. The booths in which the patients were examined resembled a row of stalls at the county fair, for where else would one see such sights as encountered in clinic 14. Drs. Roman, MacFadyen, Seraphin and Waddington were judges of the show.

DR. EDMOND C. HESSERT
"And the movable fixation."

DR. BRUCE V. MacFADYEN
"Puts the stretch on the sacrouterines."

DR. DESIDERIO A. ROMAN
"How wood you treat thees?"

G. HARLAN WELLS, B.S., M.D., F.A.C.P., LL.D.

Professor and Head of Department of Medicine

B.S., University of Delaware, 1899; M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1902; Sc.D., University of Delaware, 1934; Physician in Chief to Hahnemann Hospital; Pi Upsilon Rho; American College of Physicians, Fellow; American Institute of Homeopathy; Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society; Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society; Philadelphia County Medical Society

"18% *flunks in the State Boards*"

FAMILIAR to us all with a black cigar, double breasted suit (always buttoned regardless of the temperature in room C), highly polished shoes and numerous nineteenth century gadgets for recording the beats and impulses of the heart.

Let us not forget him as a teacher . . . "know your doses or else." Dr. Wells' lectures were frequently interrupted for a quick glance at the numberless crib notes that filled his vest pockets.

The minimum absenteeism in medicine is evidence of his masterful presentation of clinical material. The fatherly advice to the student interjected in his lectures has been the nucleus of many resolutions.

Excellent clinician, teacher, friend of the student and all-out rooter for Hahnemann is Dr. Wells.

MEDICINE

THE department of medicine saw to it that we were well versed in Latin, Greek and the historical aspects of medicine before we began our formal perusal of the subject. We will not forget the pauses to send convalescent cards to those too ill to attend lectures.

After learning the proper method of taking a case history we were turned loose in the wards, whereupon each man evolved a system quite alien to the original. However, this was in keeping with the laboratory situation as the technicians' reports couldn't be trusted and neither could the students'.

To be remembered are the lectures and case presentations from nine to ten each morning and the wards void of students a half hour later (busy doing lab work no doubt).

The medical wards and medical dispensaries gave us our first chance to try our worth in diagnosis and treatment. It also pointed out, only too clearly, our shortcomings and the vast amount yet to be learned.

Our staff salutes the Department of Medicine for a gigantic job well done despite a depleted staff.

DR. E. ROLAND SNADER

"I used to have good clinics."

DR. MICHELE VIGLIONE

"And nobody is going to get less than a C."

DR. HAROLD A. TAGGART

"On my farm in Maryland . . ."

EDWARD A. STEINHILBER, M.D.

Professor and Head of Department of
Neurology and Psychiatry

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1909; Phi Alpha Gamma; Diplomate of American Board of Neurology and Psychiatry

WE HERE pay tribute to a man who stumped us all, for never could we prognosticate his next move.

We first met this fair-haired gentleman in our sophomore lectures in psychobiology. Our appreciation for his brilliant exposés on the sexual neurosis varied, for many gathered to listen but many more thought it safer to stay away.

On we went, and again we met him in our junior year, where he continued to plague us with a series of didactic lectures. Then again those spot quizzes and the post mortem rehashing of mistakes supposedly made by us further *endeared* him to all. Unforgetable were his many choice expressions and his slowly repeated phrases—"Purely a sensory disease gentlemen. Purely a sensory disease."

In retrospect we extend a word of thanks to him for his seemingly blunt but yet well meaning criticisms.

"Three minutes for the next question"

NEUROLOGY and PSYCHIATRY

DR. HOFFMAN gave us the prelude to Allentown in the last part of our junior year. The first week of the senior year found some of us at the Allentown State Hospital. It was so cold and windy that the rest of our group did not venture so far as the hospital but sought refuge in the Circlon bar and numerous other "establishments" that had heat and music, canned or otherwise.

The Friday afternoon clinics were one of the highlights of our week. Some rather heated arguments followed a few of the unusual presentations. Probably enjoyed most were the discussions of the Constitutional Psychopathic Inferior.

The examinations were brevity personified and were for the most part an ache of one sort or another. One never knew what next to expect.

However our real test came in the neurology out-patient clinic. Here we were confronted with a real live neurological case that we tested, tapped, Romberged et al, finally to conclude that phenobarbital was the remedy, with a resolution to look it up in Wechsler before the patient came back the next week.

DR. H. F. HOFFMAN
"The Dean is an extrovert."

DR. N. G. FRIGNITO
"He's psychoneurotic"

DR. PAUL A. METZGER
"In one word differentiate . . ."

NEWLIN F. PAXSON, B.S., M.D., F.A.C.S., F.I.C.S.

Professor and Head of Department of Obstetrics

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1919; Alpha Sigma; Fellow American College of Surgeons; Diplomate American Board Obstetrics and Gynecology; American Institute of Homeopathy; American Medical Association; Fellow International College of Surgeons; Philadelphia Obstetric Society; Philadelphia County Medical Society; Pennsylvania Medical Society; Broad Street Hospital, Chief of Gynecology; Consultant to West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Grandview Hospital; Union League; Haverford Club

IF ALL men who lectured and demonstrated to medical students could pattern their method after our chief of obstetrics, medical studies would undoubtedly become a far less difficult subject. His is the ability to speak clearly, precisely and intelligently in a dignified manner, covering the essential material thoroughly with just enough of detail to bring his thoughts home. His manner was gentlemanly and his command of the subject beyond question.

As junior students, we were the first to study obstetrics with him as head of the Department. We appreciated the innovation of the West Jersey stay.

He was one of few professors who gave us a recess during the lecture hour. Dr. Paxson is without doubt one of our most outstanding teachers.

"A test requiring the minimum of cerebration"

OBSTETRICS

L. O. A. or R. O. P.? Thus we dug and pushed and peeped in the fire house with the manikins. We eagerly grabbed for the forceps, memorizing the six indications. Drs. Evans and Hunter refereed when they arrived on the scene.

One of the outstanding features of our junior year was the week stay at the West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital observing normal obstetrics under the able tutelage of Dr. Goldman. "Bear down!" Reports of romances on the ward were common.

These experiences made us old timers when our week at Hahnemann arrived. We began to criticize the intern for his episiotomy or breech delivery.

Lectures during the junior year were ably handled by Dr. Crowthers, who told us about spondylolisthesis and gave us the pelvic dimensions; Dr. Mutch, who was a regular fellow, gave us many golden nuggets and the story "there was Bill still waiting"; and Dr. Paxson, whose lectures were the height of completeness and perfection. In our clinical ward work we also had the pleasure of instruction by Drs. Gates and Moock.

And who could forget the inimitable Dr. Lafferty, master of pedagogy and of the class? Operative obstetrics will remain well imprinted in our minds.

DR. HENRY D. LAFFERTY
"I beg your pardon."

DR. HENRY L. CROWTHER
"Gynecoid, anthropoid, spondylolisthetic."

DR. ALBERT MUTCH
"There was Bill—still waiting."

STANLEY P. REIMANN, A.B., M.D., Sc.D., F.A.C.P.

Professor and Head of Department of Oncology

M.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1913; Federation of Biological Societies; American Society of Clinical Pathologists; American Association for Cancer Research; American Association of Bacteriologists and Pathologists; Society of Experimental Biology and Medicine; International Association of Medical Museums; Chairman, Cancer Commission, Medical Society State of Pennsylvania

DR. REIMANN is a lecturer par excellence. We marveled at his knowledge of pure and applied science. His lectures, lessons in simplicity, were seasoned with a subtle humor.

The clinic transferred him from the role of scientist to that of physician. The demonstration of his ability to deal with the cancer problem in the individual case was of inestimable value. He clearly illustrated the importance of considering the patient's personality and the practicability of strengthening his morale.

Here is a man who has accepted the challenge of cancer so long flaunted in the face of medical men. Today, he holds the torch high in the fight against malignancy. Tomorrow, perhaps some of us will catch the torch from him.

We are proud to be associated with Dr. Reimann.

"One of the penalties of living is death"

ONCOLOGY

ODD as it may sound this course is unique among the curricula of American medical colleges. Nevertheless, its importance may be quickly ascertained by a review of the medical and surgical cases of any representative hospital.

In the first semester of our senior year we were skillfully guided through the maze of facts associated with neoplastic biology. From time to time we were treated by guest lecturers from other schools and cancer research institutes. These men aided us in our conception of the various approaches to the cancer problem from the standpoint of research.

DR. N. VOLNEY LUDWICK
"What's an erythema dose?"

DR. J. STAUFFER LEHMAN
"Roentgenologically speaking . . ."

The reports of our classmates concerning their travels with the Visiting Nurses were always interesting and instructive. Strangely, the reports were limited wholly to the patients with no mention of the charms of the nurses. What odd medical students there are nowadays. However, much information concerning the home management of the cancer patient was gained.

The clinics in the main amphitheatre in our second semester together with sessions in tumor clinics have made us all "cancer conscious." A victory in itself.

DR. H. RUSSELL FISHER
"On microscopic section . . ."

FRANK O. NAGLE, A.M., M.D.

Professor and Head of Department of Ophthalmology

University of Pennsylvania; M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1907; University of Breslau; Alpha Sigma; American Institute of Homeopathy; Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society

THE big man who wasn't there! We have seen so little of this man that an adequate description of him and his activities is nigh on to impossible. However, since busy men in these days have such a minute quantity of time aside from their practices, we understand.

Towards the close of our sophomore year we received some superb lectures in ophthalmological pathology from Dr. Nagle which set the stage for our clinical years. Had we missed these, our priming in ophthalmology would have been insufficient.

Oh, yes, he's a music lover. It is said that at one time Dr. Nagle dispensed the sharps and flats at the opening exercises each year.

"Seeing eye to eye"

OPHTHALMOLOGY

HOW proud and professional we felt with our new, shiny ophthalmoscopes. Then the not quite so exciting hours in the lab searching each other's fundi for the nerve head, macula, and hoping against hope to find some tortuous spastic arterioles with notching of the veins where they cross. No luck.

Dr. Snyder made us feel right at home in his lectures by calling us by name without benefit of roll sheet. Then again, his jokes were refreshing and the path was liberally strewn with tidbits. It is said that certain jests are dispensed with at the same time and lecture each year.

Glaucoma, cataract, and sundry other material was adroitly handled by Dr. Fries, whose seemingly unlimited store of clinical knowledge was always at finger tip. His surgical clinics made difficult operations appear simple and easy. The steadiness of hand probably was acquired from trimming his sharp moustachio.

The members of the Department have treated our class kindly, and we are indeed grateful for the wise counsel they have extended in our behalf.

DR. CHARLES J. V. FRIES, JR.
"Pain, photophobia and lacrimation."

DR. H. F. FLANAGAN
". . . take this up briefly."

DR. JOHN B. CONWELL
"Hand me that phone, please."

JOSEPH V. F. CLAY, M.D., Sc.D., F.A.C.S.

Professor and Head of Department of Otolaryngology

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1906; Alpha Sigma; American Board of Otolaryngology; Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society; Pennsylvania State Medical Society; Philadelphia Society for Clinical Research

A TALL, thin, schoolmasterish energetic looking man, who attacked all problems in a face to face, business like manner. His severe look soon melted down to a well known watermelon grin uncovering a dry, rare sense of humor. His classes are well mixed with wit and stuff. "If I ever get an earache I won't come to you" was his retort to a wrong answer. After a few such jovial responses we all marked him down as a potential friend.

It was with regret that we learned he was ill and that we were to be denied his presence for the greater part of our classes.

As recipients, we extend to Dr. Clay the gratitude due such capable instruction.

"Nothing in the ear, smaller than your elbow"

OTOLARYNGOLOGY

IN OUR first few lectures we were drilled and quizzed by Dr. Clay, after, of course, we had made all the corrections in his book. It was a real strain on the student to keep a couple of paragraphs ahead of our able quiz-master in an effort to anticipate the questions.

Dr. Haines must have had advance information concerning the Army Specialized Training Program, as we had a good course in aeronautics in our junior year. "Tuberculinum in the 500th, there's something you can't fool with and give twice in the same year."

DR. CARROLL F. HAINES
"Dulcamara, there's a sweetheart."

DR. RAYMOND McGRATH
"A-cute sign-u-sit-is."

We also had a rapid-fire, straight-from-the-shoulder course in anatomy of the nose and throat from Dr. McGrath. Even our word-for-word note-takers couldn't compete with this able gentleman.

In the dispensaries adequate instruction was given us how not to tear the patient's nose off with a speculum and to say "just breath through your mouth and you won't gag" when using the laryngoscopic mirror. How people do lie to one another!

The department has contributed heavily to our medical education, and we are indeed grateful for their patience and guidance.

DR. JOSEPH R. CRISWELL
"The boys don't appreciate us."

SAMUEL W. SAPPINGTON, M.D., Sc.D., F.A.C.P.

Professor and Head of Department of
Pathology and Bacteriology

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1897; Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society; Philadelphia Pathological Society; Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society; American Institute of Homeopathy; American Association of Immunologists; American Society of Clinical Pathologists; Society of American Bacteriologists

LONG will be remembered the white haired, slight figure who scurried from room to room, behind the arch labeled "Students keep out."

Despite his efforts to keep an impenetrable barrier between the student and the teacher, he could not obscure behind this screen of cryptic witticisms and most serious mien, the twinkle in his eye as he would score one or another of the members of the class for lateness, talking, inattentiveness, et al. For it was a moot point understood by all, that this was but another contrivance of the Doctor-Teacher to get across to the class, those essentials of Pathology which form the groundwork of good medicine.

May your efforts be rewarded, Dr. Sappington, by our appreciation for a well taught course.

"A classical picture of—"

PATHOLOGY and BACTERIOLOGY

BEGINNING with our sophomore year, we were ushered into the realm of that disturbing and mysterious study of pathology. Our ordeal was doubly difficult for we were the first to be simultaneously exposed to the microbe in Bacteriology and the giant cell in Pathology.

After two years we still look back with fear at those terrifying orals which we managed to survive in a manner still not clear to many of us. "Post mortem" expressions as "Who did you have?", "How did you hit them?" and "Damn it! the answer was just at the tip of my tongue" remain immortal.

DR. H. RUSSELL FISHER
"At autopsy . . ."

DR. HUNTER S. COOK
"Quiet! I can be tough."

Differing but slightly from thousands of our colleagues who have gone before, there are those among us who spent anxious moments palpating their cervical and axillary regions for the painless, progressive swelling of the dreaded Hodgkin's disease, peering anxiously into the microscope at specimens of their own blood for evidence of the terrifying leukemia.

In bidding adieu with all due credit to its being one of the most blasphemed departments in the school, we now look in retrospect at one of the best taught courses.

DR. O. F. BARTHMAIER
"My technician . . ."

CHARLES S. RAUE, A.M., M.D.

Professor and Head of Department of Pediatrics

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1895; Philadelphia Pediatric Society; Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society; Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society; Consulting Physician to St. Luke's and Children's Homeopathic Hospitals

DR. RAUE is a man of whom the senior class has seen very little in their course of Pediatrics. However, what we have seen of Dr. Raue has been very favorable. The few lectures that he presented to the senior class at the beginning of the year were very comprehensive discussions of the subject. He is a man of wide experience and knowledge and it is very unfortunate that the senior class has not come to know him better. Our knowledge would undoubtedly have been further expanded if we had had a more intimate acquaintance with this gentleman.

"*. . . on page* 362, *in Brenneman's*"

PEDIATRICS

THE members of the pediatrics staff have done a fine job in presenting the subject to the junior and senior classes.

It would no doubt be appreciated by the student if the children in the dispensaries could be presented with bladders and bowels empty. The little tykes have an unerring aim and a remarkable parabola.

How often we were instructed in the proper calculation of an infants diet only in the dispensary to use the pocket-size calculator given us at the medical convention at the Benjamin Franklin. Oh well, who knows? Maybe the kids won't get rickets.

Long remembered will be Dr. Carl Fischer's lantern slide lectures in a partially darkened lecture room with the students frantically taking notes to keep up with the projector. A feat successfully accomplished by few.

Dr. Noon often reminded us that to be a Pediatrician one must be a dog doctor as well. Mush, mush.

Wearing gowns in the wards, anxious mothers, squalling babies, dirty diapers—all to be recalled—pleasantly???

DR. J. L. REDMAN

"A day's fishing in by 8:30 A.M."

DR. CARL C. FISHER

"Be here or I'll give a mid-year."

DR. B. K. FLETCHER

"Here's a case for you."

REINHARD BEUTNER, Ph.D., M.D.

Professor and Head of Department of Pharmacology

University of Berlin; International Research Anesthesia Society; American Society for Pharmacology and Experimental Therapeutics

A TALL grey-haired, dreamy-eyed, disappointed-with-all expressioned gentleman with heavy shoulders and a shuffling gait strolled into Room C carrying a few loose notes. There he picked up a pointer and swung it back and forth, making the air swish and the men on the first row duck. Calling Calles he asked him to erase the board, hand out more notes, take roll or wake up a sleeping student. "Dammital (the new barbiturate)! Six men flunked! Come up here!"—That was Dr. Beutner.

In his notes we saw many hours of arduous work, the result of many revisions. Their prime purpose was to acquaint the student with the latest pharmacological data.

This kindly gentleman's notes and lectures proved their value many times and will continue to do so in the future.

"Silence! Dammital!

PHARMACOLOGY

OUR first encounter with the Department of Pharmacology was in our freshman year. Then we were introduced to the ABC's of Pharmacology by Dr. Borneman. With due credit to Dr. Borneman's abilities and efforts as a teacher, the memory of the joyous trip to his home and laboratories lingers above all.

A bit later along came Dr. Messey. Perhaps his showmanship accounted for the packed houses on Saturday afternoon, or was it the roll call? His choice expressions as "It's no joke" and "The Rhode Island Board will flunk you for this" remain immortal.

Still later came Dr. Miley. He first, and then later we too, marvelled at the wonders of blood irradiation. His perpetually smiling countenance forced us to attach "Smiley" to his surname.

Our groundings in medical economics are to be attributed to that affable gentleman Dr. Seidel.

Last but not least we cannot end without a word of thanks to Dr. Barnes, Mr. Dietrich, and to the other members of the Department of Pharmacology who gave us a boost during our struggles.

DR. JOHN A. BORNEMAN
"Secuss it thirty times."

DR. GEORGE P. MILEY
"You're hurting me, Doctor, you dope."

DR. RAYMOND SEIDEL
"Now, down in Panama."

JOSEPH McELDOWNEY, M.D.

Professor and Head of Department of
Physical Diagnosis

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1905; Alpha Sigma; American Institute of Homeopathy; Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society; Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society

IN APPEARANCE Dr. MacEldowney resembled our pathology chief, Dr. Sappington. Although our contact with him was brief, we enjoyed and profited by this association, for it was instructive in the true sense of the word. He wanted and got complete attention, and directed our percussion and auscultation into the proper channels.

Small in stature, precise in speech, he expected you to hear the second sound, not guess at it or say that you heard it when you didn't. Many of our hazy ideas were crystallized by him, for he was an exponent of reason as opposed to memory. A fine teacher with a wealth of experience with patients and students, we appreciated his command of the subject and his ability to present it to us in an understandable manner.

"How can you hear with those pie plates?"

PHYSICAL DIAGNOSIS

DR. FINCKE'S long fingers delved into his brief case, and our instruction in physical diagnosis began. We wrote profusely. Soon we all blossomed out with stethoscopes. How professional we all felt. "Keep your pockets shallow, boys. Let everyone see the metal." At last we were getting there! Following the lecture, we bared our thoraces to our partners and underwent the experience of being inspected, palpated, percussed and auscultated. We searched for Hutchinson's teeth and counted ribs. At night we scrubbed at the outlines of the superficial cardiac space.

Then came the ward walks. Here we followed Dr. Vischer or Klinman to the bed side. Breme, Corenzwit and Dosowitz crowded around the bed, Brown and Barclay sneaked off to play checkers, while the rest melted away to reappear at the ball parks. Roll was taken in Dr. McEldowney's section. To this we went—not unwillingly, for he made us learn whether we wished to or not.

Dr. Lane's medical diagnosis course was concise, complete and well presented. He fostered the purchase of the records of heart murmurs. Here we actually heard gallop rhythm, premature systoles and auricular fibrillation.

DR. MELVILLE A. GOLDSMITH
"Can number 99 answer that question?"

DR. LOWELL L. LANE
"Paging Dr. Blumer."

DR. THOMAS J. VISCHER
"Let's have a little quiet, please."

JOHN C. SCOTT, A.B., Ph.D.

Professor and Head of Department of Physiology

A.B., University of Montana, 1923; Ph.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1929; American Psychological Society; Physiological Society of Philadelphia; American Physiological Society; Sigma Xi

DR. JOHN C. SCOTT, Professor of Physiology and a strict but genial taskmaster, is held in high esteem by his students. Inexorable in his demands for accuracy, he is likewise noted for his fair play and justice in dealings with the students.

His fine sense of humor and amusing anecdotes provided breaks in the sonorous, vitaphoned monotone to which we listened.

The dexterity which he showed with the pesky little microphone was nothing less than a feat of skill that made possible a well presented lecture which even the post cibum sleepers could hear.

None of us will forget Dr. Scott in dingy lecture room E saying, "Lets have the next slide, Tom" or "At my last lecture I told you . . ."

"Let's have the next slide, Tom"

PHYSIOLOGY

THE Physiology Department directed by Dr. John C. Scott offers a most efficiently conducted course. Dr. Scott is ably assisted by a fine corps of associates. The course was changed during our second year from a sophomore to a freshman subject. This meant double work in the 1941-42 session, but even under these conditions the highest standards were admirably maintained.

We were initiated in the mysteries of physiology by experiments in the extensibility and elasticity, presumably of steel springs, but more accurately of you and your partner's nervous system. Many evenings we left the physiology laboratory wondering why we hadn't been electricians or carpenters.

However, the course was much lightened by the kindly aid of the members of the Physiology Department. Drs. Wheeler, Shapiro and Beck were always present to help a student in distress.

The pesky kymograph records that always needed an official O. K. were flies in the students' ointments. How many were accomplished with a slip of the finger will remain a mystery.

And thus passed a pleasant and profitable year with the Physiology Department.

DR. LYLE V. BECK

"Now, Doctor, that is not the way."

DR. NORMAN C. WHEELER

"We never have this trouble in Indiana."

DR. HERBERT SHAPIRO

"What does this picture mean to you, Doctor?"

GRANT O. FAVORITE, B.S., M.D., F.A.C.P.

Professor of Bacteriology and Head of Department of Preventive Medicine and Public Health

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1927; American Public Health Association; American Society of Clinical Pathologists; American Society of Bacteriologists; Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine; Diplomate American Board of Pathology; Major M.C., A.U.S. (Retired)

SUBTLE humor hidden under an obscuring blanket of bacteria, protozoa and viruses, etc., etc.

No matter how immune the individual, he cannot so inoculate or vaccinate himself that this quiet personality does not penetrate.

Dr. Favorite startled the class with his etiological classification of syphilis. But after all, how were we to know it was so high among victory girls?

Informality was the keynote to his lectures which appeared to be so simple, yet so instructive that one was forced to pay attention.

Dr. Favorite, and some fellow named Friedman, cured many an anxiety neurosis among the student body.

After three years association with this man there is none that can deny we take for granted Favorite is indeed a favorite.

Family
Genus
Rattus

"Victory girls—65%"

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

MILK bottle caps, gypsy camps and a Phi Beta Kappa key introduced us to "Horn's Happy Hygiene Hour." Room B was hot in those summer days, and two hours seemed a long time for a lecture. However, we mastered the slow sand filter and moved on to Dr. Brieger's lectures. He unraveled for us, in his militaristic manner and staccato speech, the mysteries of statistics and gave us the unbelievable incidence of the great Hawaiian disease in Philadelphia.

He took us on field trips to such places as the Garbage Disposal Plant, the Water Works, and cigar factory, where we learned that there must be one for every ten men.

Dr. Favorite took over in our senior year and produced the "nuggets" from the little yellow book. We enjoyed his friendly ways, quiet voice, and cartoons of rats, fleas and mice. Here also we learned about the Victory girls. When Dr. Favorite was called to be a Major in the army, Dr. Gratch filled in with his scholarly lectures on "malarrhia" until Dr. Favorite returned to round out a year of good lectures.

DR. I. GRATCH

"Always remittent, never intermittent."

DR. D. de RIVAS

"And dis, and dat and dat and dat, etc."

DR. HEINRICH BRIEGER

"Every factory should have one for every ten men."

WILLIAM L. MARTIN, A.B., M.D., F.A.C.S.

Professor and Head of Department of Surgery

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1915; Diplomate American Board of Surgery; Phi Alpha Gamma; Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society; Pennsylvania State Medical Society; Union League; Philadelphia Country Club; Commander M.C.O., U.S.N.R.

WE CAN remember him in his B.V.D. operating suit, mask up over his nose and operating cap down over his eye-brows. This combined with a piercing look and a very pointed question was sufficient to institute motor aphasia.

The fierceness however was all exterior, as Dr. Martin has extended himself to the utmost to see that sufficient material was presented to the students to give them a working knowledge of surgery.

Dr. Martin believed in punctuality and was not above locking the door and taking roll. A serious draw-back was that his watch and the college clocks did not coincide, the roll call being taken five minutes before scheduled time for class.

His exactness, thoroughness and attention to detail will long be remembered.

"It seems to me that—"

SURGERY

SURPRISINGLY, this department confronted us with clinical problems before we had received our didactic lectures. We attended the "Freshman Surgery Clinics" regularly, but it seems that our rabid interest and enthusiasm waned with the years.

At first Dr. Buck's various intricate bandages plagued us but we soon learned that adhesive tape would hold our mistakes. Then the bellowing voice and the blackboard scrawlings of Dr. Sylvis, which we supposedly left behind us in our freshman year, haunted us again.

As juniors, we were burdened with a seemingly endless stream of didactic lectures; plus a conglomeration of various personalities, ranging from the calm approach of Dr. Geary to the abrupt mannerisms of Dr. Geckeler.

Finally came the senior year, and our budding surgeons came into their own. They could now speak freely of their ward patients and assist at numerous breath-taking operations. We lost sight of those ambidextrous scrawlings in our junior year, but lo, they were there to plague us again.

We now look in retrospect and extend our appreciation to those who expended their efforts in our behalf.

DR. WILLIAM M. SYLVIS
"And the bullet ricocheted around to the vertebra."

DR. JOHN A. BROOKE
"Ah!"

DR. HENRY S. RUTH
"How many have their Guedels?"

GARTH W. BOERICKE, M.D.

Professor and Head of Department of Therapeutics

M.D., University of Michigan, 1918; Alpha Sigma; Past President American Institute of Homeopathy; Director of Constantine Hering Laboratory; Past President Pennsylvania State Homeopathic Society; Hahnemann Club; Beta Theta Pi; *Hahnemannian Monthly,* Consulting Editor; Consultant to Food and Drug Administration, Washington, D. C.; Philadelphia County Medical Society; Pennsylvania State Homeopathic Medical Society

OUR first meeting with Dr. Boericke was in our Freshman year when he introduced us for the first time to Sam Hahnemann, the cardinal principles, etc.

Since that year he has been increasing in prominence in the eyes of our class. Each of the four years has had its "nuggets" of treatment from him. His ready wit and keen sense of humor are well attested to by the jovial manner with which he met the hurdle of the inebriated woman who came into one of our junior lectures.

His ward walks and lectures in the senior year have provided all with a solid, down-to-earth basis for treatment of human disorders.

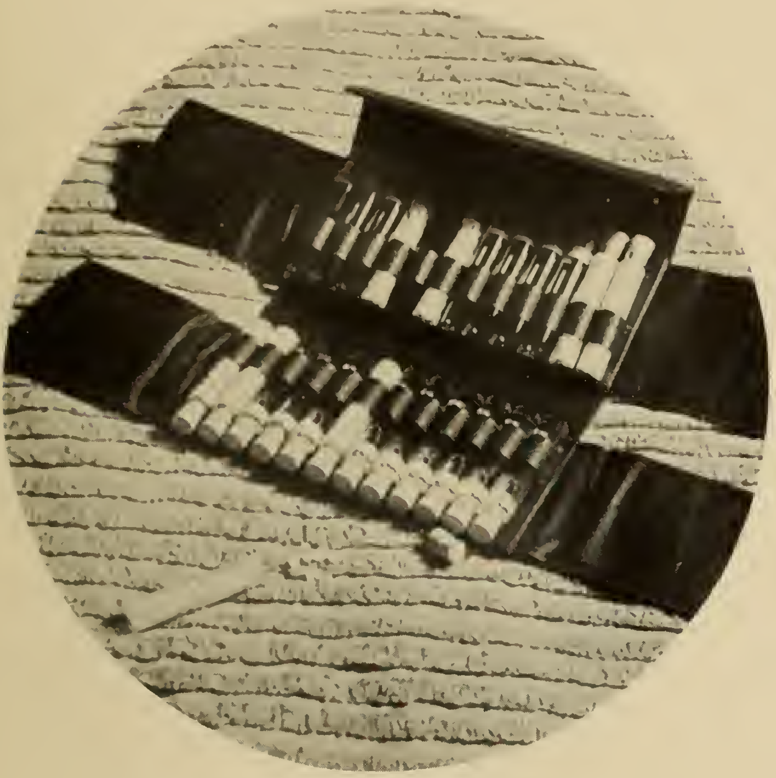
The flushed face, immaculate dress, and continuous back and forth pacing of this friend of the class of 1943 will be remembered by all of us.

"After a debauch, use Nux Vomicar"

THERAPEUTICS

THE ward walks under the versatile Dr. Boericke were unusually enlightening in their wide scope. The "summing up" after the case was never dull; in fact, often the histories were better than the *Daily News*.

Dr. Frank's lectures in our junior year were illustrative in an admirable manner. They also served a recuperative purpose for those who had studied late the previous night. Had the lights been switched on suddenly and a quick count made, it would have been a close race between the wide-awakers and the shut-eye enthusiasts.



Ah yes, and then we had the erythema dose, filters and the dangers of x-ray. Once there was a physician who used a hand fluoroscope—until his eyebrows and moustache became conspicuous by their absence.

Hell's fire! What's this, another classification of breast tumors? Oh, well, we need it, there hasn't been a new one for at least a week.

In the third floor work-shop we learned how x-rays were taken, also how to develop and read films. One in each section got to drink a barium meal. Woelfel thought it was a chocolate milkshake.

DR. JACOB W. FRANK
"A man is as good as his tubes."

DR. RUSSELL K. MATTERN
"The symptoms are just what you would expect."

DR. A. E. KRICK
"It's the Potter Bucky diaphragm, boys."

LEON T. ASHCRAFT, Ph.D., M.D.

Professor and Head of Department of Urology

Ph.D., Dickinson College, 1887; M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1890; Pi Upsilon Rho

". . . and I can safely call this my clinic." With this defense we were introduced to Dr. Ashcraft; dignified, scholarly man of sartorial splendor, continually removing his glasses, proudly arching his back and stroking his lapel; indeed the Grand Master of the main show.

Outstanding were his minute, pinpoint renal incisions, arson of bladder tumors, and punched out transurethrals. "I make a SMALL incision, Gentlemen," and with malice toward none produced a lusty S-shaped incision of three feet. With pride he'd step back, acknowledge the applause, while his assistants staunched the bleeders. For an encore, a simple enucleation was always in order.

We regret his absence in senior clinics and feel one must search far and wide for a more impressive teacher.

"Gentlemen, I invite your attention"

UROLOGY

THE Urological Department undoubtedly was first to allow the eager student to put a finger on the dispensary patient. Religiously the patient returned to dispensary for his irrigation, closed his eyes in anticipation as some student gouged his prostate, directing the young doctor with "You got it that time, Doc!"

First encountered was Dr. Tori, whose congenial personality and disposition will long be remembered. He was first to instruct us in treating the wayward patient who strayed from life's straight and narrow.

On Wednesdays the section met Drs. Walker, Leonard, and Campbell, who explained the management of luetics and trained us in the use of the syringe on the patient.

Dr. Hunsicker, capable understudy to Dr. Ashcraft, met us in the senior clinic and presented to our delight the urology of office practice plus urological surgery.

Dr. Kenworthy, indeed a fine teacher and splendid lecturer, simplified the fog of gonorrhea and syphilis in his exacting and clear-cut junior lectures.

And never to be forgotten, the inimitable Dr. Ashcraft in his fully attended surgical clinics, concluded our urological priming.

DR. J. MILLER KENWORTHY
"See?"

DR. LEANDER P. TORI
"Grasp it behind the corona."

DR. WILLIAM C. HUNSICKER
"Urology, science of professional Plumbing."

FRIENDLY

WALLY K. KRATZ

"YES, there'll be a class at four and you'd better be there because roll will be taken." Thus did Wally try unsuccessfully to cover his internal sincerity and kindliness and external sternness Never did he fool us, for we had spotted him from the start. His endless patience in the face of our constant questions and requests, the numerous tips he proffered us, his preoccupation lest we become entangled scholastically led us to concur that here was a "right guy." He was in brief the student's honorary representative in the front office.

CLARA C. FISHER, A.B.

"NOW boys, this stuff must be in Washington by tomorrow night, so let's have some cooperation, please." And she usually got it.

And so, throughout the four years has Miss Fisher ever manifested herself as a constant overseer of the students' interests. Always busy and occupied with a dozen different jobs simultaneously, she somehow finds time to fulfill the requests of the boys.

We are all familiar with the "C.C.F.", be it notice or notes.

May the future classes not fail to make the acquaintance of this astounding Miss of the front office, not as the timid applicant but as the reassured medical student (the next such student will be the first).

AIDES

HAVING been associated with Hahnemann for the past fourteen years, Mrs. Turner has become a vital part of the machinery of the institution.

She is always willing to help the student, even to the extent of opening the bookshop at odd hours to sell the young medico a pencil, some paper or a much needed text.

An excellent librarian, Mrs. Turner has an astounding knowledge of authors, titles and dates that so frequently prove confusing to the student.

A good friend to Hahnemann, her efforts do not remain unappreciated.

MRS. MELITTA TURNER

WHEN we were introduced to the Pathology Department, we also made the acquaintance of Leonard Fulton. We were to know and appreciate Leonard far more before our Hahnemann days were over; *viz.*, when we reached the senior year and had to do our own lab work (what a shock that was).

Leonard is also wise to the ways of the student, as demonstrated by our poor success in handing in fictitious reports.

We have received many worthwhile tips and suggestions from him concerning the management of the complications of diabetes. His kindness and willingness to lend a hand have established his value and our friendship.

LEONARD FULTON

Lest We Forget

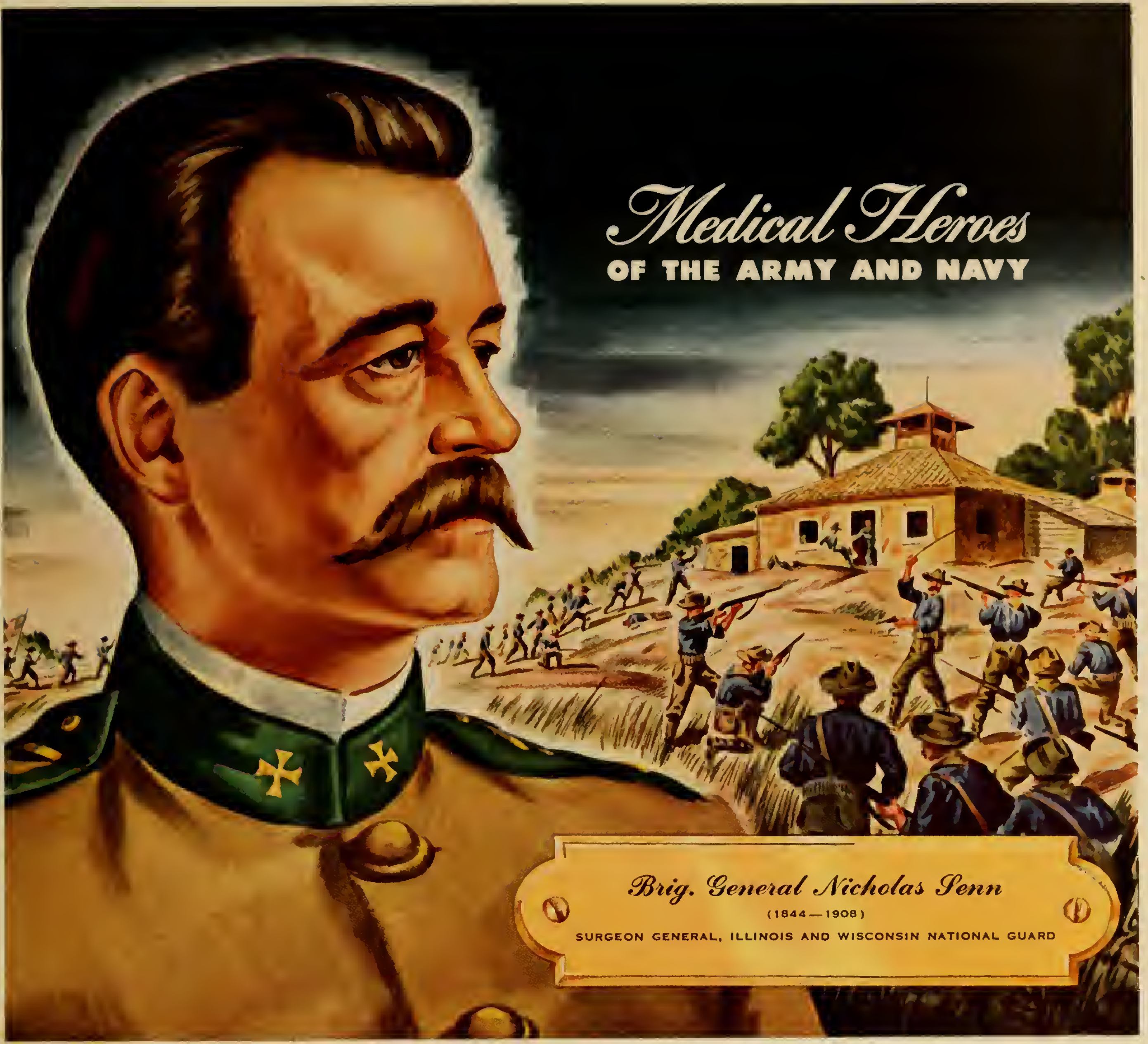
IT IS graduation day at the Academy of Music. On the platform are the prominent and guiding figures of our Alma Mater, flanked by the teaching staff. Before them in the front rows sit one hundred and fifteen medical students, who, one by one are being given the parchment acolade of "Doctor of Medicine." As each man steps to the rostrum in answer to his name, a tribute of applause spreads through the full audience. In the hearts and minds of these people is recognition for eight arduous years of concentrated study. And this but foreshadows the years to come, when respect and admiration are the reward for faithfulness in the noble work of easing human suffering.

Obscure in the background of that applauding crowd at the Academy are two people whose hearts are pounding and whose eyes are moist as they watch for their particular, their own neophyte physician. Most often the graduate would not be there were it not for their efforts in helping him meet the vicissitudes of a medical education. Not only have they wrought the bulwarks with loyalty and sincerity unswerving, but in a most unobtrusive way they have served as a guiding force, an inspiration and a staff for limb of body and mind wavering in troublesome times.

In proferring a bouquet to these unselfish benefactors to whom we owe so much, the mere flowers of nature seem so inadequate. Let us here resolve that our success and station in life, such as we may be fortunate enough to attain, serve as a more lasting bouquet to be cherished by these loyal people.

With this in mind, we dedicate this Senior Section to those who make us what we are . . .

Mother and Dad


Medical Heroes
OF THE ARMY AND NAVY
Brig. General Nicholas Senn
(1844—1908)
SURGEON GENERAL, ILLINOIS AND WISCONSIN NATIONAL GUARD

FOUNDER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF MILITARY SURGEONS

Pioneer in antiseptic surgery, master surgeon, teacher of surgery and surgical pathology in Chicago Medical Schools, General Senn was responsible for distinguished research in the field of gunshot wounds. During the Spanish-American War he served as Chief Surgeon of the Sixth Army Corps in the Cuban campaign. In 1891 he founded the Association of Military Surgeons. Today members of the Association perform difficult emergency operations in the field aided by modern mobile equipment, and knowledge acquired from the pioneering work of Senn.

SENIORS

ANAMNESIS OFFICIALIS

NAME—Class of '43 (Second Section)
ADDRESS—235 N. 15th St.
DATE OF ADMISSION—September, 1940
DATE OF DISCHARGE—December 23, 1943
S.M.W.D.*SEP.*
AGE—Three and one-half years

NATIVITY—From the halls of Montezuma to shores of Tripoli
COLOR—Dirty
SEX—Now and then
OCCUPATION—Slaves
ROOM—C. BED—Infrequently
ATTENDING—Armed Services
BY WHOM REFERRED—College of Hard Knocks
DIAGNOSIS—PROVISIONAL—Illiteracy

* * * * *

DIAGNOSIS—FINAL—Idiopathic verbal diarrhea
RESULT—Who knows?
COMPLICATIONS—Writer's cramp, bursitis of the buttocks, N.C.A. nicotinemia
SUMMARY ON DISCHARGE—Best class since GALEN.

* * * * *

CHIEF COMPLAINT—Lack of gainful occupation
FAMILY HISTORY—
  Father—Samuel Hahnemann—aged 89, died of overdose of Thuja 10M.
  Mother—Alma Mater—living and well
  Brothers and Sisters—All over the world
PERSONAL HISTORY—That's personal—don't get nosey

HISTORY OF PRESENT ILLNESS—Perfectly well until September 31, 1940, at 8:30 P.M. It was cloudy that night, remember? Yoshikawa was spotted drifting down in a parachute from the top of the Ben Franklin. At first there was the Invocation (that wasn't too unlike college days), then came the Dean and Mr. Conwell, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, and then Dr. Eberhard was supposed to talk. But he was absent, Tisk, Tisk!, and at the time we knew nothing of Dr. Eberhard and his importance. Dr. Russ Fisher then delivered his speech from which we vividly remembered, "Lord help you, Gentlemen, when I quiz you in Pathology!" Brown then fainted, having walked all the way from Canada. Laubach rushed off to Charcot's joint, to keep his date with Marie Strumpell.

The next day we started, except Graham, who was too Scotch to use Ethyl. At first we staggered about, picking up books, notes, and Hokholt, who was bitten by some joint mice. Then we assiduously followed the instructions in P. and H. and proceeded to make .1N NaOH, except Blomain, who always had better ideas of his own. We all soon learned how to make nearly everything from nothing but distilled water and hot air.

And then Histology, starring Tommy Snyder and his wonderful notes, pre-lecture jokes and advice on sowing wild oats, which Chemyez still follows faithlessly. Came the exam and a twelve-letter word for nuclear division—to wit Karyokinesis, according to Corn who had this malady. Then our first of Russ Fisher's lectures (Kirkpatrick was so thrilled his hair stood on end, and still does), and those lucid neuro-pathology discourses that came after lunch in a warm darkened room, which had such a high CO_2 tension, that we were soon in a coma, where we met Sonis, who had been there all the time. Who was that guy who smoked, anyway? Tommy Snyder's Christmas party; his cheeses; electric trains, which Carney switched off on the Tecto-spinal track. Winding up in a cloud of imported smoke was the final oral exam.

Came Anatomy; first Dr. Phillips' notes and then our bag of bones. We held our bones (not really *our* bones) while Dr. Ricketts gave us the most scholarly lectures in four years, and Dunlap dished out the corniest jokes in centuries. After wondering about bones, muscles, vessels and nerves (and Dosovitz, the great enigma), it wasn't long before we had cadavers and dissection. Witherspoon loved work—he would sit and watch it for hours. Remember who walked out sick and who made the classical remark about "Standing theah like a menstruating cow?" Blundering through dissection—"Who threw the grenade?"—we tried to find out what it is, where it goes, where it comes from, and what it does when it gets there. Edwards learned first, since everything was a snap to him—he had worked in a rubber-band factory. So our finals came, and with trepidation we watched. All of us tried to break the system, especially G. Snyder, the great pari-mutual expert.

We will not forget our introduction to Homeopathy with Dr. Boericke's Saturday morning lectures. The only thing we couldn't figure out was how the damned thing worked. (Editor's note—Yoicks, who does?) Dratman gave up and spent the rest of the year in the Academy of Music.

A real gentlemanly gesture was made by Dr. Borneman who besides teaching us Pharmacy, staged a bang up shin-dig at his home. Stomachs and eyelids became ptosed, pupils converged, and erythematous proboscae appeared. Anyway, we were in

good enough shape to see what the finished product looked like after it had been triturated thirty times. Thoroughly succussed, we went merrily on our way. Remember Pfromm's pockets crammed with low potency Cantharis, only to find that it didn't work?

We came through the year—Chemistry, Anatomy, and Histology in great shape, and Sullivan in better shape with four aces. Oh yes, there were two other courses; History of Medicine and Medical Terminology by Dr. Magee, who was supplied with dark glasses, ear muffs, White Horse, and *Spicy Detective* three minutes before exam time. Re-exams popped up later, and then everyone sighed with satisfaction, and seemed not to worry much about dashing into H.R.F.'s well-baited trap for the second year.

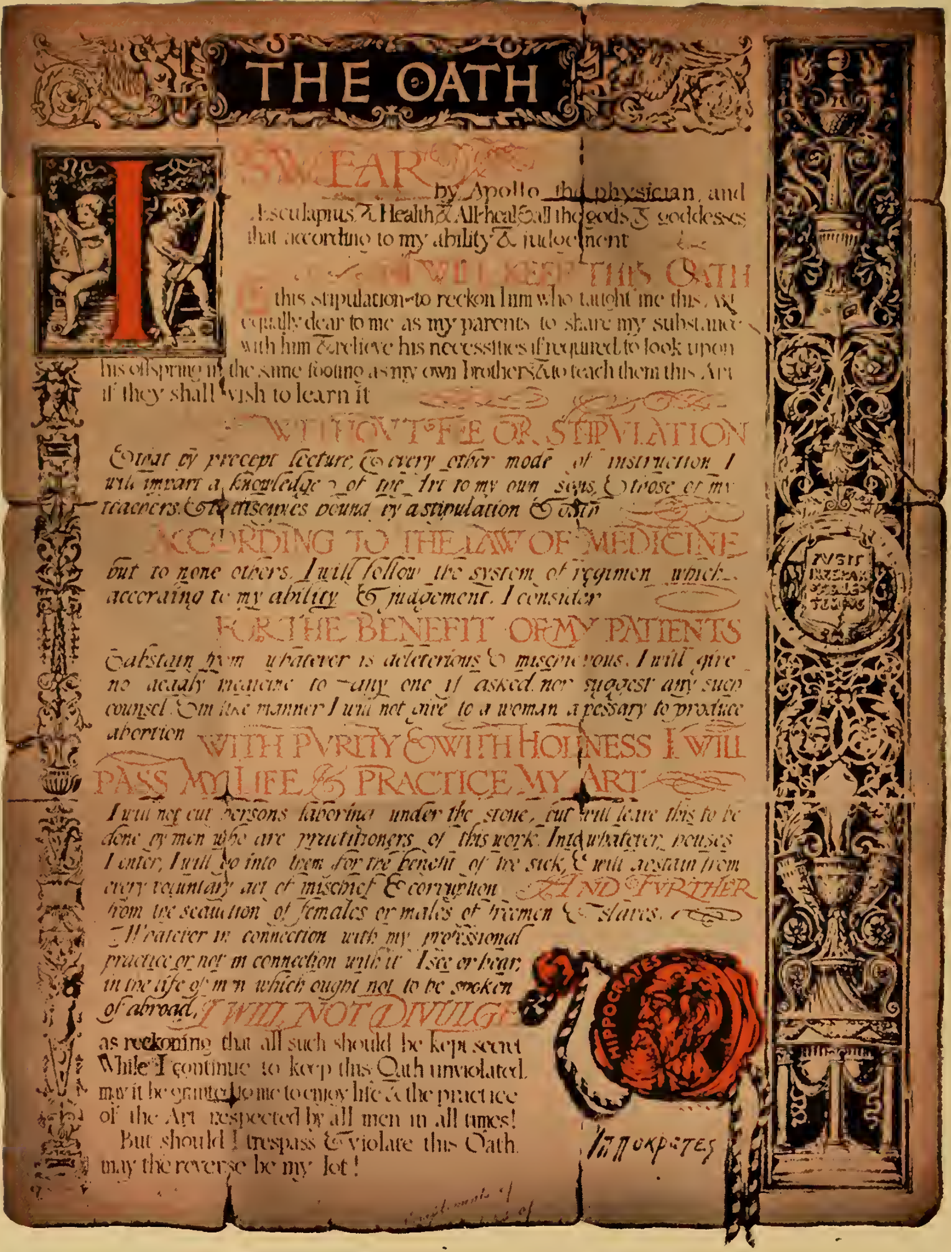
Refreshed by the last full summer of vacation, wounds bound up after the Freshman year's fall of the faculty axe, the Class of '43 (Second Section), Sophomores now, plunged like veteran commandos, into the steaming jungle of the second year, glad to be free of embarrassing questions on medicine asked by our friends. The green verdure of Strep and Staph colonies on a modified agar plate, the brilliantly variegated colors of pathology slides and even the chattering of Dr. Ashley—Montague's experimental monkey (tenderly watched over by his half brother, Joe Sataloff) lured us onward.

Progress began at a great rate—we didn't begin till some time later—but soon many realized that to wander from the narrow devious trails was to become hopelessly entangled in an underbrush of unrelated facts. A few made vain attempts to thread the maze but the only one to reach the mark was Leadbetter. The great majority, however, veered from the course and were rudely brought up short at the wall of a ruined temple marked in bold letters—Students Positively Are Not To Use This Hallway. Here in regal splendor dwealt the Great White Father. Priest to the Ancient Goddess of the After-thought and Side-note, this austere individual immediately inspired the deepest awe. McIntyre, among many, memorized much, fear and trembling heavy in his heart. Pearls of minutiae dropped from severe lips, while glittering ice-berg eyes demanded no less than the life's blood in the ceremonial of the sacrifice—"Gentlemen, the blood bank is low—those who were absent yesterday will give one pint of blood." To wit—Gerber and Corenzwit. Many were the murmurings, but all in the subdued tone—quite subdued! Leam didn't even whisper. More than one was seen to have a pallor as the lancet approached, and one or two were temporarily beside themselves (on the floor, notably Kato).

Weak from the loss of blood, overcome by the continuity of courses and the oppressive heat, our little band pushed on. A red mist arises—sweat pours from fevered brows—the earth rocks and the landscape whirls—the jungle creeps in upon us and the weeks reel and rock and slide—a kaleidoscope (ably operated by Hall) of disjointed pictures lifts itself before fixed eyes, seemingly a bit too bright. A welter of human bodies—stinking cadavers—Lieberman gleefully digging the parotid for NVII. Repetition! Repetition! Repetition! Softly in the background Landay chortles "Bull *$!!*%." Lucky for us that Fuhrman hunts cigarette butts or that fire might still be burning in the closet. Smoked drums first appear—then a moving finger that fails to write—late hours in a laboratory high above neighboring roofs—smudged noses, nasty woids—for an instant one stares at Professor Scott's shoe soles—canalization of a minutely bored carotid with an instrument certainly equal in diameter to a California red-wood—rabbits refractory to anaesthesia—Lipcius refractory to everything except the view from the balcony.

Kindly, twinkling, blue-eyed instruction on a new drug, "Damnitol"—sonorous gutterals—the swish of a stick—Souse American mouse wash—the acrid smell of a burning newspaper—"hello! must be coming from ze basement"—mutual handshaking parties among exam unfortunates at the front of the class-room. One excellent lecture in beautiful Bostonese on Saturday, "Now howd'ya write a prescription for a ham sandwich—it's no joke!" Jaw-breaking names for minute bacteria—Ehrlich's Side-chain Theory—blood-typing—specialized culturing and multi-colored stains for unwary fingers—"Now this organism is most prevalent over in Jersey." Maybe Sussman should be autoclaved before commuting. Guinea pigs with sadly reproachful eyes—the molds, which reminds us of Dick Martin's ever present pipe. Arsenic is a poor drug with which to do murder—insure yourself against everything first—make him sign a release—Epistaxic Digitorum. Slow, sincere talks on beginner's medicine. "Dagwood" Mayer's "gonna have a baby!" "The etiology of aconite lies in a cold dwy wind."—"Bryonia presents a sharp, schticking,

(*Continued on page* 180)



THE OATH

I SWEAR by Apollo the physician, and Æsculapius, & Health, & All-heal, & all the gods & goddesses, that according to my ability & judgement I WILL KEEP THIS OATH & this stipulation—to reckon him who taught me this Art equally dear to me as my parents, to share my substance with him, & relieve his necessities if required; to look upon his offspring in the same footing as my own brothers, & to teach them this Art if they shall wish to learn it WITHOVT FEE OR STIPVLATION & that by precept, lecture, & every other mode of instruction, I will impart a knowledge of the Art to my own sons, & those of my teachers, & to disciples bound by a stipulation & oath ACCORDING TO THE LAW OF MEDICINE but to none others. I will follow the system of regimen which according to my ability & judgement, I consider FOR THE BENEFIT OF MY PATIENTS & abstain from whatever is deleterious & mischievous. I will give no deadly medicine to any one if asked, nor suggest any such counsel; & in like manner I will not give to a woman a pessary to produce abortion WITH PVRITY & WITH HOLINESS I WILL PASS MY LIFE & PRACTICE MY ART. I will not cut persons laboring under the stone, but will leave this to be done by men who are practitioners of this work. Into whatever houses I enter, I will go into them for the benefit of the sick, & will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief & corruption AND FVRTHER from the seduction of females or males, of freemen & slaves. Whatever in connection with my professional practice, or not in connection with it, I see or hear, in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I WILL NOT DIVULGE as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. While I continue to keep this Oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life & the practice of the Art respected by all men in all times! But should I trespass & violate this Oath, may the reverse be my lot!

HIPPOCRATES

Ιπποκρατες

LOUIS BAYLOR
Vice-President

HARRY K. GABROY
A
President
Of, By and For
The Class

DONALD MAYER
Treasurer

WILLIAM HABERMAN
Secretary

WALTER DARBY
Institute Representative

WE ARE the pioneers of the new educational program of our Alma Mater. Though many a day we arose with the dawn and wearily trudged home through the darkness, we had a good time. Men in all departments sacrificed their time and leisure to make us better practitioners. The great majority of the boys took advantage of the golden opportunity. Some of us were a bit too immature at times, but we have all grown since, and are now cognizant of the great responsibility which we must shoulder.

Let us ever keep before us the high standards and ideals of our profession that we may be considered at all times worthy practitioners of the art of medicine. A little study now and then during our internships and during active practice will keep poignant many details which otherwise would be hopelessly lost.

We are in a tough war for our country, for our profession and for our individual integrity. It is up to all of us to do our job thoroughly and consistently. When the time comes, become a member of our society, of organized medicine and above all keep the flag of Hahnemann flying.

I sincerely thank you for permitting me to serve you. Good Luck.

HARRY GABROY.

WILLIAM ANTHONY BALLAS

"Bill"

Pittsburgh, Penna. Duquesne University, B.S.

"If it can't be done, I'll do it"

Bill was the fellow who marched into Hahnemann, partly as a result of his previous army training, but mostly, we suspect, due to an inherent trait. We gained an advantage in the sophomore year when Bill's name advanced to the top of the roll sheet, for it became apparent that this galvanic young man with the sharp and sometimes overly frank tongue, whose confidence often bordered on the fringe of insubordination, was nevertheless one of the few qualified to lead off in oral examinations and in some manner to successfully soften up the instructors. Whenever one argued that some of his methods were not the approved ones, he left that person without a comeback by simply asserting that they got results.

Though his face expressed naïveté, close observation led one to suspect that he had more than a casual interest in the affairs of the world. His intimates spoke of him as a scholar, lover and a prankster. In certain ways he resembled all of these, but since he changed his personality almost as quickly as a chameleon changes its colors, it is almost impossible to describe him. He was always successful in any argument, for instead of shouting his opponent down he'd beat him to the first shout. Having easily hurdled the obstacles at Hahnemann, he will next try the hurdles at the Huron Road Hospital in Cleveland, Ohio.

ACTIVITIES: Army

CLAYTON CARSON BARCLAY

"Clay"

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania   Temple University

"I'm going to outline that course"

Outstanding was Clayt's rugged individualism. He could be counted on for an opinion on all matters of conjecture. Strangely enough he appeared quite willing to be subjected to the dominating force in dermatology. On the first day "our teacher" dismissed the section, except Clay, for refusing to buy books. He was left with his book and the clinic patients, not knowing pityriasis from pompholyx while the chief left to raise the devil with the lieutenant.

If in doubt, soothe.

Everyone got calamine lotion and an appointment for the next week.

He tells the story of pawning the overcoat of one of his Temple professors in whose laboratory he worked. He was hungry. One day the Prof's daughter surprised him by asking for the forgotten garment. Since some money was in the treasury at this time, his roommate redeemed the coat during the search, and Clayton then soon found it behind a door.

"I'm positive I looked there before," the girl declared.

With these hungry days as a background, he married a pretty dietician thus fulfilling the words of the prophet which saith: "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

During the senior year he attended the ball games faithfully, vainly coaxing Brown to accompany him. He alone in the class entered the Public Health Service and will intern in their hospital on Staten Island.

ACTIVITIES: United States Public Health Service

ALPHONSO LEO BAX

"Baxie"

Niagara Falls, New York   Niagara University, B.S.

"Hey, boys, who does this look like?"

Whenever a professor was late for class, there was never a lull, for Al was always on hand to give forth with some impromptu entertainment. Nobody was safe from his mimicry which was accurate and hilarious but never abusive.

Well noted were his spitballs made with the most sterile technique and his paper airplanes which were always of the latest streamlined design. This friendly young man with the sharp black mustache (pre-Army) mixed reasonably well in any company, but was most at home among males, since his sense of humor, while at times acute and subtle, had a broad base founded upon one of the schools largest collections of stag stories and ingenious pranks. Al was a great devotee to home cooking, holding that when you became an addict of the restaurants, you ran the risk of reducing your living quarters to the state of a way station.

As he progressed in school he somewhat abandoned his role as class entertainer, and his disposition gradually changed from bellicose-hilarity to quiet-contemplation. His one remaining vice was the recreation room pool table, and it soon became very evident that due to his success in his studies, it was going to be his all-year-round study hour pastime for the duration. He will carry his cue with him to the Huron Road Hospital in Cleveland, Ohio.

ACTIVITIES: Lambda Phi Mu, President; Army

LOUIS PETER BAYLOR

"Lou"

Northumberland, Pa. Susquehanna University, A.B.

"*Wait'll I tell you about last night*"

"Boy, was that a honey!" Baylor seems to have gotten the foolish notion that linen closets in hospitals are not supposed to be used for linen. As a matter of fact, during an internship "Surgery calling Dr. Baylor" would invariably locate our hero in some comfy nook with some nifty in blue and white--and a different one each time, too.

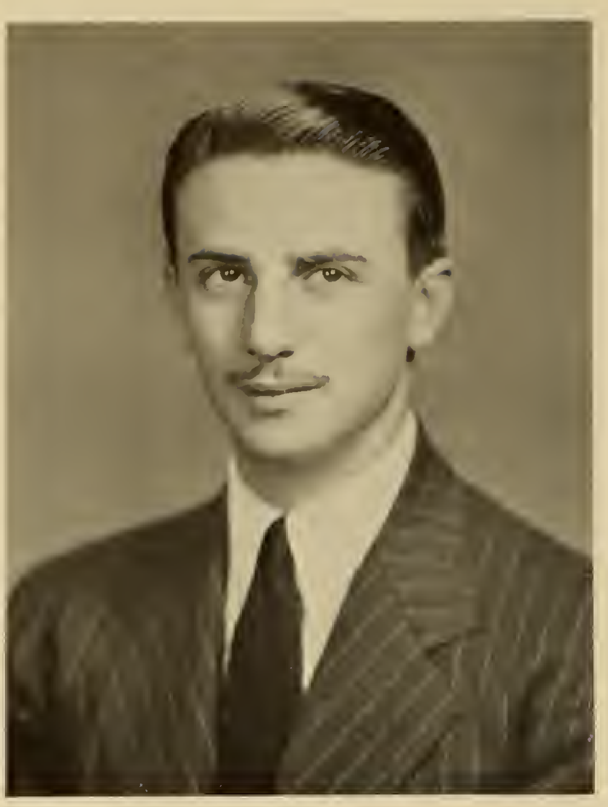
Sports, all sports, were favorite with Lou, mainly because he could browbeat an opponent into submission with his size—but he was good, too—he said. Swishing along the ice at the arena (mostly in horizontal position), basketball and track at the "Y," necking in some little cranny were all fond favorites with "Larrupin' Lothario" Baylor.

There are a few other features about Chum Lou that stand out but offhand we can't think of any—Oh, yea—his shoes and his hair. Boy, do they shine. Sources intimate with our friend suggest the possibility of lipping, spurring and eburnation of both elbows from too rapid and prolonged polishing and combing.

Don't get us wrong, though. Louis Peter is a good egg even if he does sleep in his underwear. He even entered politics in his senior year, becoming vice-president of the class ('Tis said by taking his opponents out in the woodshed and talking (?) them out of running for office).

Allentown General will be his stamping grounds for a year.

ACTIVITIES: Alpha Sigma Fraternity; Internal Medicine Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Basketball Team; Redman Pediatric Society; Army



NORMAN SHEA BERGER

"SHORTY"

Archbald, Penna. University of Scranton, B.S.

"I'll bet a quarter"

Although not a great talker, Norm always had enough words for the more important things. Soft spoken and calm even during a boisterous party, he profited thereby when a young lady was once prompted to remark, "You have to hug him to hear him." His minor vice was an occasional absence from an afternoon class but mention it to him and he would give you one of his inimitable "are you kiddin" looks that he reserved for flatterers and hecklers. He impressed us as having no liking for schedules which to him were objectionable not because of their mechanism, but their philosophy. A staunch believer in conserving all possible energy, he alternated with his room mate, Bill Blomain, in taking lecture notes, thus having half of the school day available for study, but usually spent in relaxation. His even temperament and easily controlled expression was pathognomonic of a shrewd card player, and sure enough, testimonials as to his skill in this line of endeavor were easily available from some of his less successful confreres. He was one of the few members of the class who was a speaking acquaintance of Dr. Eberhard, and whenever they were seen in a post-lecture conference, the rumor that Norm was being considered as a guest lecturer in gastroenterology would circulate faithfully. His internship at the Scranton State Hospital will no doubt be along G. I. lines.

ACTIVITIES: MEDIC Staff; Phi Delta Epsilon; Army

E. WILLIAM BLOMAIN

"Bill"

Archbald, Penna. University of Scranton, B.S.

"Boy! that gripes me"

Bill's versatility and inventive genius blossomed forth in the pathology lab, a place with which he never did fall in love. There he succeeded in devising a technique of doing blood counts with neither blood nor counting fluid, a method however which failed to meet with the approval of Dr. Fisher. His remarks when they had to do with one of his pet peeves usually had a pretty high acid content. His virtue was telling the truth no matter how much it hurt if he felt that some good would come of it.

Despite evidence to the contrary, he was a man who liked to be liked. He was stimulated by argument, but personal antagonism depressed him. When some person or group got in his way, he lost his moodiness in the emotional catharsis of righteous anger. Such exploits as these while undoubtedly efficient in school tended to obscure his charm and success in his outside social life.

His numerous feminine companions were all easy on the eyes, and those who knew him well state that it was difficult to find a more ideal couple to fit into a party group than Bill and one of his ever present lovelies. He will continue his study of medicine and his search for beauties when he interns at the Scranton State Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Army

DANIEL EDWARD BOYLE

"Danny"

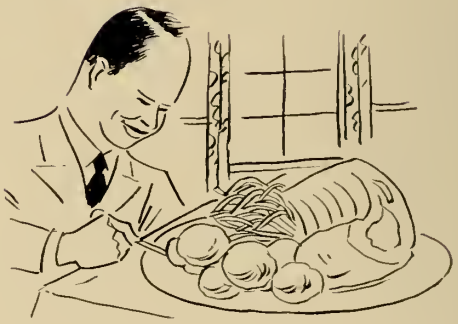
Hazleton, Penna. University of Notre Dame, B.S.

"Going down to Abe's?"

A scientist who might want to discover what makes people amiable would find in Dan a perfect specimen for study. Entering our class after a remission in his education, he came through in the face of circumstances that have frustrated many another promising youth. Ambitious, sincere and quite without snobbery, he quickly became a welcome addition to our critical and heterogenous group.

Although no bookworm, Dan evidently liked to browse through philosophical works, for occasionally he came up with some remarkably acute observations. In medical dispensary he would never be stumped. Questioned as to his success, he would quickly and routinely answer, "I gave her something in the 500th."

A faithful and efficient married man with an evidently voracious appetite, he never failed to amuse us when he frantically rushed around trying to secure some extra meat ration coupons. Even in serious conversations his visage had an animation that lent charm to what would have been otherwise plain features, but at times he had a benign scholarly look set up by crinkly red hair and a high, balding forehead. Always friendly with the "office hours in the morning only" crowd, he would taunt them each noon with his derisive "When are you going down to Abe's?" To be nearer to Notre Dame and football, he will intern in Huron Road Hospital in Cleveland, Ohio.



ACTIVITIES: Reimann Oncological Society; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Blue and Gold Committee; Pi Upsilon Rho

J. CHARLES BREME

"Charlie Boy"

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania　　St. Joseph's College

"Absolutely absolute"

Tall, slim, with a natural (?) marcel, Charlie closely resembled his musical competitor, Harry James. Always progressive, he best demonstrated this trait by marrying before beginning medical school. He was one of the few brainy members of the class whom we would seek before exams to clarify some obscure point. He very deliberately listened when addressed and hesitated before answering, during which interim we visualized the complicated cog wheels of thought turning about in his brain. A genius in the use of English he had a tongue that could cut like a razor when necessary, and a moment later turn a singularly beautiful phrase.

Charlie was the proud possessor of an ingenious instrument—a stethoscope with built in murmurs. We watched him use it with envy, for with it a simple tachycardia blossomed forth into an auricular fibrillation with a blowing systolic murmur.

Largely responsible for the rebirth of the orchestra, he dutifully and beautifully rendered such numbers as "Ave Maria" for the more cultured. Those of us who saw in him few of the conventional characteristics of the long-haired musician, justified our suspicions of his hidden verve and dash at the jam sessions of Beardsley's syncopators. Charlie put us hep to the tune of "one o'clock jump." Accompanied by his trumpet, he will intern at the West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Orchestra; Redman Pediatric Society; Lane Medical Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Medic Staff; Navy

PATRICK NEELY BROWN

"PAT"

Sombra, Ontario Temple University, A.B.

"Your move, Clay"

Long and lean, loosely coupled, he seemed to be folded as he sat gazing intently over the scene before him. Slowly he would reach out and with a long finger move a checker into the next space. Still more slowly he would straighten his back and rock from side to side. His nostrils would constrict as he took a deep breath, his eyes would rise and he would say, "Go ahead, Clay. Your move."

Thus was spent his sophomore year. Everyone knew of the great Barclay-Brown checker tournament. They were usually together even when not engaged at this great game. Pat spent many mornings while on medical wards producing reasons why he could not attend the ball games with his friend.

Rarely ruffled, he is noted for his serene look when Dr. Ashley-Montague, quizzing at his table in anatomy, remarked, "This cadaver looks as though shrapnel had passed through it."

It took a lot of international diplomacy, senators and things, but our Canadian born friend finally went to New Cumberland carrying a great sheaf of papers with the words "Company, Platoon, etc." crossed out, and the word "man" written in its place. Three days after returning to school he wore drill corporal stripes. It just goes to show how he gets ahead. After graduation he will intern at Meriden, Connecticut, with his wife, who gets her M.D. from Temple about the same time.

ACTIVITIES: Paxson Obstetrical Society; Army

PAUL L. CARNEY

"CHECKERS"

"I heard this one in New York"

Staten Island, New York   Wagner College, B.S.

This quick-witted son of a minister showed us that he was an excellent public speaker whenever the issue was strong enough to excite his comment; but when strong words were needed, he had to search deep into his vocabulary, for it housed no epithets more fiery than an occasional "Judas Priest."

A conscientious and faithful student, he nevertheless would routinely disappear frequently before noon, accompanied by Barclay and Brown. Those of us who had trailed this trio of deserters soon found that Paul excelled in one pursuit above all others; namely, "firehouse checkers." There one only had to visualize the pot-bellied stove to have him in a country-store atmosphere. Serving briefly as a mentor at a bad boys' home greatly enlarged Paul's repertoire of stories and tales of youthful pranks, some of which he was not above practicing himself. Another result of this experience was the occasional bit of "colorful" language which crept into his conversation.

Many were the scowls displayed by those longing for an early dismissal, when Paul asked one of his super-duper questions. They usually concerned some advanced and complicated problem, causing the professor who had no idea of the answer to embark on a long discussion that would conveniently detour to some different subject. Paul will seek the answer to these medical riddles at the Fordham Hospital in New York during his internship.

ACTIVITIES: Glee Club; Redman Pediatric Society; Boericke Therapeutic Society; Army

PETER D. CARRAS

"PETE"

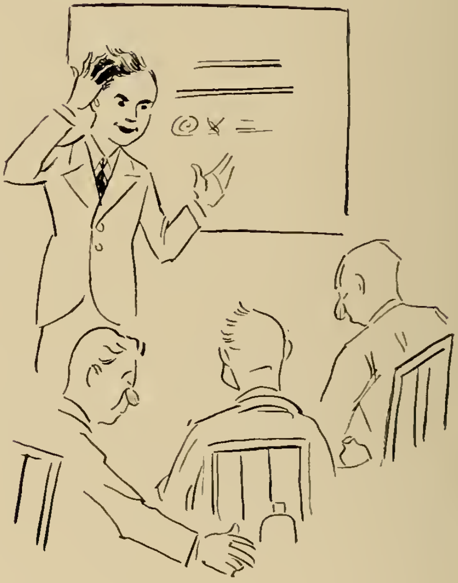
Paterson, N. J. University of Michigan, A.B.

"Where's Toth?" With that we have the beginning of a cram session for exams with "Socrates" Carras acting as tutor, boy scout master and mother hen to the haphazard crew he's pulled through four years of medical school.

Sipping the schnapps and tossing the darts at Abe's during spare time, 'tis rumored that any side jingle for "straight, place or show" at Garden State would be amply covered by "Bookie" Carras. And, of course, there's always an empty chair waiting for Pete at any hot poker game where friends (?) promptly roll him for his dough, let him sniff the cork of their bottle, and ever so gently toss him out on his can. However, next A.M. the "Hey, Pete, lend me five, will ya?" boys catch our staggering but still standing friend. Non-plussed, the lad, a veritable fountain of coin, would dig deep and produce the necessary filthy stuff.

Four years now we've all watched Pete fool with his hair. No one knows what he does, but nimble fingers run along the part gently smoothing down the pilus (hair to you, bub) on either side, creating a slight area of alopecia. Keep messin' around, fella, and you'll be combing it with a wash cloth.

Keep 'em happy at Jersey City Hospital, old boy, and the best of luck wherever you go and with whatever you do.



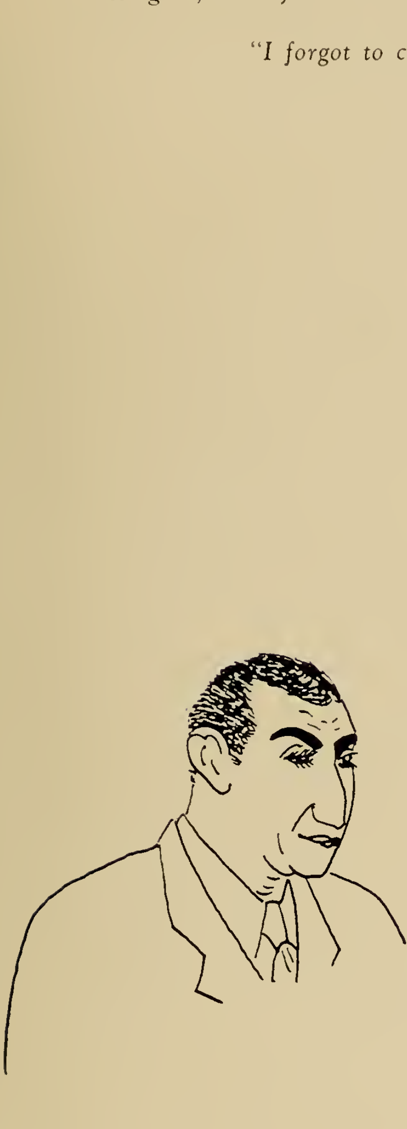
ACTIVITIES: MEDIC Staff, Army

JOSEPH ROBERT CHEMYCZ

"LITTLE HANK"

Essington, Pennsylvania Temple University, A.B.

"I forgot to call Mike"



Our first years at Hahnemann found the youngster of our class strutting up Broad Street early in the morn with an air of over-confidence and an ever-glowing eye bespeaking of ambitions aimed towards the starlit West Coast. Recently, with the Army in command and Joe running from his comfortable bed at St. Luke's Hospital (where he served a junior internship and indulged in its "extra-curricular" activities) to the drill field, that gleam began to fade to a starry, sleepy glare.

Otherwise, the Army couldn't change Joe. His appearance, which is impeccable, he maintains for a purpose. It is one factor in his super-plan for dating . . . to wit: the engineering of three dates on the same night. Whose attitude could be compared with his most professional one other than a certain member's of the faculty who resembles Joe . . . or vice versa. This latter gained him much notoriety and a very descriptive nom de plume.

Joe's characteristic pose is to look at vou with head tilted upwards and to one side just as one glares through bifocals with a look of indignance, and the ends of his lips turned down. Accompanying this is an unrivaled cynicism and wit rarely utilized to compliment one.

Nevertheless, we all see Joe in the near future as a very successful physician because of his earnestness and leadership. He'll get his start, interning at Chester Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Newman Club; Basketball, Captain; Army

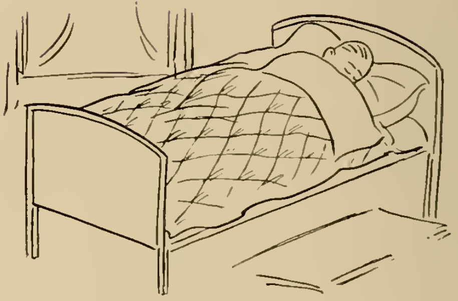
JOHN N. CHITWOOD

"Noah"

Fort Payne, Alabama University of Alabama

"Straight stuff, right from the office"

Chitwood was a calm slow moving figure of a student who, though totally lacking in the swagger and sophistication found in most seniors, somehow contrived to give the impression that he was quite capable of performing any task that might confront him. Moving about among groups in an unobtrusive fashion, very little escaped his seemingly casual notice and his intimate knowledge of his classmate's affairs, though never malicious, at times proved remarkably accurate and embarrassing. His local color might never have been discovered were it not for his telltale southern accent. That he was a man of the world was shown by his procedure for obtaining histories in the G. U. clinic, and though his method differed from any accepted textbook version, it proved efficient and informative, especially with the patients who had no knowledge of medical terms. Scarcely a day would pass that did not find Chitwood passing along some new rumor and though these were often spurious, his percentage of hits ranked him among the best newshawks in the class. Although his studies occupied his first and foremost attention he was not averse to an occasional spree, and with his piping voice and bits of wisdom and vice, he was always a welcome addition to the down town meetings of the after-dark-wanderers. His latest rumor is that he will intern at the Jefferson Hospital in Birmingham, Alabama.



ACTIVITIES: Medic Staff; Navy

RAYMOND CAREN

"RAY"

Darby, Penna. Pennsylvania State College, B.S.

"That guy is terrible"

"What's the sense in listening to that guy? He doesn't understand the chemistry, physiology or pathology, anyway. Why in 1921 in the Archives of Internal Medicine, Cecil, Yater, Meakin, et al, on page 431, had an article which this bird is quoting verbatim!—Hand me that New England Journal, will ya? I gotta do something . . ." Nobody in the world but Ray could ever say this—and sadly enough it's true.

His idea was to cut college to two years, medical school to three and take eighteen years of post-graduate work at Mayo's, Massachusetts General, Peter Bent Brigham, and for good measure Mt. Sinai of New York.

He was forever trying to take off weight but with his lunches of two sandwiches, a pint of milk and a pint of ice cream, no wonder he couldn't. Even his running to the Y at frequent intervals during the week where he exercised to the point of fatigue couldn't counterbalance his ravenous appetite. Nevertheless, he had an alibi: "But, I didn't have any breakfast!"

A perfect stooge for any man who wished a joke to be successful, his high-pitched, squealing hee-hee, haw-haw was heard from Room C to Max's.

After racking his poor brain, considering every hospital in the country, Ray finally decided to intern at Philadelphia General.

ACTIVITIES: Phi Delta Epsilon; Army

OSCAR CORN

"CORNY"

Bristol, Pennsylvania LaSalle College, A.B.

"Gotta meet Selma"

It's an established fact that "100" is as high a grade as is possible to attain, that is, by all normal students. But who ever called Corny normal? Is any one normal whose grades constantly are close to normal body temperature? Such monotony, such insane regularity; why there wasn't a time of day he wasn't studying, even on the subway to and from the hospital. When he would straddle his nose with his index and middle fingers, it was a toss-up whether he was worrying about grades or Selma. He forgot everything one day, though, when he played soft-ball so fervently his Joe E. Brown fielding tactics provided the high-lights and left him sore and aching for a week.

When there's a controversy afoot, Corny invariably became the arbitrator listening to both views with equal intent. Sometimes he would be so angelic, he dripped butter.

It is to be admitted that Selma cost him (at times) more than his lunch; instead of dessert in a dish—he had his via telephone. Someday we'll be stuck with a tough differential diagnosis which even Yater's book can't crack, so we'll dial the phone for Oscar to break the case wide open. But, lo and behold, he'll be talking to Selma.

He'll probably continue to keep all lines busy when he interns at Jewish Hospital.

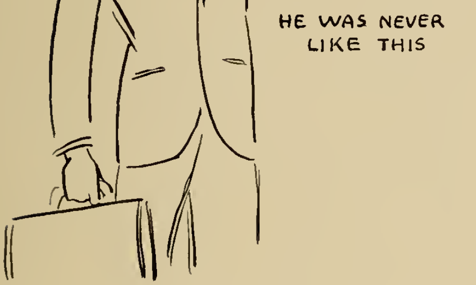
ACTIVITIES: Boericke Therapeutic Society: Secretary of Student Institute; Phi Delta Epsilon; Army

HARRISON EVERETT CURTIS

"Duffy"

Corry, Penna. Pennsylvania State College, A.B.

"*Hi!*"


HE WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

A rather quiet fellow around school and well liked by his classmates, easy-going and not upset by trivialities, Curt maintains a smiling countenance.

We can well remember those freshman and sophomore days in anatomy lab when Curt was so engrossed in his dissection he didn't bother to look up or answer when Dr. Montague was tugging at his sleeve with a question. Could it be that this was a pseudointerest to avoid the barrage of questions? Whether it was or not, the dissection was always carefully and meticulously done.

"Duffy" was married the summer following the sophomore year and has assumed the position of "second in command." He likes to tinker, fix things, and paint around the house. In fact, he has developed a remarkable skill in catching mice by their tails with a pair of pliers. No anesthesia either. Cruelty unsurpassed!

In the past year Curt has become a member of the firehouse bridge club. His bridge game is much above average, and he doesn't "bid 'em unless he has 'em"—often.

A person of noteworthy qualities and a flair for bringing forth the correct answer at the right time, he will, without doubt, make a fine physician. Curt will serve his internship at Hamot Hospital, Erie, Penna.

ACTIVITIES: Alpha Sigma Fraternity; Reimann Oncological Society; Army

WALTER SNYDER DARBY

"WALT"

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania St. Joseph's College

"On the Ball!"

Easy going son of the "City of Brotherly Love," known to his friends and classmates as "Upper" or "Sammy the Tapper," Walt started his medical career by clicking the camera for Dr. Snyder's rogues' gallery. Well will be remembered the three "sun-worshippers" whose picture Walt flashed on the screen during an histology lecture. He always had a smile, and mid-years or finals never ruffled his hair. We always heard him say before an exam, "I'm taking a Brody on this."

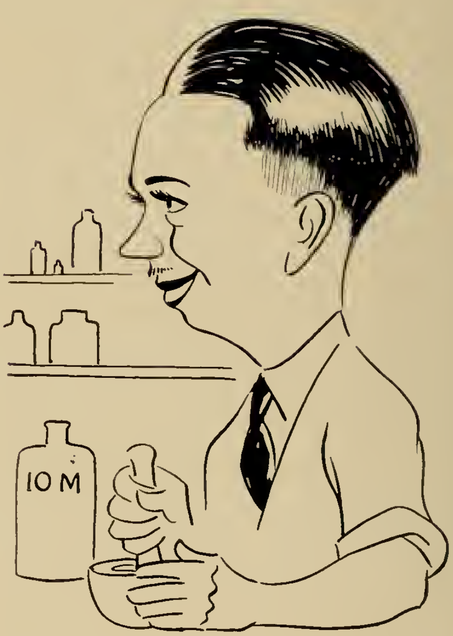
Walt was a man with nuggets up his sleeves and a woman on his arm. He loved a good bull-session with the topics women and medicine, but at exam time the women were lacking, although many blondes, brunettes and red-heads all had their traps set for Walt.

A true son of Hahnemann, a Boericke, Jr., Walt also joined the ranks of enlisted men to finish his college career under the guiding arm of Uncle Sam. The Army made one great change in his life by forcing him to bare his upper lip to the cruel cold elements.

It is hard to say what branch of medicine Walt will choose after his army days are over. Some say he'll follow neurology; others say he will be a medico for the fair sex only, but all do agree that whichever field he may select, Walt will be one of the top men.

Walt intends staying at Hahnemann another year for his internship.

ACTIVITIES: Alpha Sigma; Student Institute; Boericke Therapeutic Society, President; Paxson Obstetrical Society; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Orchestra; Army



OSCAR DOSOVITZ

"Doz"

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Temple University, A.B.

"We've gotta bone up"

Oscar was our class pacer, for when we saw him scurrying home early in the afternoon with a book under his arm, we knew an exam was in the offing and the time had come to study. A welcome addition to any cram session, he amused us as he paced the floor, mumbling, reciting, interjecting his constant "let's get going," occasionally interrupting to correct some error, always in the direction of more exactness.

Early in our student days he was more restrained by our tough schedule, but in later years confidence, could be seen blooming all through him, and studying took second to recreation. Any early doubts he may have had as to his suitability or success in medicine proved notably ill founded. Although definitely interested in the fair sex, he was wary in all his relations with them. He claimed that conversations were generally directed by the female, becoming in effect attacks, the objectives being whatever the female had in mind as her ends.

Possessing a keen ear for terse English, he usually found the lectures of our instructors a shade too verbose. He agreed with the principle that taking original notes was better than using copies. However, doing so, he said, involved a transformation in character too complicated to be accomplished overnight. He will make good use of his condensed copies while interning.

ACTIVITIES: Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Basketball Team; Phi Lambda Kappa

MITCHELL LOUIS DRATMAN

"MITCH"

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania La Salle College, A.B.

"Hey, Bud . . ."

Mitch was a fine little boy . . .! So demure, quiet, unassuming, wearing tortoise-shelled glasses—only his receding temples (which have since coalesced into one alopetic area) seemed misplaced in his "youthful-studious" countenance. That's what Tommy Snyder thought when he made him a stooge. How often we are fooled; little did even we know there was very little angel in him. Well, Lou is a student of medicine, music, books, women, and "beefing" (the latter especially in the army); but for the youthfulness . . . ha! ha!

A histologist before he arrived at Hahnemann, it wasn't long before Mitch was teaching the boys how to examine normal microscopic tissue—and it wasn't until graduation that he was saved from the perennial "Take a look at my slides, Mitch."

Lou's frequent visits to places of aesthetic purport such as the Academy of Music, added to his extraordinary finesse at love-making prove our versatile friend's interests are varied. Ah, yes! How many young ladies—lately those in white—have been swept away by his smooth talk and fanciful poetry. Speaking of women, someone was very hospitable to our hero while we sojourned at Allentown

But, then came the Army and: "They can't put me on K.P.!"—"They can't wake me at 4:45 A.M.!"—"I won't drill; I have a mind of my own!"—We all know how vain these words were.

Lou won't have to arise "too" early interning at Jewish Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Boericke Therapeutic Society; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Phillips Anatomical Society; Phi Delta Epsilon; Army

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
YATERS MEDUEN

STEPHEN EDGAR DUNLAP

"Ed"

Lancaster, Pa. Franklin and Marshall College, B.S.

"Hello, McGinnis"

"Sans wine. Sans women. Sans song." Thus this representative from the hills of the Pennsylvania Dutch country passed four years at Philadelphia.

Ed has acted much as if he has never quite recovered from the awe and bewilderment which engulfed him when he first came to study at The Greater Hahnemann. Ed is very naive and though he has learned much from medical texts and his voluminous notes, he is badly in need of a few lectures which will explain to him "what it's all about." Always altruistic and upright he has lived a sheltered life and hence his scope of the world at large is rather shallow.

WHY DOES A CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD

No one seems to know if Ed has ever absented himself from a single lecture. It's our guess he hasn't, for the sensation which this would cause would have reached the ears of all his classmates. Nor has he been observed to nap or idle during class hours. Like a man possessed, he meticulously took lecture notes which were complete in every respect; punctuation marks not excepted.

He is a firm believer in homeopathy. One can see his ears perk up when some rare drug is mentioned and before the day passes he will study its virtues. After the war he hopes to practice homeopathy in Lancaster county. Ed will serve his internship at Lancaster General Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Alpha Sigma; Army

WALTER R. EDWARDS

"WALT"

Trenton, New Jersey American University, B.A.

"Now my wife, Maisie—"

Being a commuter from the wilds of Jersey, Walt was deprived of the nuggets and stock questions which were featured at the local cram sessions, and rushing in ten minutes before the exam, would frantically inquire, "What y'a think he's gonna ask?"

Walt can definitely be classed as one of the quieter members of the class, and a more even-tempered, conscientious, hard worker we have never known. In fact he was about the only one we know who can hang around Dunlap all day long and still be cool and calm. However, when five o'clock came around this "let things come as they may" attitude took a back seat, for ever since that trip Walt took to the altar early last year, he's been in a hurry to make that early train home. We wonder if there was any connection between his interest in the Pediatrics Society and the little wife, Maisie.

Conspicuous was Walt because of his silence, especially during that junior year in the famous Dr. L's class, for when called on then to answer, Walt usually proceeded to get very nervous and stammer out a few indistinguishable words. He constantly went around saying, "Oh, excuse me," but Walt was a friend of everybody. Certainly Walt's enthusiasm for medicine and Trenton will see him as a successful practitioner in this great metropolis following his internship at McKinley Hospital.

PHILA.
TRENTON

ACTIVITIES: Paxson Obstetrical Society; Redman Pediatric Society; Society of Internal Medicine; Glee Club; Army

ROBERT F. ERHARD

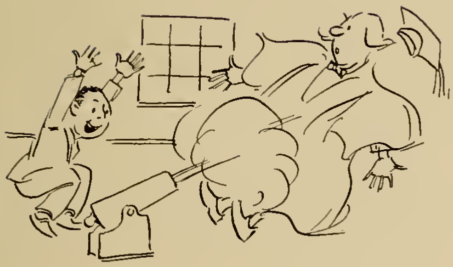
"Bob"

Scranton, Pennsylvania University of Scranton, B.S.

"Is Erhard here today?"

Every morning anxious eyes would watch the door and at 9:05 Bob would come sauntering up the aisle and sheepishly yell "Here" just as his name was called. Imperturable at all times he exuded calm while everyone else exuded excitement. This characteristic he showed to best advantage in those famous poker sessions, where he would nonchalantly view his four aces with the detachment of a physician reading a fever chart.

Bob gained a short lived notoriety in the G.I. clinic, where, seeking a short cut to fame by means of a few manipulations of his pen, he cunningly changed the "Eberhard diet" sheets to the "Erhard Diet."



Rarely was he seen without that ever present smile on his face, looking as though he had just accomplished some clever prank or told a funny story. He extended his geniality to everybody and made his sentiments so evident that they rarely failed to waken reciprocal good will. Any shortcomings he may have had he evidently kept well concealed, for even careful inquiry among his intimates failed to furnish anything tangible. A fairly constant fixture at the after-dark bright spots, we felt sure that his occasional feminine companions experienced an entertaining and yet respectable evening. His tardy habits will soon be revised, for he will intern in the Navy.

ACTIVITIES: Alpha Sigma; Navy

WILLIAM HILL FORTHMAN

"FORTH"

Cincinnati, Ohio University of Cincinnati

"There's no place like Florida"

For a long time we didn't know Bill very well. During the first two years at Hahnemann he was quite busy with his lessons; or if not that, too preoccupied with thoughts of the gal back home. Then too, during his earlier days at Hahnemann "Forth" hadn't taken up the art of pool nor the science of bridge with any degree of seriousness, and it was in these two activities that he was to shine socially later on. And so it was in the fourth year that "Forth" really came forth.

One great feature of Bill's life here was that he always planned his work so he was never bored. He usually had on hand plenty of cross-word puzzles and cryptograms to work on during dull lectures. As a soldier during the last months, Bill was devoted to duty and took great pride in the degree of polish he was able to keep on his G.I. shoes. No, Dunlap, he didn't really shellac them.

An interesting feature of Bill's life at Hahnemann was his luncheon diet. The fact is fairly well established that he ate cheese sandwiches daily for two years.

"Forth" will intern at James M. Jackson Memorial Hospital, Miami, Florida.

ACTIVITIES: Glee Club; Army

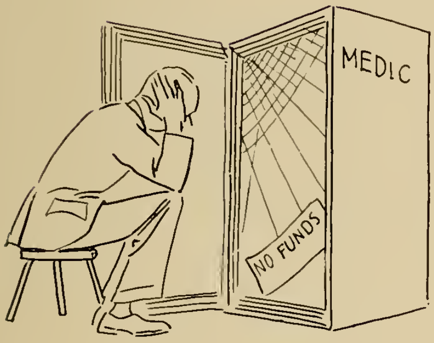
JOHN BARCLAY FUHRMANN

"JOHNNY"

Flemington, New Jersey University of Virginia, B.A.

"Can't help it, fellows, it's orders"

Johnny was an enigma at Hahnemann. His dogmatism was sufficient for him to be dubbed bull-head, sullen or what have you. On the other hand there was the radiant and cheerful John who was fast with the wit and tolerant to the nth degree. Seldom did John avoid an argument, especially at class meetings when he would venture forth fearlessly due to the possession of a potent weapon . . . a pair of sturdy lungs.



For a friend he is loyal and dependable. At all times whether under the influence of the crab or the sheep he was efficient, a hard worker, a good student and above all an honest student. As a soldier in the army he had the misfortune to become stooge for the commandant when the roll-call system was instigated.

Telling the instructor that the baby's diet could easily be read on the chart and that memorizing it was a waste of time was another of John's quirks. However, essential material was collected and kept well guarded in his cerebrum. Johnny is a good musician; the symphony concerts find him a steady customer.

His family tree is studded with doctors, and he and his Philly cigar will make a welcome addition to the noble profession. He'll spend his internship at Hahnemann.

ACTIVITIES: Glee Club; Blue and Gold; Pi Upsilon Rho; MEDIC Staff; Army

HARRY KENNETH GABROY

"GABBY"

Brooklyn, New York. Long Island University, B.S.

"Strictly for your own benefit"

Gabby—what a character! One of the most interesting and unusual we have met yet. His is not a personality that unfolds at cursory examination; one must know Harry to get the full benefit of his truly subtle humor and caustic wit. Here is an interested student who gets the meat out of medicine without being a "grind," and is active in school-doings, especially politics. As a leader of the independents in the great liberal drive of '43, he emerged victorious as President of the Class; and what a President! The Hahnemann version of Winchell, Pinkerton, and Lewis combined. If you want something done, if you want something found out, if you just want something—see Gabby.

He loves a dreary day, a "nugget," a good joke (though he'd rather tell one), cigars, good music, (he can sing like mad, if you like the high-brow stuff he warbles), and good food. He conducted the Glee Club—and very well too.

Time will pass and many things will be forgotten, but all of us will remember that horrible Brooklyn twang; those lousy tips on the horses, those nights at Abe's, and that very swell fellow and class president—Gabby.

Harry will carry his voluble personality into a naval hospital for the next year.

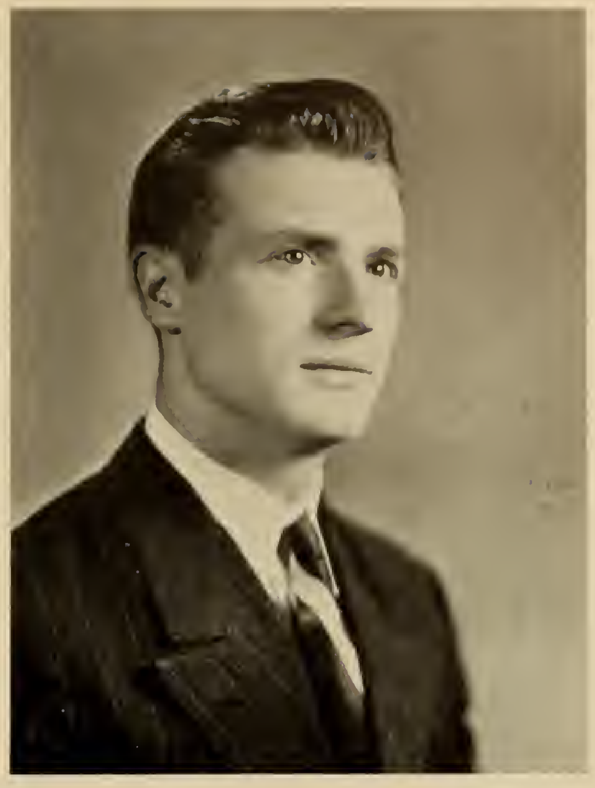
ACTIVITIES: President of the Senior Class; Glee Club, Conductor; Student Institute, 1943; Redman Pediatric Society; Phillips Anatomical Society; Navy

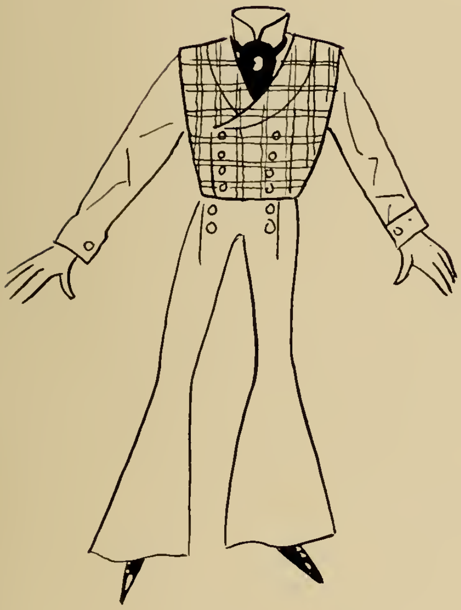
WALTER A. GAN

"Walt"

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania LaSalle College, A.B.

"........................!"





You are now gazing upon the bright and shining features of one of the most quiet and reserved guys in this h'yar class. As a matter of fact, a reputed conversation (of one hour's duration) between Walt and one of his friends goes as follows:

11:00 A.M. "Hello, Ed!"
"Hello, Walt!"

(One hour of animated conversation follows during which silence reigns.)

12:00 noon "Time for lunch, Walt."
"Yeh, O.K."

Oh, well! What was it somebody said about still waters?

The person of whom we are writing was one of the "I-don't-get-in-class-until-the-Dr.-is-ready-to-lecture" boys. As he would stroll in, a breeze would accompany him and everybody would feel a draft around the feet—those confounded swishing bell-bottom trousers again. But then who else but Walter A Gan could get away with lapels on his vest, and purple and green suits?

A real Puritan, he doesn't smoke, drink, swear (oops! beg pardon. We heard him say "pshaw" one day) or engage in any of those other vices akin to and connected with medical students. Unobtrusive and shy, Walt has plodded through four years of medical school "on his own" without the aid of crib notes and sheafs of past exams and still managed to keep up to the best.

Our colleague will wear white for a year at Frankford Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

ACTIVITIES: Army

EDMUND JOSEPH GELINAS

"Ed"

New London, Connecticut Roanoke College, B.S.

"You'll get it next year!"

Lean, modest and silent are characteristics which befit this confirmed bachelor of the graduating class. Maintaining a pose like "The Thinker," Ed's reserve has prevented some of his fellow students from knowing a really fine chap and apt student; but those who know him intimately will attest to his genuine good-fellowship and sociability. Throughout his four years he invariably sat in the back of the room unobtrusively taking terse notes, dozing, or shooing flies. Either by mastering these cryptic notes or by placing himself in a trance during exams (we don't know which) he passed through the years with many of us.

Ed was interning at Frankford Hospital when the tragic Frankford train wreck shocked the nation. His calm and resourcefulness in the midst of disaster gave rise to much favorable comment.

Hailing from New London, it was natural that his appeal would be for the Navy. Except for his desire to become a competent physician this was his one goal when the call to the colors came. After the usual preliminary difficulties on the physical exam Ed was accepted and an ear-to-ear smile beamed from his face. We are confident that by his integrity and application he will be successful both as a physician and a naval officer.

Ed will stay at the Frankford Hospital for his internship.

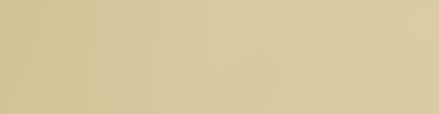
ACTIVITIES: Lane Medical Society; Navy

FRANK HIGHT GERARD

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania   Duke University, A.B.

"That Prof's grammar is incorrect"

Good looking, well dressed, new Buick convertible, lots of money, and probably plenty of brains (if he'd use them)—what more do you want? Occasionally "old money bags" condescends to speak to some of his classmates, so eventually a few got to know him. He didn't break his back over the books those early years, for the Drake, the Embassy, Lou's, and many other such places were in easy walking distance from his ritzy, 16th floor, central city apartment. But lately, he has evidently become quite an ardent student—doesn't sit quite so far back in lectures, and even brings binoculars to surgical clinic.



Frank will soon have to put several dozen of his "tweedy-tweeds" and twenty or so pairs of brown shoes away for a while (or just throw them away), for he is in the Navy Reserve and probably won't be able to resist that fancy uniform for long. Not long ago he gave up his highly prized freedom to one of the Main Line's nicest debutantes, a young lady who devoted much of her time as a "Nurse's Aid" at Hahnemann. He is now a regular passenger on the Paoli local, commuting from Narberth, where he has settled with his wife. He will serve his internship at Hahnemann, and after he sinks Hitler will probably come back to Philadelphia to be a loyal homeopath.

ACTIVITIES: Phi Alpha Gamma; Naval Reserve

HARRIS GERBER

"Harris"

Philadelphia, Pa. University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

"Are you going, Ray?"

Just think of a slight, fair-haired fellow who wears glasses, light clothes, a bowtie, but never an overcoat, and you can easily conjure a picture of Harris Gerber. Quiet in his own way, he will spring up to defend all civil rights and privileges at the slightest provocation, as well as campaign vigorously for members of the medical profession to unite! His pet hates are centered about those whom he feels are extreme Rightists. Ask his friend, Arden Turner.

Harris used to have a big following up at Women's Medical College. We all remember his turning up for special events with a bevy of female medicos surrounding him; and, knowing the reputation "Hen Medics" have for looks and figures, Gerber stood out like an "Adonis" above the crowd.

That he was a leader and organizer can be evidenced by the fact that his fraternity brothers chose him to lead them during his senior year.

Gerber and Corenzwit were an inseparable pair. Either during a lecture or during an exam they could always be found sitting side by side for mutual "moral" support.

Harris was quite interested in public health and participated actively in the seminars at school. He plans to go in for public health work after interning at P.G.H.—that's right, with Corenzwit!!

ACTIVITIES: Phi Lambda Kappa, President; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Army Reserve

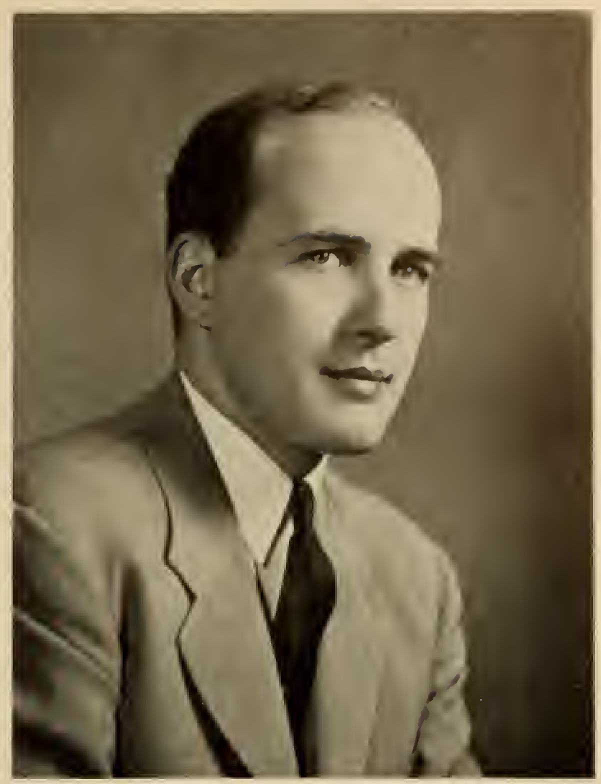
RUSSIA TODAY

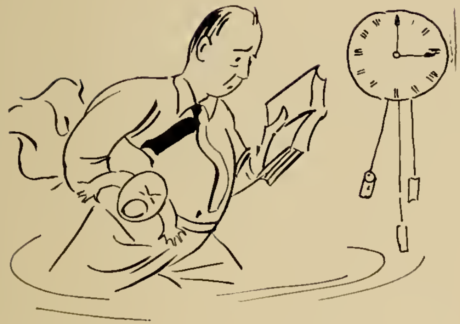
ROBERT PARKER GOULDIN

"GOULDIE"

Syracuse, New York | Syracuse University, A.B.

"I never did have much hair"





We first knew "Baldy" as the quiet, unobtrusive student from Syracuse—Oh Syracuse! How quickly his better friends got to know all the ins and out of his home town. Bob loved nothing better than to sit with an old cheroot and a glass of vermouth and laud the glories of dear old Syracuse *and Jean.*

But alas! it wasn't long before the "big town" got him—gone was the shy boy from Syracuse. He "blossomed out" in all the radiance of the beaming personality we all love so well. Yes, there are some skeletons in the Gouldin closet—memories of Lou's Moravian, Donna and probably a lot even we don't know about—but let's not dwell on that.

Although Bob unleashed that winning, whimsical personality and tasted Philly's night life (hot dawg!), he remained the level headed, well balanced, excellent student he will always be. He has been fortunate in having the inspiring influence of a very grand little blonde-haired lass (from Syracure, of course), whose memory no doubt kept him out of lots of "trouble." Last year Bob tied the knot and ever since then—well, for example—one of his old flames joined the WAC's. There has been a recent seven-pound addition to the family, which will keep Jean busy while Bob keeps the nurses busy during his internship here at Hahnemann.

ACTIVITIES: Student Institute, Vice-President, 1943; Lane Medical Society, President; Paxson Obstetrical Society; Craig Gynecological Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Medical Science Society; Basketball Team; Phi Alpha Gamma; Navy

RALPH E. GRAHAM

"Slug"

Phoenix, Arizona University of Arizona, B.S.

"*Well, if you insist*"

Legend has it that Ralph, one of the two living members of the Arizona State Homeopathic Society, rode into town on a jack rabbit in the fall of 1940. The only evidence of that cross-country journey which still remains is the ten gallon hat and cowboy boots which were supposed to have been worn on that occasion. The rabbit promptly disappeared, but young Graham, bright lad that he was, quickly learned the Eastern ways so that by the time the rabbit meat was consumed, Ralph was well established in eastern society.

One of Ralph's greatest assets is his ability to maintain a serene composure in any situation. For example, the time he fell asleep during a dermatology lecture, and was rudely taken to task. Ralph yawned and rubbing his eyes simply stated, "But, Doctor, it was *you* who put me to sleep."

His own tall-story telling is so contagious that many reports of his activities and conduct are bound to contain a fictional element. However, it has been rumored that prior to July of this year the count on Ralph's outside jobs while at Hahnemann was twenty-five, entailing the mastery of thirteen trades—and so far as personnel departments were concerned, our lad had practiced each of the thirteen for ten years. Ralph plans to intern at Jefferson Davis Hospital, Houston, Texas.

ACTIVITIES: Fisher Pathological Society; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Aesculapian Club; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Craig Gynecological Society; Army

WILLIAM BURNS HABERMAN

"Bill"

Weissport, Penna. University of Pennsylvania, B.A.

"Everyone tells me I have alopecia"

Most of us marvelled at Bill. How he could fold those long legs under himself, sit on the board seats of O.R. "B" and watch an operation (or throw masks and gowns) with no apparent discomfort? His outlook was genial. He rarely rushed. His shoulders were so square he appeared to have dressed without removing the coat hanger from the clothes. His hair cut and its distribution on his head was always a subject of controversy and speculation. The hair line was excellent but from the top row of the amphitheatre its sparsity became apparent. Bill worried a lot about it but finally decided to learn to admire it.

During the Junior year he married a home town school teacher. His eager attempts to duck out of Dr. Geckeler's fracture course were futile. But upon dismissal he dashed for his car and burned the macadam toward Weissport every Saturday afternoon. This was the first time that we knew of him dashing for anything.

GROVES
MANGE
MEDICINE

A sociable fellow and willing to get into the spirit of things, Bill celebrated at "Filthy McNasty's" (so named by Bill) after all exams. If he had no exams, he would celebrate with those who did. If no one had any, he would at times celebrate anyway. His favorite pastime was playing the trumpet. He will intern at Nassau Hospital, Mineola, L. I., N. Y.

ACTIVITIES: Phi Alpha Gamma; Boericke Therapeutic Society; Craig Gynecology Society; Fisher Pathology Society; Orchestra; Paxson Obstetrical Society; Secretary of Senior Class; Army.

THOMAS KING HALE

"Tom"

Frackville, Penna. Pennsylvania State College, B.S.

"How about a dirty one?"

During the early days when we sat in histology lab stuffing paper in our neighbor's microscope and copying drawings, there was a slender, dark-haired fellow who gazed intently into his microscope or at his notes and rarely got involved in the customary bull sessions. His greatest and only desire was to pass the course. "If we can only get through histology, we'll be all set" was his watchword.

"How're you doing, Haley?"

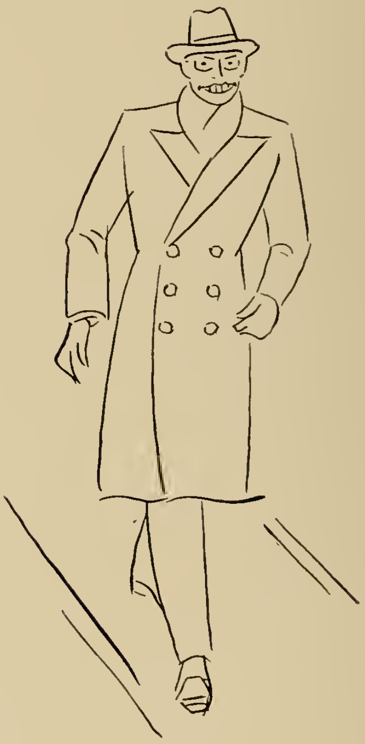
"Terrible." Then, confidentially, "Say did you find any reticulo-endothelial cells in your section? I'll never know enough to pass that slide quiz."

A vicious cigarette smoker, he only emerged from the blue haze and midnight oil of his room to listen to the radio news or to see if the "coast was clear."

While on a field trip with Dr. Brieger, we would see him in the distance. "Is it Dr. Bernstein?" "No, it's an undertaker." But upon closer inspection we could recognize Tom in his black homburg and Chesterfield coat.

A former high school teacher from Frackville, Tom came to Hahnemann somewhat more mature than most of us. During the senior year he became a "cigar-passer-outer," having married the girl from the old home town. A conscientious attitude and sympathetic nature will be the basis for his success in life. He plans to intern in the Frankford Hospital in Philadelphia.

ACTIVITIES: Medic Staff; Army



ROBERT LOUIS HALL

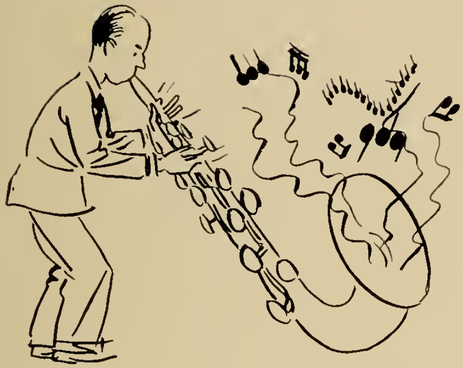
"Bob"

Philadelphia, Penna. University of Pennsylvania

"Have you heard the latest moron joke?"

This mighty, short Philadelphian is another member of the pigmy tribe. Being a true artistic individual, he made a "nugget-book" of such high quality that someone thought he would like to have it himself.

We have noted a prominent moon rising on top due to a sparsity of that well known stuff called hair. Bob is competent of doing quick mimeography jobs for the class and fraternity when not playing golf or doubling on the reeds. We're certainly glad we are not required to read his writing, for he possesses an almost true micrographia. In fact, he can get more words on one card than there are flies on a barn door.



We wonder how Bob managed to stay so aloof to the women all the time. In fact for a long time we thought Bob's only girl was the cadaver on the anatomy table, but we now understand that a certain member of the other sex has a reserved seat in his robin's egg blue convertible. Of one thing we are sure; that if this masterful lover keeps it up, $1200 will soon be deductible from his income tax. That Ford certainly has carried him far!

Bob had a junior internship at Women's Homeopathic and now an internship in Hahnemann Hospital is Bob's big plan for the immediate future.

ACTIVITIES: Phi Alpha Gamma; Fisher Pathological Society; Blue and Gold Committee; Symphony Orchestra; Modern Orchestra; Medical Science Society; Army

FREDERICK G. HAMILTON

"HAMMY"

Cleveland, Ohio Western Reserve University, A B.

"I'm in the mood"

Fred's habitus enteropticus form was seldom seen in an upright position. More often than not it was limited to the confines of a chair where the control center was furiously cerebrating over some massive volume on broken bodies. Possessed of two loves when he came to Hahnemann (medicine and the Navy), a third was added at the end of the freshman year when Hammy took unto himself a wife. Thus came into being a triply threatened man. He was never the fluent conversationalist and never had the patience to mince words about anything. Always would he take great care in making decisions. Sometimes he would ponder twenty or thirty seconds before announcing "I think I'll go home."

Scotch-Irish ancestry endowed him with a temper usually under adequate control, but at times as unruly as his blond hair in the morning. Says he was never madder than when his room mate washed his socks in the dishpan. One of the biggest mysteries about Fred was his ability to take voluminous notes a la Spencerian, while most of us had to be content with a series of hieroglyphics more closely resembling bear tracks. Unlike many of us, he was so adept in "private" practice, he holds the distinction of never having bent a sound.

His bony phalanges will administer to the ailing at Huron Road Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Paxson Obstetrical Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Naval Reserve

YATERS
SYMTOM
DIAGNOSIS

LEWIS C. HITCHNER, JR.

"HITCH"

Bridgeton, New Jersey DePauw University, A.B.

"Don't miss the Blue and Gold"

"Hitchey-Post" (silly nickname, isn't it?) is what one would call a "regular feller"—and if one did, one would have hit the nail right on the head. He is (or was, since he has inhaled so much vaporized Ortliebs, Three Keys, and "essence of Donna") quite a basketball player. You will find a very flattering pose of his if you turn to the basketball team picture.

He is game for anything (within reason—please!), and whenever the boys would "pop out for an evening paper" or sit up with a sick friend," they would stop by for Lew. Lew was always active around school—especially in politics. He has a marvelous sense of humor—swell guy to tell jokes to—he roars at all your stories, and doesn't insist on telling all his.

He was recently married to a beautiful little school teacher, so we musn't say too much about those long nights at Lou's Moravian, Westbury Grill, corner of Spruce and Smedley, etc., etc. And it wouldn't be fair, for Lew was an enviable student (in spite of his speedy associates) and knew how to mix a little pleasure with a lot of business. Though handsomer than ever in his Navy uniform, Lew will have to take it off long enough to complete his internship here at Hahnemann.

ACTIVITIES: Basketball Team; Lane Medical Society; Craig Gynecological Society; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Blue and Gold Ball, Co-Chairman; Phi Alpha Gamma; Navy

CARL ALFRED HOKHOLT

"Stretch"

Stockton, Calif. University of California, A.B.

"Why do all the women love me?"

Stretch came to Philly from the mamby-pamby West because he wanted to be a man. This tall gangling youth, towering above the heads of those gaping at the well-turned stems parading down Broad St., took a fancy to our Eastern girls but has had more dates and less lovin' than any of his classmates; "I don't understand women," he claims.

He could jitterbug with the best of them and his beer parties (on the boys) were the talk of the town. Carl's most favorite expression, "Ya buyin', Moe?" has changed to, "Ain't love grand?" He was always the first one present at fraternity bubble parties and the first to leave when the suds ran out. But he's settled down somewhat under the spell of a pair of starry eyes belonging to a lady at Stetson Hospital where he was serving a Junior Interneship. "My good looks and charms finally got her," was Carl's excuse for celebrating his graduation to the tune of "Wedding Bells."

He was an all-round good guy but his skill at shooting pool was almost unbelievable as his acumen for shooting the bull, a Western influence perhaps.

We all wish him the best of luck and happiness and hope his wife will teach him the finer points of shooting "darts." More power to you, Stretch, we'll meet again someday. Interning at San Joaquin General Hospital, French Camp, California.

ACTIVITIES: Redman Pediatric Society; Fisher Pathological Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Army Reserve

LAWRENCE F. JABLONSKI, JR.

"Larry"

Pittsburgh, Pa. University of Pittsburgh, B.S., M.S.

"Move over"

Lawrence F. in addition to being granted the degree M.D. upon graduation is really deserving of some recognition for his feats in engineering while at Hahnemann. We refer specifically to the various and ingenious inventions which have been attributed to him for getting to and from Pittsburgh between Saturday noon and Mondays at 9:00 A.M. with such speed that he is able to spend on these occasions two full days with his wife. We learn that he complains now that the week-ends are shorter since the Army has taken over.

Unknown perhaps to many, Larry had considerable trouble finding himself at Hahnemann. At one period he was studying banking on the side, and was actually mastering the finer points of operating an I.B.M. Comptometer when Fate was kind and let a vacation destroy this side pursuit. But ere long another distraction was to call L. F.'s attention. This time it was undertaking which seized his fancy. Fortunately, however, he decided to forsake this dead endeavor, and once again turned to medicine with renewed vigor.

As disturbing as it is to us, the evidence nevertheless seems to point to the conclusion that "Jabby's" most recent endeavor in engineering has been to see himself successfully appointed to an internship at The Pittsburgh Medical Center in order that he may cast the burden of his internship laboratory service upon his wife's shoulders.

ACTIVITIES: Alpha Sigma Fraternity; Boericke Therapeutic Society; Redman Pediatric Society; Army

ROY C. JACK

"Roy"

Dunkard, Penna. West Virginia University, B.S.

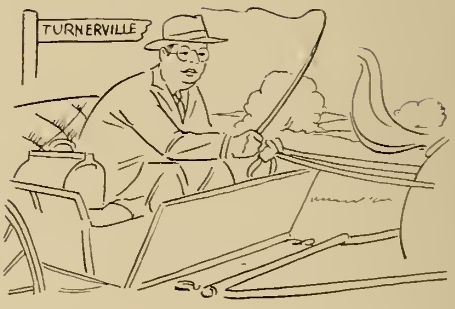
"I see"

From the hills of West Virginia (or Pennsylvania. No one can decide which, since his house is in one state and the garage in the other), came our friend. No one overlooked him. It was impossible, for both his stature and personality were expansile in nature.

One day Dr. Snader was holding a clinic in the amphitheatre discussing the control of one of his "wild diabetics" when the SILENTIUM of the place was disturbed by the almost inaudible but later unmistakable snore of a man at rest. The good doctor stopped. Someone punched Roy, who snorted, awoke, and remained quiet, staring at the ceiling lights. (It is folly to sit up when the professor is looking.) The doctor apologized for keeping anyone awake and continued with the lecture.

It is rumored that when he sits in the library, "resting his eyes," his profile reminds one of our illustrious preceptor, Samuel Christian Hahnemann. This is in face only. We are not sure how Samuel would compare below the belt.

During his course Roy imported a lovely home-town girl and took her to the preacher. They expect a daughter about graduation time. After graduation he plans to intern in Uniontown, Pennsylvania. His broad thorax conceals a large heart. Roy will be a real physician to his people.



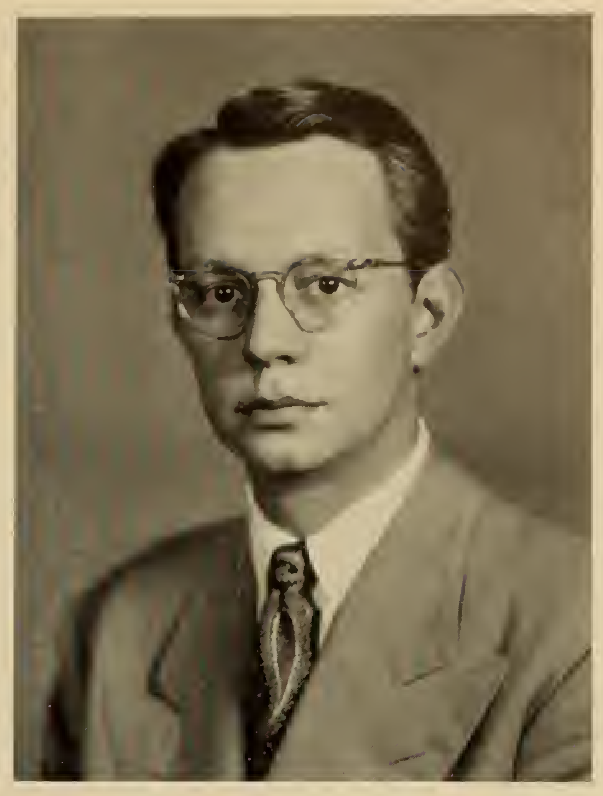
ACTIVITIES: Blue and Gold Committee; Pi Upsilon Rho; Glee Club; Army

EDWARD THOMAS JULER

"JUKES"

Cincinnati, Ohio University of Cincinnati, A.B.

"Well, it's been nice; so long"



"Little Lord Fauntleroy Ed" they called him. One of the most lackadaisical, easy-going members we have. Coming to us from Cincinnati, where he was famous for his red Packard, Ed has taken many detours from school to visit those famous Forest Hills matches, truly a tennis fan. Maybe this accounts for his extended vacations. The latter were shortened, though, when he finally broke down and donned one of the famous "sun tans."

As another original member of the St. James Infirmary crew, Ed can be summed up in just two words: "mild" and "sleepy-eyed." Being one who suffers from that well known disease "Lutophilia" (love of bed), he gives us his idea of real living—sleep after supper till 11 or 12 P.M., get up, go out, get "stinkoed," come in and sleep all the rest of the morning and be in school for afternoon classes.

Being "ousted" many times from "skin" seemed to have little effect on Ed's week-end trips to New York. With whom he went we don't know. However, we are sure that plenty of girls have gone off their beam over Ed, but just at present the paramount one happens to be a Cincinnati beer baroness.

After interning at the Christ Hospital of Cincinnati Ed plans to go into the paternal Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat specialty.

ACTIVITIES: Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Army

IVAN DE KALB JUNK

"Ivy"

New Albany, Penna. Temple University, A.B.

"Well, now, I don't know about that"

The New Albany sheep-farmer, of pointed nose and chiseled chin, is characteristically one of deep seriousness—sure he can smile, but he still appears to be far, far away. Of course, this slightly depressed attitude, although not quite down as far as the "low muttering delirium," could have a sound basis, and right here we say "Orchids to Ivy." For five long years he roomed with Schroth, and even though he is a bit on the quiet side, he's still sane. We do wonder how he survived it.

No doubt Ivy's F.B.I. wife has by now become accustomed to the odor of a "corn cob." This vice makes Ivy a time-honored member of the chronic pipe smokers' association.

Ivy was in all seriousness trying to read the material on those drug exhibition cards passed around by the "Dammital" man. As a result, the cards piled higher and higher alongside Ivy. Just about that time "Dammital" came and asked. "What ze ell is wrong?" "Such a dumb kopf!!!" Whereupon Ivy arose and very indignantly said "You can't call me that!"

Famous is this man Junk for his long-winded discussions as well as his piano-playing. To ask him for the bare facts is like asking a certain doctor we know about diabetes.

For his internship he will go to the Robert Packer Hospital in Sayre, Pennsylvania.

ACTIVITIES: Orchestra; Redman Pediatric Society, President; Fisher Pathological Society; MEDIC Staff

STANLEY T. JUREWICZ

"STIX"

Paterson, New Jersey   Seton Hall College, A.B.

"She's a nice kid"

Stix was the one-man date bureau who unselfishly helped many a nurse to brush away her blues with conversation that was a cute mixture of little boy innocence and big boy sophistication. When in the junior year he ventured forth into the hospital, the nursing office, anticipating the attention he might receive, wisely had all the nurses chained down or on leashes.

He impressed us as a student who, though potentially brilliant, had a very high regard for extra-curricular relaxation, and therefore preferred to stand near rather than at the top of the class. In his senior year after carefully studying the mannerisms of Drs. Sylvis and Boericke, Stix took a great step in his medical career by beginning to smoke cigars, specializing in soggy, one-inch butts.

Always unconventional and versatile, Stix reached the highlight of his career when in Neurology clinic he presented the complete history and physical of a patient he had never before seen. Had the instructor been other than a psychiatrist, he might easily have been successful in this unique undertaking. Loudly voicing his dislike for non-essentials in medicine, he nevertheless felt satisfied with himself, since he claimed that it took more skill to cut a corner close than to round it wide. His next corners will be met at the Jersey City Medical Center in Jersey City, New Jersey.

ACTIVITIES: Glee Club; Army

BARRIE MASAO KATO

"BARRIE"

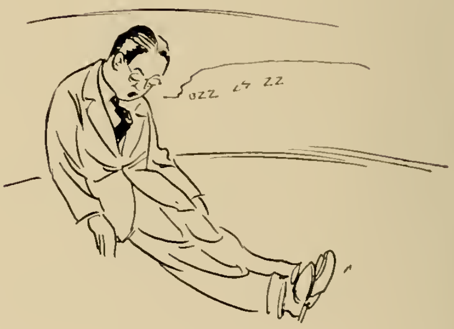
Boring, Oregon University of Oregon, B.A.

"Hi Doc"

As the last words of the lecture vaporized in the air, notes were noisily folded and stuffed, sleeping classmates rudely nudged, and gobs of students moulded themselves through the doorway in search of fresher air. A backward glance would reveal Barrie sitting in the last row, his feet crossed over the seat in front of him, calmly watching the passing parade through the smoke of his cigarette. His apparent indifference for the attendance of classes was outstanding in his character. His notes were scribbled hieroglyphics which he alone could read.

Always spotless and well pressed, his clothes were worn well and in good taste. How shocked we all were when he appeared with his crew cut! "I did it to keep Tommy Snyder from feeling out of place," he reported. However the truth of the matter was that he was using it as a method of self discipline. The fairer sex would surely despise him now and he would of necessity resort to solitude and study for a while.

At heart he is a ladies' man, although he will not admit it. His fellow junior internes at St. Luke's reported how he "made rounds" every night. His preference, it seems, is for the smaller, sweeter type of girl. He is contemplating staying there for his regular internship. Has an affair of the heart perhaps influenced him here?



ACTIVITIES: Pi Upsilon Rho

MARTIN JAMES KEARNEY

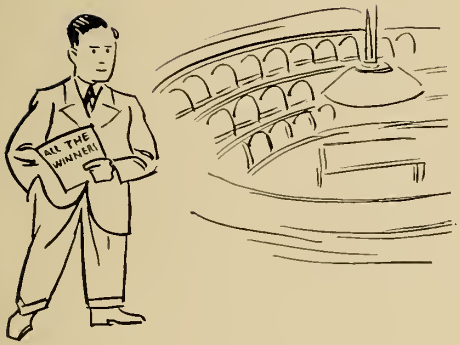
"MARTY"

Philadelphia, Penna. St. Joseph's College, B.S.

"Two on the nose!"

This mighty mite has been a constant source of good will and mirth during his years at Hahnemann. Never has he been known to be angered or to harbor hatred. His innocuous chuckle which eludes description has become familiar to all.

An avid reader of the sports pages—racing entries and results in particular—Marty has become the unofficial sport's authority of the class. In the fall, few facts of the football world escaped his attention. It's not on record that he was ever able to connect with one of Maxie's football pools, but how he tried! During the winter seldom was a basketball game played at Convention Hall without Marty cheering from the audience. With the coming of spring and throughout the summer Shibe Park and Garden State Racetrack were irresistible attractions.



Marty's diversions were not all athletic in nature. He was a familiar figure at the Jungle though nobody can say that he often miscalculated his capacity for beer. His amorous pursuits were usually fruitless.

On the serious side he utilized the brains which were bestowed by God and further developed by the brothers at St. Joseph's. With the majority of the class he worried his way through four years of med school always underestimating his innate ability.

Native loyality plus the quality and size of the staff, particularly the nursing staff, has induced him to intern at Philadelphia General Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Newman Club; Army

JOHN CORNELL KERST

"Bud"

Reading, Pennsylvania University of Alabama, A.B.

"Vote for me and . . ."

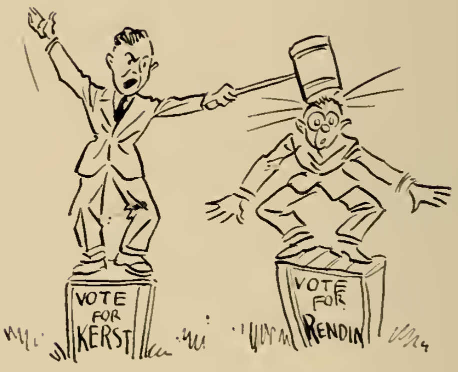
Like many leaders it was not until late in his college career that prominence visited this gay Lothario. For years the class revered his senility and respected his general experience. Some even sought his sage advice. In our senior year we seriously considered him for a position requiring real leadership. He did not let us down. As a dark-horse candidate of the fraternity faction Bud was swept into office as president of the Student Institute amid the heaviest balloting in Hahnemann's history. Had the inhabitants of the Nurses' Home been permitted to vote we are sure that his plurality would have been still greater.

Bud has proven leadership ability. Soon after election he made it clear that he was not to be a figurehead of any particular group. By his actions he won the respect and support of all. As president of the Institute he articulated that almost defunct medium of student expression.

Before his final year rarely did John speak for himself. We knew him as our Institute representative and an unoffensive Rho who apparently had close ties with few (a dozen or so nurses excepted), but who quietly plodded along his way. Advancing at a steady pace, Bud was almost always even-tempered and had an unhesitant "Hi ya" on his lips for all who passed. We say almost always even-tempered, bearing in mind a heated class feud (Rendin vs. Kerst) that will long be remembered.

Bud will intern at St. Joseph's Hospital in Reading.

ACTIVITIES: Student Institute Representative, President; Pi Upsilon Rho; Reimann Oncological Society; Chairman, Curtis Fritz Memorial Fund Dance; Army



DANIEL WILKINS KIRKPATRICK

"Kirk"

Conshohocken, Pennsylvania Ursinus College, B.S.

"I'll break your neck"

Who ever saw a Kirkpatrick without Irish wrath? Answer: We did. And we spent four years with the guy! He never even sparkled a temper that could identify the green he might have in him. But, oh boy, he certainly made up for this with his chronic beefing (known to us by a more descriptive term).

When our first year began, Kirk appeared to be a very quiet, "from-the-sticks-of-upstate-Pa." boy. But how this impression has changed in the past four years! Why, he even fancied himself as quite a politician, now. He smoked cigars, drank one beer and then broke out into a sweat that looked like water oozing from a wet sponge.

YOU OWE ME
CAT RO

Scholastically, Kirk held his own; in fact, he did quite well, getting very good grades with the least amount of effort and the greatest amount of bridge-playing.

In his last year, he found time to take to himself a wife, a very charming one indeed. McAfoos wants to know why Kirk gets La Grippe so often. Could it be he can't stand being away from Janet so long? Then, too, Janet and Kirk never did go anywhere without taking Lou along. It must have been the parental instinct in them!

Kirk's leadership, congenial personality and love for medicine will definitely lead him to a bright medical future. He will intern at Bryn Mawr Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Phi Alpha Gamma, Treasurer; Fisher Pathological Society, Co-Chairman; Paxson Obstetrical Society; Lane Medical Society; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Reimann Oncological Society; MEDIC Staff; Army

JOSEPH JOHN KOREY

"JOE"

Shenandoah, Penna. Penn State College, B.S.

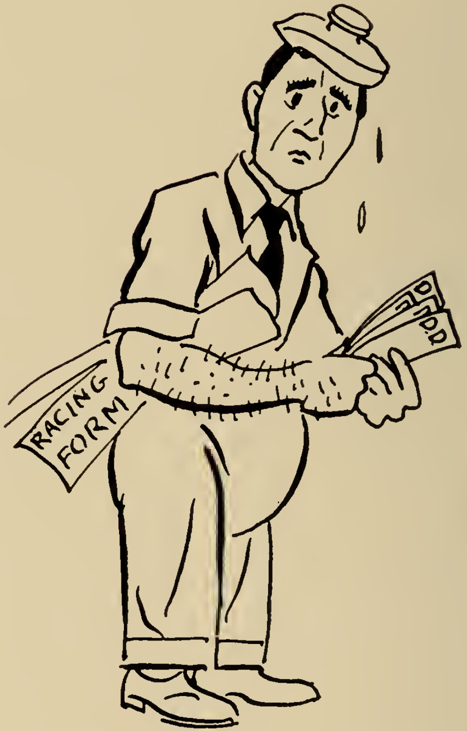
"I didn't study a bit"

There were few who maintained as keen an interest in class activities as this member of the outspoken clique, who through his aggressiveness and occasional dissension helped to mold a democratic class policy. Joe listened carefully to every proposal and plan put before the class, always watchful lest some sly measure be put over on his "boys."

The possessor of more morbid symptoms than a full medical ward, he nevertheless displayed energy and force that belied his constant complaints. His physique was unmistakable and powerful, in spite of the fact that the former contents of his massive chest had mysteriously wandered into his abdomen. However his buoyant bay window was no hindrance on the drill field for he trained it to bounce in cadence with the step.

We were somewhat suspicious that Joe was a psychologic marvel either blessed with extra-sensory perception or able to hypnotize instructors, for though he never drifted from the upper ranks of the class, he constantly swore that not only was he unprepared, but that often he had failed to answer half the questions in an exam. Yet he demonstrated his practical ability when, dubious as to the aim of a technical sergeant, he withdrew his own blood specimen for the army exam. He plans to intern at St. Mary's Hospital, Philadelphia.

ACTIVITIES: Newman Club, President; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Lane Medical Society; MEDIC Staff

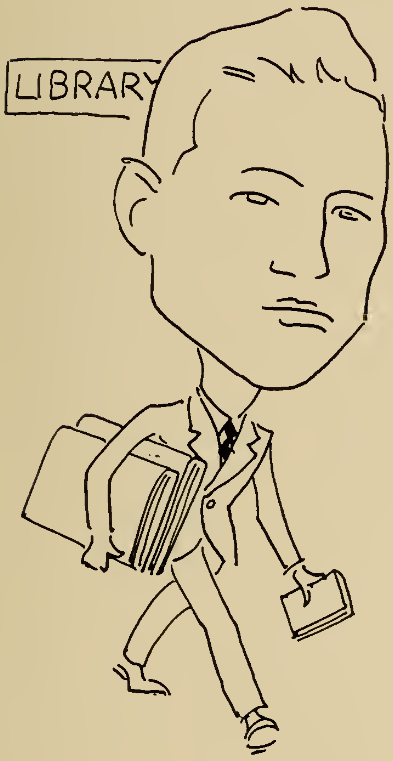


ALBERT LLOYD LAGERQUIST

"Lag"

Riverside, R. I.　　Rhode Island State College, B.S.

"Wait a minute."



If you ever saw an animated stack of books on the first floor with a pair of legs wobbling below and behind, it could be but one thing. Of course, it was Lag! If you ever went to the library and found a rag attached to an arm sticking through a cloud of dust, it was sure to be Lag's arm.

Then, in room C, when some doctor was delivering a classical lecture and every one was intent on listening, a "booming" whisper would be heard, and that whisper invariably had a New England accent. That was Lag.

If anyone gave Lloyd just one minute to talk, he would stretch it into an hour's discourse on the great state of Rhode Island with its beauties, lobsters, sea bass, steamed clams and beer. Also as a side line to his discussion, he'd include his camp at Beach Pines and start pulling pictures from his pocket, pictures of the steam bath, the lake, etc. Oh, yes! Canoe trips, too.

For three years we heard him lament he knew no nurses and wouldn't know what to say to them if he met them. Well, one week at West Jersey and Hahnemann certainly brought the latent "wolf" out of him and introduced a new nurses' training program.

Lloyd anticipates continuing his training at the Rhode Island Homeopathic Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Phi Alpha Gamma; Boericke Therapeutic Society; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Navy

JAMES P. LANDAY

"JIMMIE"

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Temple University, A.B.

"Have you got any old exams?"

From the first, diligence in the chem lab started Jim on a path of excellence which ended up by his getting the second prize in the chemistry award made to freshmen. But it wasn't long ere Jim became a marked man, no more to gaze longingly at the samples of pulchritude in the Automat. The beginning of the Christmas vacation of the freshman year saw him hitched up with "the gal that was known as Lil." Despite his state of wedded bliss, Jimmie kept on biting his nails, and then would be found with adhesive tape covering his fingertips so the keratoid tissue would grow again.

He was one of the best informed on the latest rumors, especially about exams coming up or Wally's having some grades ready to hand out. Jimmie always did so well in his work that we could never understand why he worried continually. "Who's got any old exams? What did Dr. So-and-So ask you?" That's the way it went for all four years.

POLICE GAZETTE

The Army made a few changes in Jimmie's life. Not only did it give him less sleep every morning, but he's still trying to figure out who put all that water in his bed during that eventful week at Fort Meade! With his pot belly, he'll be putting up a big front at Mt. Sinai Hospital during his internship next year.

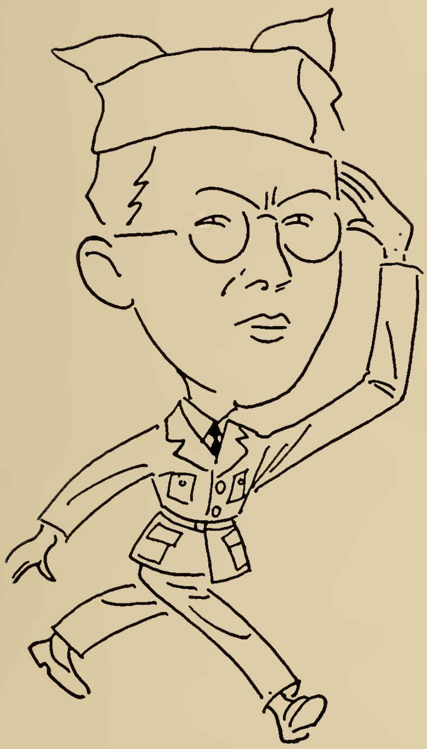
ACTIVITIES: Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity; Lane Medical Society; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Army.

GEORGE BROTZMAN LAUBACH

"STUBBY"

Easton, Pennsylvania Lafayette College, A.B.

"What didja get?"



Although the son of a minister, we'll never forget the speed and nervousness with which Stubby hurriedly concealed empty beer bottles while his folks were pounding upon the door of the inner sanctum. The foamy drink was used in order to allay his great awe of Pop Snyder, that is, until he met The Great White Father. Then his knees really began to tremble.

Always afraid he'd missed something, Stubby would spend hours reading everyone else's notes merely because he couldn't decipher his own writing. But when grades came out he stopped us all with "What didja get?"

George was our ace-in-the-hole and we could "touch" him for a fin at any time without worrying about repaying him too soon. We think Stubby is OK because, in spite of his uncontrollable fear of certain profs he had the courage to agree when his girl proposed marriage. They're getting along very well too. "Shmooshing is the life for me," he claims. "Try it sometime."

Bernie called him Deacon and ribbed the life out of him to the amusement of the rest of the class, but Stubby had little difficulty.

George started his army career with a smart left handed salute. Enough said about his military ability.

The work came fairly easily to George. In fact, he never studied later than morning, making his way to school in a semi-comatose state. He hasn't changed much, and he's still the friend of man. George will be in white next year at Easton Hospital, Easton, Pennsylvania.

ACTIVITIES: Pediatrics Society; Army

MARK RENTON LEADBETTER

"LEDBEETER"

Barnesboro, Pa. University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

"I don't know a thing for this exam"

"Ruth—"

Mark quietly matriculated into Hahnemann and took his place in class. A week passed before we were aware of his presence, but then, with wash-bottle contents dribbling from pockets and cuffs, we were well aware of him. His playful nature continued to anatomy lab where temporarily swiping instruments was a pastime. With his friends, Mark was always a great kidder and a tease, sometimes annoying, but never malicious.

Pre-exam midnight oil, or, if no immediate exam, midnight at the Family or Trans-Lux, Elixir of Bewon, spitballs, and acquaintance with benzedrine, characterize him well.

Mark was secretly married during the sophomore year, and although his wife is also associated with Hahnemann she is still a secret to us.

Mark's distaste for obstetrics was evidenced by his "attendance" at West Jersey. In class he sprawled comfortably in a back seat jotting nuggets, chatting, dozing. He always had a ready smile, was cheerful day and night, worried occasionally, and angered only by comment on any of his many personal affairs. Ledbeeter made good company, but was routinely absent from social events prefering home life to bright lights and gay throngs. Between matriculation and the senior year he metamorphosed from a playful boy to a dignified, pleasant, well-dressed, sensitive, potential physician. Mark will intern at Hahnemann Hospital.

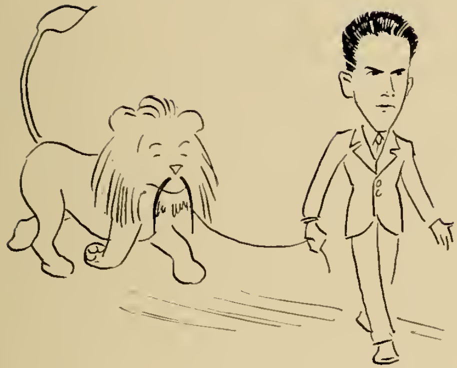
JOHN ALFRED LEAM

"Ox"

Ashland, Penna. Susquehanna University, A.B.

"Sure 'nuf!"

Like the Bryonia patient, firm fibered and dark, he went by the name of "Ox" a relic of his pre-medical, football days; this appellation was never fully understood, for he was slight in build and active in motion. Never ostentatious in the class room, he must have displayed some of his finer self to capture and hold the interest of his pretty, dark-haired, school-teacher wife. No doubt it was his versatility, especially when imitating Cyrano's masterful letter-writing ability.



Baylor was his buddy when we were freshmen. They were inseparable and lived together at the Rittenhouse Hotel until it burned down. In his sophomore year, he assumed responsibility over Lyons and since then they have been constant partners in the hospital clinical work. A man of principles, John will fight every time for what he believes right. We knew it would take a shock to jar "Ox" out of his regular and methodical ways. Proctologic work has helped him in one way; but who's going to clear up that frequency?

John's greatest problem in school, except for pathology, was his rapidly growing beard. Shaving t.i.d. and talc p.r.n. was his formula if he wanted to appear as neat as he thought the Navy required him. In his own quiet way he was proud of the Navy.

John will be seen in white at Hahnemann for the next nine months.

ACTIVITIES: Redman Pediatrics Society; Navy

ALEXANDER LIEBERMAN, JR.

"BUD"

Philadelphia, Pa. University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

"*Nuts . . .*"

Where's Alex? Alex? Who's he? You know . . . Bud. Oh, Bud! He's playing bridge. But they're going to take roll . . . Yeah, but you know Bud—you'll have to call him in.

Well, that was it. If it wasn't bridge, it was pin-ball; and if it wasn't pin-ball, it was Muffie. School? You just don't understand. He was too busy living to be bothered with hot classrooms.

And when he did go to class what happened? Dr. Sylvis was talking in a confidential tone to the rafters in the amphitheatre and suddenly—"You, you up there, pay attention! And no attention was paid. "Hppt-er-Sputt—Lieberman, I'm going to flunk you in surgery!" quietly shouted Dr. Sylvis—So quietly—only Wally Kratz heard it in his office.

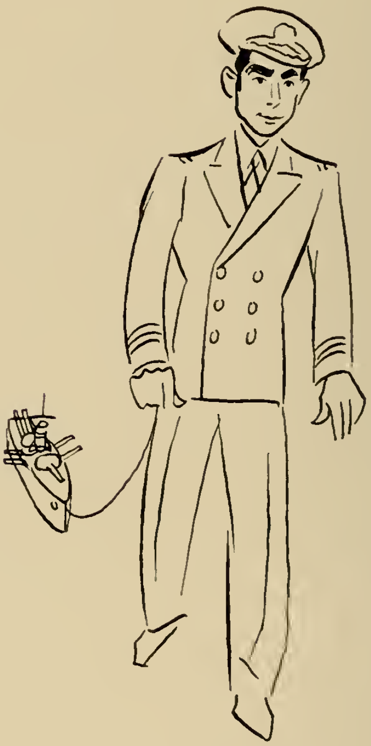
It was the Navy and not the barber that took two inches from Bud's lovely pompadour.

Bud was the original "tongue-in-cheek" guy. Nobody, nobody (including himself at times) was sure whether Bud was serious or taking him for a ride. If Bud had a buck for every time he made Suss see red—oh, well, no sense dreaming.

His female patients were all crazy over his long silky eye-lashes. If he doesn't specialize in Gyn or Obs half the women in Philly will be disappointed, and the other half just won't have babies!

We'll see what's ahead of Bud when he interns at Jewish Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity; Phillips Anatomical Society; Navy.



FRANK LIPCIUS

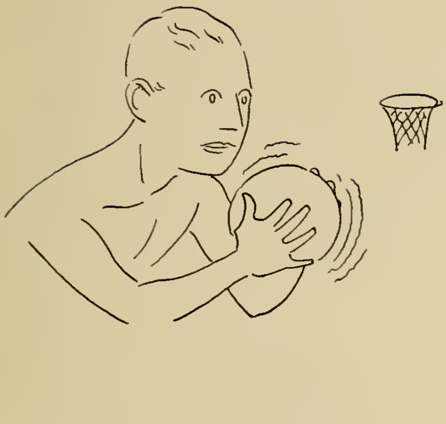
"WHITEY"

Lester, Pennsylvania Temple University, A.B.

"Oh, yeah . . . ?"

Everyone knew him as Whitey—an aptly chosen monicker, for his complexion and hair as well as his character are perfect matches. But then, during the summer months this could be changed to "Pinkie"—and he suffered with it too(not just the name).

Our boy Whitey proved himself a good student from the first days of our medical school work, riding through chemistry with little effort and then following his ensuing courses in a similar manner with less effort. He was a quiet, modest fellow whose displeasures would be detected by a biting sarcasm but whose friendliness gained him numerous friends. In addition, he had an "effervescent" quality, one that bubbled over and attracted the attention of the class.



In his senior year the white-man decided he had enough of commuting and more than enough of didactic work so he migrated to St. Luke's Hospital where his tailor-cut uniforms were his pride and joy. And how that aided him in his conquests of the female gender, especially those in white! There's not a nurse there he doesn't know, and most of them by their first names. Could that possibly be the reason he was often found on his back in the amphitheatre? He won't sleep, though, on his internship at Allentown General Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Phillips Anatomical Society; Fisher Pathological Society; Newman Club; Basketball Team; Army Reserve

GERALD T. LORENTZ

"JERRY"

Carteret, New Jersey Brothers College, A.B.

"Better place your order now—There's a limited supply"

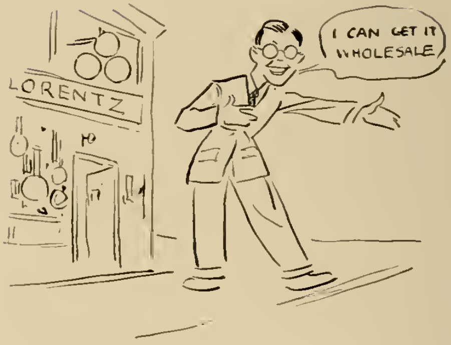
By this shall ye know how Jerry is perhaps best known to his classmates. Always with some new enterprise, Jerry was first in line when it came to getting in first bid on any sale in the class. It started with stethoscopes and has been stepped up to sphygmomanometers, and would probably have included microscopes if they were available.

However, Jerry was also versatile in other fields, perhaps overshadowed by the above mentioned activity. A zealous Bach devotee, especially the Bach "feuds," he was often heard eliciting delightful(?) strains of musical gems on the Klahr organ. Of course, there were times when his musical genius was not appreciated by the teaching staff lecturing in rooms A and B, as he could very easily drown them out.

And why was Jerry always late for class? Perhaps he was sitting up late thinking of ideas to promote sales or else just counting his profits and getting ready for the next day's business. He'll probably be the only person in the senior class who will get clipped for income tax this year.

When it comes to photography, Jerry is right in there batting. In classes, clinics and dispensaries, he would jump up unexpectedly to catch the profs and students in a candid camera pose.

He will intern at the Homeopathic Hospital of Rhode Island.


LORENTZ
I CAN GET IT WHOLESALE

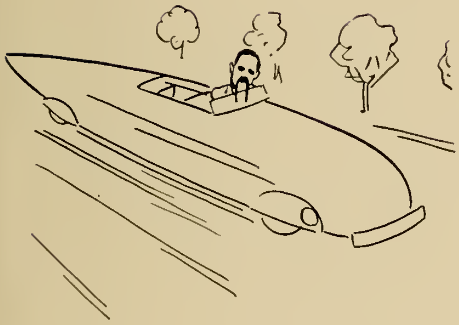
ACTIVITIES: Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Concert Orchestra; Glee Club; MEDIC Staff; Army

JAMES C. LYONS, JR.

"JIM"

Linwood, Pennsylvania Ursinus College, B.S.

"Have you seen Leam?"



As we see Jim now we scarcely recognize the clean-shaven jowls which he displayed when he first came to school. His mustache was black, and very black. Freshmen and other underclassmen wondered if he was a big politician or a ward heeler. Not fat, not thin, he had the stockiness characteristic of a professional man. We often marveled at the fact that his father went to Jefferson, yet allowed (or persuaded?) his sons to go elsewhere, for Jim's brother is studying medicine at Temple.

Jim could be classified as one of Philadelphia's commuters. He would tilt his gray-ribboned coconut straw over one eye, and after bidding goodbye to his bosom pal, Leam, board the local for Marcus Hook.

The thing we remember about him is the casual attitude he professed concerning women. They fascinated him, yet he could never understand them. Upon the recital of his experiences on a dinner date at the roof garden, you would say to yourself "Surely here is true love in a metropolitan manner." Then in the next moment your romantic thoughts would be shattered by, "Yes, she's a swell girl, but I just couldn't figure her out."

Go carefully Jim, they are a fathomless lot. He will intern at a Naval Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: MEDIC Staff; Redman Pediatric Society; Naval Reserve

RICHARD JAMES MARTIN

"DICK"

Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania Villanova College, B.S.

"Jeepers"

Proud of his Villanova Alma Mater and of the United States Navy, Dick will fight for the reputation of either. As a matter of fact he'll fight at the drop of a hat for almost anything. He insistently insists his ideas are right, and woe to the mental tranquillity of one who would change his views.

This little Irish scrapper is a student too. His characteristic application made him the diligent dissector, and practically the only dissector, of anatomy table No. 14 in his freshman year. Recollections of Dick's copy of Boyd's "Pathology" with its underlining and side notations or of his long hours in laboratories remind us of his efforts to derive most from the College, and these were climaxed by a junior internship at Doctors' Hospital.

Bicycle trips with McKane through Pennsylvania and neighboring states supposedly offered relaxation during vacations. On the last one he took it easy with Lagerquist, making a two hundred mile canoe trip on Lake Champlain.

Dick's pipe, war movies, classical recordings, aeroplanes, exercise at the Y, and hand-made furniture are other hobbies indicative of a wide interest. Yet there has been time for still lighter things. Remember Pat Kritchen at West Jersey? And there were nurses at other hospitals too, just about every one he ever entered. The story is that a girl is behind the scenes in his choice of St. Francis Hospital at Evanston, Illinois, for internship.

ACTIVITIES: Navy

VICTOR WILLIAM MARTON

"Vic"

Allentown, Pennsylvania Lehigh University, A.B.

"What's new?"

"A gentleman and a scholar" to which might be added "and potentially a physician."

Outwardly in speech and action Vic is much the same person who four years ago set himself the task of becoming a physician. At a steady even keel he bucked against the gulf which separates layman from physician. His poise and demeanor were ever impeccable though at times reprehensible. Ever taciturn, he gained our respect. He was a miser with "two-bit" words, but when he did speak we listened because it was realized that pearls of wisdom were being distributed. His presentation of a case of schizophrenia before the class in neurology clinic was a masterpiece of clarity, conciseness and completeness even though he had a smug attitude.

In accord with his philosophical nature Vic is an inveterate pipe smoker, and in the spare time afforded by his medical studies he tinkers with radios and female hearts. Before the government ban on amateur short-wave communications he was a licensed "ham." Bantering friends declare that he still is.

By choice Vic is a confirmed bachelor, but despite this little of the social life was missed during his years with us. Owing to his intense interest in the patients, especially the pretty ones, we are forced to state that he's "in the groove."

He'll intern in home territory at Allentown's Sacred Heart Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Army

DONALD FRANKLIN MAYER

"Dagwood"

Marshalltown, Iowa   State University of Iowa, B.A.

"Cute as a bug's ear!"

Who's that man who struts about the halls of Hahnemann with a pipe in his mouth. If it should ever be lost, poor Don would be lost just like Skinnay Ennis without his transfusions. "Let's not worry about that," quoth he; "the Navy says I've got good strong teeth."

Don came to us with a wife; in fact, he thought he could make it a four-year honeymoon at Hahnemann. But what with exams, although he always did well, he didn't have a chance to do anything but worry. We'll never forget final exam week of the sophomore year when Dagwood (what could be a more appropriate nickname?) went a bit out of mind trying to solve the problem: "Shall I worry about exams or whether it'll be a Don, Jr.?" The latter won and gave Don another item to brag about. Brag? Yes, I said brag. Who'll ever forget Uncle Carl, Iowa, my wife, etc., etc.?

I'M COMING DEAR

Still another item to our hero's credit is his amazing golfing ability. He certainly hits that ball hard; just ask his friends. They're willing to shoot him for his "Joe Besser" tactics.

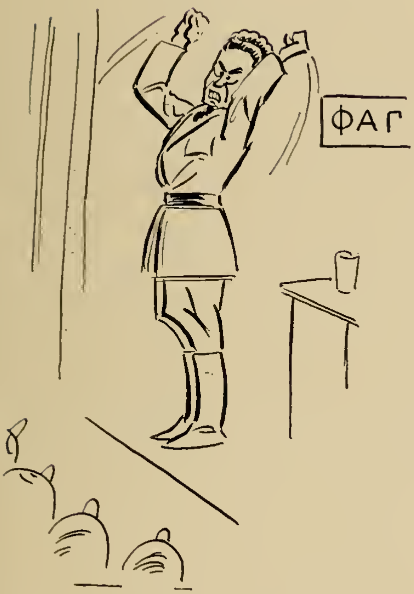
Although Don's touch on the accelerator of his car is not light, we are sure that his "touch" in medicine will carry him to his goal: To equal his uncle's practice after a successful internship at Abington Memorial Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Paxson Obstetrical Society; Lane Medical Society; Medical Science Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Phi Alpha Gamma; Treasurer Senior Class; Navy

LOUIS GARFIELD McAFOOS, JR.

"MICKEY"

Merchantville, New Jersey
University of Pennsylvania, A.B.
"He's a killer"



The little man with the many nicknames! Small in stature, Mickey, MagPhos, McGoofus, or what have you, more than makes this up by his well-liked personality. Ambitious like our President but unable to fenagle three successive terms, Lou solved the problem by simultaneously becoming president of two societies and co-chairman of another.

An interesting highlight of his makeup is his change of demeanor when he assumes his position as prexy in front of his fraternity or society; usually a cut-up, he becomes serious in manner, his voice takes on a deeper tone, his chest swells up, and he stands on the dais like a little Caesar or pouter pigeon. Quite a contrast to this is the clowning that he portrays when he "goes into his dance"—a minstrel show clog to which he hums his own accompaniment.

Starting slowly and quietly here at Hahnemann in the autumn of 1940, Lou soon became well known and, to the delight of the class and to his own chagrin, was "passed up" or "passed down" the rows of seats in Room "A" many times. Since then he has built himself quite a group of friends, and has in the last two years branched out into the field of politics and become well known throughout the school. "McFoos" admires the ladies, but always from a distance—and after his entry into the Army last June he took great joy in going to the Reyburn Plaza U.S.O. and watching the jitterbugs.

Lou will be a valuable asset to the intern staff of Hahnemann Hospital next year.

ACTIVITIES: Phi Alpha Gamma, President; Medical Science Society, President; Fisher Pathological Society, Co-Chairman; Paxson Obstetrical Society; Lane Medical Society; Army

DONALD KENNETH McINTYRE

"Mac"

Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania Dickinson College, B.S.

"We really must get to work"

Hey, Mac—wake up! He's looking at you! Cautiously both eyes open and Don arises from that typical chin-in-hand sleeping posture. With a flushed face he then attempts to scrawl some more notes into that already filled blue notebook.

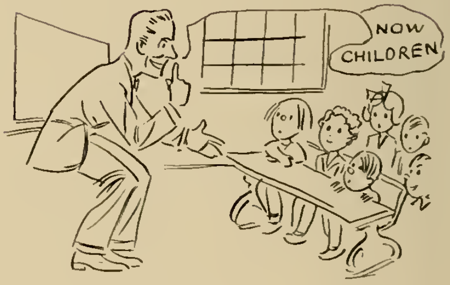
"Mac" came to Hahnemann from the teaching profession, having previously gathered a fine polish while at Dickinson College. With his wide experience gained from his favorite hobby, traveling, he always entertained us with his incessant chatter that ran from Mexico to the Continent. His ability to use the English language was unapproached. Don's flowery, diplomatic, pedagogical way of speaking was one of his outstanding characteristics.

"We really must start studying" was Don's usual expression several days before an examination period started. Long hours of cramming "the night before" seemed to give him more than enough impetus to pass his finals. There were certain courses that he didn't like, but at the last moment some deep inner fear seemed to provide the missing incentive to study.

West Jersey Hospital provided a lot more than "Mac" had expected. There seems to have been a very important little reason that made a Jersey commuter of him during his last year at Hahnemann. Although he was immune to the pulchritude to be had at Hahnemann, the same cannot be said for his exposure to West Jersey.

Don will intern at the Hartford Hospital, Hartford, Connecticut.

ACTIVITIES: Aesculapian Club; Phillips Anatomical Society; Medic Staff; Army



ANDREW McKANE, 3RD

"ANDY"

Springfield, Pennsylvania Villanova College, B.S.

"I wish I had a picture of that!"

This firm believer in the conservation of energy puts his belief into practice, and has demonstrated the art of taking classes just seriously enough. Even when already late Andy wouldn't hurry and was nonchalant enough to walk casually into Dr. Lafferty's final examination a half hour after that grind began. His slow, lackadaisical, reserved manner is turned into a virtue in the clinics so that we see him years hence as a careful and considerate physician. He is a quiet, independent thinker who can, however, be a bit impetuous if such action is called for.

Andy came from Villanova an experienced chemist so that others marvelled at the way he sailed through one of our early courses that bothered us no little. Other courses troubled him little more though he was always meticulous with his laboratory work. Everything seemed taken in its stride and the finished doctor just evolved. Nevertheless, all-night sessions at McIntyre's during exam week with black coffee every hour played a small but important part in the process of evolution.

Photography is Andy's favorite hobby. Half way through our last year the number of his hobbies was reduced, for the Navy promoted a marriage that had long been in the offing. Now, Andy looks forward to a good general practice in the vicinity of Philadelphia after an internship at Montgomery Hospital in Norristown and a short career in the Navy.

ACTIVITIES: Fisher Pathological Society; MEDIC Staff; Navy

ANTONIO E. MOLINA-RIVERA

"PANCHO"

San Juan, Puerto Rico Univ. of Puerto Rico, B.S.

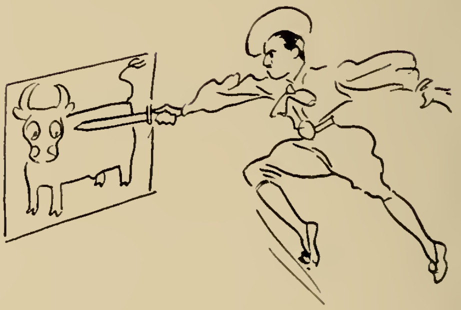
"—95% *of the class will also flunk*"

There is much more we would like to know about this good humored exponent of the "mustachio," but he was not too concerned about his attendance in classes. "It is not how much you study, but how you study." "If I flunk, 95 per cent of the class will also flunk." The above quotations are well borne out by the fact that in some mysterious manner, "molina neonatorum" was right there when the sheepskins were handed out.

No doubt, it was the influence of his Carribean days that just forced him to indulge in his afternoon siesta despite the dronings of the lecturer and the unyielding hardness of the amphitheatre seats. Tapped on the back at the end of the lecture, he would jump up, explaining "Oh, I was dreaming of Conchita." Classmates in his section along with Neely and Nettles will long remember his characteristic wit, especially brought out in a Southern drawl with a Puerto Rican accent. Quiz time found him in the role of the self-appointed delegate assigned to special investigation. Before this searching inquiry was concluded, Molina had possession of every possible question asked in the quizzes of twenty years past; and in some cases from the type of questions he would suddenly pop, we oftimes thought he had the questions for the next twenty years' quizzes in the future.

Good luck in the Wilmington Memorial Hospital, Antonio—"Hasta La Vista."

ACTIVITIES: Phillips Anatomical Society; Circulo Hispano; Navy Reserve

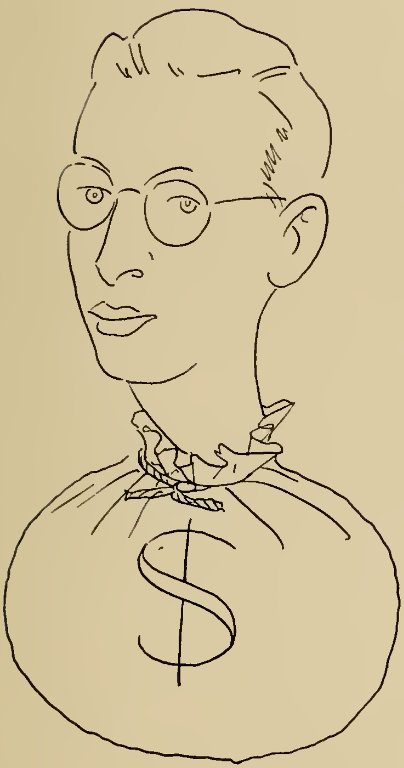


RICHARD S. MONHEIT

"Dick"

Philadelphia, Pa. University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

'I don't know"



When Dick walks down the street all the people stare and whisper "There goes a Monheit." A Monheit seems to be a peculiar species of the genus Homo sapiens. It has the same outline as any other human except it hops on its toes like a kangaroo and makes grimacing faces like a chimpanzee. Its intellect is far above high normal, and it can answer questions on almost anything with remarkable accuracy and display of knowledge. It talks little but knows everything.

The greatest hobby of a Monheit is economizing. It is said that the huge collection of $100.00 bills in the vaults of Monheit are so old that even Conium cannot remove their wrinkles. As a philanthropist the Monheit is non pareil, for with astounding nonchalance we have seen him give complete packs of real chewing gum to his best friends and relatives on some great occasion.

The Monheit has accomplished innumerable outstanding feats amongst the greatest of which are:

a. Delivering a baby all by himself.
b. Singing "Caronomee" from Rigoletto at the composer's personal request.
c. Marrying a wonderful girl with lots of dough.

But underneath everything, even the burlap jacket and pants he wore at Medical School, Dick is as sincere and square a fellow and as true a friend as there ever was. Very soon he will become not only a successful physician but maybe even a proud "Papa" too.

He will intern at Jewish Hospital, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

ACTIVITIES: Phillips Anatomical Society; Army Reserve

ANDRES H. MONTALVO-CARROL

"Suizo"

Santurce, Puerto Rico Univ. of Puerto Rico, B.S.

With a southern drawl: 'Ah don know!"

Andres in his first year looked like a million dollars; ripe from his Vitamin-D homeland he was full of pep and raring to go. Now the amount of pep he has is that which he can get from a cereal box. You never had to ask him why this was so; even though he was one of our very quiet classmates, he never failed to tell you, "Since I left Puerto Rico my mind and body have grown weaker each year." Even in his first year he didn't put on an overcoat till Christmas; last year he couldn't wait to shake the moth balls out of his long flannels away back in September.

After the summer of 1941 Andres had an added sparkle to his eye. Why? He had taken advantage of our only real vacation to surprise us with his marriage. Then, in November, 1942, Mary brought more "life" into the world and also Andres' waning health. We've certainly heard plenty about that baby!

The most horrible thing that could have happened to Andres and his wife was the Army-requested removal of his mustache. When Andres interns at the Bayamon District Hospital in Puerto Rico, he'll be able to throw away army rule and grow that cabbage patch back again. Incidentally, he'll probably lose that tired feeling.

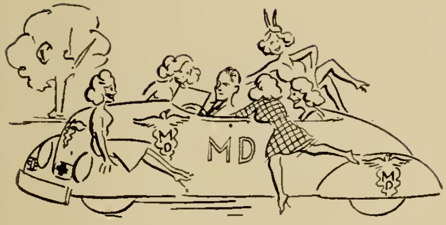
ACTIVITIES: President, "El Circulo Hispano"; Army

LEWIS MORRILL, JR.

"Lou"

Fairfield, California College of Pacific, A.B.

"I haven't even studied for this yet"



Early in his senior year "Chorus Boy" Morrill exchanged his padded shoulders and reat pleat for Navy khaki and blue. Always distinguishable from the milling mob, oak leaves and 28 inch waists on his uniforms made him even more so. Imagine our chagrin when one day Lou eased into the hospital draped in—of all things—a lowly gob's suit. Degrading, wasn't it?

Some bewildered freshman asked us who the doctor's car belonged to. You know—that nice blue Buick convertible with the perty green medical insignia on the back. But we little Audreys knew that was no M.D.'s car; it was Morrill's.

Even with all this, faint whisperings were heard in the far-off which intimated Lou was going places in medicine. 'Tis said home influences may have had a vague part in this. At any rate, his keen diagnostic acumen is still something which has most of the fellows envious; and when Lou has something to say with reference to a case in the wards, we sit up and take notice.

Despite the fact that Lou has taken a considerable ribbing from the fellows, we all know that he is an ace at heart. After all, it is not a fellow's fault if the gals just won't leave him alone.

The fair sex will clamor for his attention at some naval hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Lane Medical Society; Blue and Gold; Phi Alpha Gamma; Basketball Team; Navy

EMIL WILLIAM MOZOLA

"MOE"

Cleveland, Ohio Western Reserve University, A.B.

"Buy me one like that"

Somebody had to have roll number 79 assigned to him and our Emil showed up at just the right time. A blond mustache under his nose, he was early mistaken by Miss Fisher for a representative of a cooking oil firm. He displayed his eagerness to learn the very first day by falling asleep in histology lecture. Doubtless he had been boning the night before; (yes, with bespeckled ivory cubes).

During his stay with us he was very active in the physical culture course given at Abe's—dart throwing and weight lifting (12 oz) were his passion. Maybe that's how he acquired a winged scapula. Whenever he was disposed to show his face, one noted a wistful look. Perhaps he lamented on his peculiar susceptibility to first degree Berns.

Moe had the questionable pleasure of spending several vacations on the receiving end of a scalpel. Could it be that during these sojurns he became the expert on anatomy? We shall always be in his debt for showing us why never to ask a patient "Do you have any urological symptoms?"

The above, of course, is all in fun. Moe really didn't have an uncommendable bone in his head and was always a keen student. Grass doesn't grow on a busy street—the hairline is now nearly in center field. He now turns to instructing nurses at Huron Road Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Van Lennep Surgical Society: Navy Reserve

JOHN MUNCHAK, JR.

"BIG JOHN"

Scranton, Pennsylvania Muhlenberg College, B.S.

"We've gotta bone up, boys"

John early became on of the best known and liked members of the class due to his assets which were a lumbering frame, a willingness to listen, an obvious desire to understand the other's viewpoints, and a feet-on-the-table informality of manner. Obviously an athlete in college, he had the essential quality all good athletes must have, the ability to relax completely. This he demonstrated on numerous occasions, high in the top rows, during any lecture that was not particularly illuminating.

Accompanied by his ever present roommate Toth, John lived briefly in practically every house in the Green Street area. Like most medical students he preferred to have a landlady with a daughter for reasons of his own, but unfortunately found that landladies with daughters were very uncordial to medical students for reasons of their own. John complained that one of his first rooms was so small that the tiny grey rodents had to alternate in regular shifts with those peculiar insects that thrive on dirty dishes.

His appetite for entertainment required attention and after a particularly "busy day" he could be seen characteristically making his way home, slightly weary, carrying most of his weight in front, somewhat to the detriment of a temporary lordosis. Allentown, his old stamping ground, will once again be revived when he interns at the Sacred Heart Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Army

WILLIAM JOSEPH NEELY

"Joe"

Selma, Alabama University of Alabama, A.B.

"Hell's fire! Git movin', Jackson!"

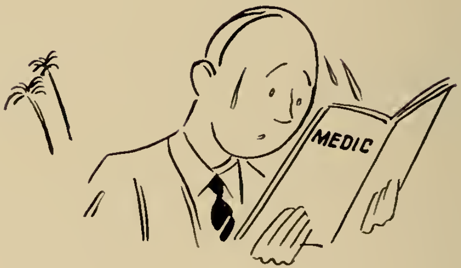
Perhaps we could label Joe "A Southern Gentleman" but that's too trite an expression. Furthermore he doesn't hide his cherubic face behind a grey goatee or cover his rapidly receding hairline with a broadbrimmed felt hat. Though lacking these accepted characteristics, "Alabam" has at all times acted as a gentleman and that's the important point.

Four years in a Yankee school have not robbed Joe of the charm and poise that was admired by his classmates when in his freshman year they launched a political campaign for him. Most definitely he is a cosmopolite. Periodically he goes "big time" in a small way, and he is a good mixer in more ways than one. By his straightforward delivery, his ardor and sincere interest in debatable discussions he made himself heard and understood in no uncertain terms.

As a mainstay of the Glee Club he will be remembered. While at the University of Alabama he was well-trained in this endeavor. Like a priceless possession, such as his thinning locks, he vainly strove to guard his voice. His speech, even with the drawl, was modulated, and he wouldn't think of taking corn or any other likker straight.

His ability for doing things well needs no further comment than to state that he was an avid managing editor for this yearbook.

Jefferson Hospital in Birmingham, Alabama, will be gifted with his services as an intern.



ACTIVITIES: Glee Club, Associate Conductor; Medic Staff, Managing Editor; Army

THOMAS EARL NETTLES

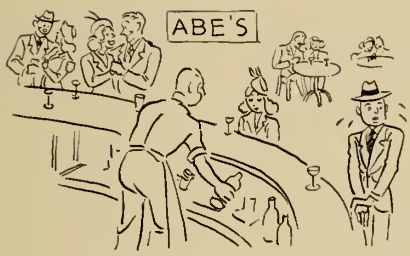
"Tommy"

Tunnel Springs, Ala. University of Alabama, A.B.

"Heah, suh!"

Tommy is a good specimen of American youth—a virtuous, ruddy-faced young man who is sincere, rugged, ambitious and clean living.

Ever an austere believer in a contemplative life this ascetic son of the Southland devoted his years at Hahnemann in an avid pursuit of a medical education. Bookish and unassuming, he soon gained the respect of all, especially those who shared the friendship which he sparingly doled out. As a refugee of the 1940 exodus from the University of Alabama he continued his associations with Chitwood and Neely, a bombastic pair on whom he acted as a stabilizing influence.



The transition from undisciplined student days to Army life had little effect on Tommy except that to his chagrin he had to arise an hour or two earlier to get to the drill grounds for reveille. Philosophically, he accepted both orders and his paycheck. The former were promptly dispatched and the latter soon banked.

Few of us had the pleasure of being with Tommy in one of his off moments. His close friends will confide that he is actually quite a "hot shot" at parties. At these affairs he is said to outshine all others in song, dance or comedy before he modestly retires to a dimly lighted corner with the prettiest girl present.

Jefferson Hospital of Birmingham, Alabama, will have his services as an intern.

ACTIVITIES: Phillips Anatomical Society; Blue and Gold; Army

ROBERT H. NULL

"Bob"

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Ursinus College, B.S.

"Get your write-ups in"

Having majored in social life for four years at that famous upstate veterinarian school "Horse sinus" (Ursinus to you), Bob arrived at Hahnemann with a keen knowledge of anatomy. We can still hear Dr. Montague serenading him with "Dolt, Blighter, Stupid," as our little anatomist tried in vain to recall the twenty-two venous sinuses of the brain.

His greatest achievement in chemistry was his ability to get in the way of Dr. Chandler and mimic the Captain as he tore down the hall screaming "Emergency, Emergency" (Paul Phillips had a question). As a Southern aristocrat Bob was unequaled, for even Neely and Nettles felt homesick when he let out his "Heaah" in the classical roll call trio. Robert rapidly became a yankee again in Dr. Lafferty's class.

Each morning Janice, Queen of the Subway Concourse, would tolerate the devouring eyes of half of Hahnemann as she waited to meet her hero. After he chased her for three years, she finally caught him and they were gallantly married.

Came the senior year, Bob not only had his wife on his hands, but also gas bills, and bandages on his thumbs from putting up warnings "Today is absolutely the deadline for class write-ups." Even this write-up saw six deadlines go by. Oh well, Bob had started to get bald anyway. He will intern at The Jewish Hospital of Philadelphia.

ACTIVITIES: Paxson Obstetrical Society; Phillips Anatomical Society; Medic Staff; Glee Club; Phi Lambda Kappa; Army

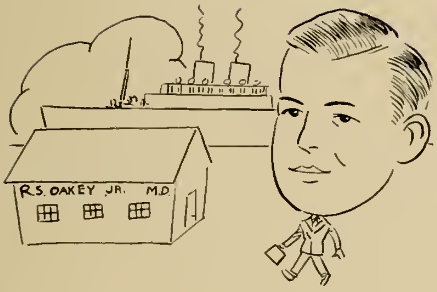
RICHARD STANTON OAKEY, JR.

"Dick"

Philadelphia, Pa. University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

"Good—good byyyye"

An air of easy going, suave imperturbability, that's what we like about this in-town squire who breezes into town in his "tweeds" and stays only long enough to gather the meat of medicine before returning home. In his complacent, calm composure Dick usually manages to find an hour or two upon the slightest provocation to sit down and discuss the up-bringing of a family or the art of staying "topside," be it horse or hay ride. Of course there are crises in Dick's life. Don't young ones get the colic the night before a big exam? Don't medicos often get diseases they read about or some undiagnosable mixture of them, and doesn't some yokel have to derange some well crammed ideas by injecting some chaotic new thoughts at the last minute?


R.S. OAKEY JR. M.D.

We had been suffering from the delusion that hospitality began in the West until we met this connoisseur of good fellowship and home spun philosophy. When good fellows get together, this congenial host and devoted family man is the first to retire to what we know to be a better life and hope to duplicate some day.

Dick doesn't know whether it is to be surgery, pathology, or obstetrics, but whatever it is it will be done in a modern clinic in the outskirts of Philadelphia after the internship at Hahnemann is served.

ACTIVITIES: Van Lennep Surgical Society; Alpha Sigma; Paxson Obstetrical Society; Medical Science Society; Aesculapian Club; Blue and Gold Committee; Basketball Team

WILLIAM T. O'BRIEN, JR.

"Bill"

Phoenix, Arizona Arizona State College, A.B.

"Let's eat and get it out of the way!"

Western bred and eastern tamed we can't forget those boots, the Irish mirth, and tall stories about romances, cattle raising in Arizona, or whooping it up about "this'n that." An authority on how to get along bestest with the leastest; complete with road map for those who seek an M.D. the hard way.

Ambitions include plans for a clinic to match the size of Texas, and a secret desire to lob a lemon cream pie into the middle of something somewhere and wash it off with a fire hose.

No concern is had for restraint and caution, just a reckless haste to gobble up the "nuggets" and move on to more fertile "diggins." The next stop is Houston, Texas, in the Jefferson Davis Hospital wherein one intern will pause one year before one Army claims same. After the Army there are plans to nestle down in Texas, quietly surround himself with a clinic, and practice medicine the way it speaks about in books.

One of the few eligible bachelors turned loose without so much as a squaw waiting back home, which prompts the quotation of "the fickleness of the women I love is only rivaled by the infernal constancy of the women who love me."

Bill lives with the philosophy of life that believes "a long life may not be full enough but a full life is long enough."

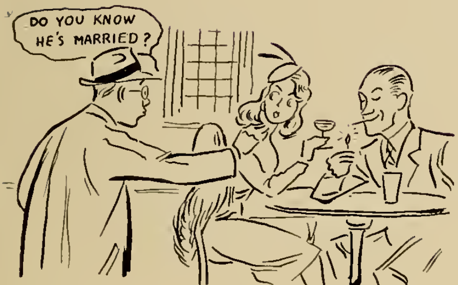
ACTIVITIES: Van Lennep Surgical Society; Craig Gynecological Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Aesculapian Club; Army

JOSEPH P. OSTROWSKI

"JOE"

Utica, New York Syracuse University, B.A.

"I beg to differ with you"


DO YOU KNOW HE'S MARRIED?

Faculty members have puzzled over Joe's name at each roll call for four weary years. Ostropski, Osstrowitz, Oh-strowski are raw examples of their efforts. At this point even Joe has become confused.

Joe is a consistent young medico because his conversations overheard by chance always contain "Boy—is she nice!" and "I like blondes!"

"Ostrow" never has an angry word to say to anyone, but at times falls into moods when he will isolate himself in a corner of the room and brood. We suspect at these moments that Joe has slump of the pump in the subacute or chronic stage. Etiology—another H. & H. blonde beauty.

But these are only the signs of a great artistic temperament since among blackboard scribble-artists Joe is the peer. When some conscientious faculty member leaves behind a little colored chalk, our Rembrandt will chew his fingernails all period, and then with ardor akin to ferocity pounce upon these implements and decorate the entire board space with scenes of the sunny South and an Hawaiian lass or two. Not infrequently we find some fantastic figment of the imagination such as a cross-eyed spermatozoon chasing a gonococcus down the urethra greeting us as we walk into the classroom.

Joe's popularity is attested to in his election to the presidency of the Paxson Obstetrical Society. We expect his office sign to read "J. P. OBStrowski" after his year at Nassau Hospital, Mineola, New York.

ACTIVITIES: Alpha Sigma; Paxson Obstetrical Society, President; Fisher Pathological Society; Van Lennep Surgical Society; MEDIC Staff; Army

FRANK L. PARET

"Frank"

Woodcliff, New Jersey Rutgers University, B.S.

"Somebody's gonna learn to pronounce my name"

"Parrot?"

"Here, sir. But the name is Pah-ray." And so it went for four years. Frank would just get one doctor to pronounce his name "the French way" when the course would end and we'd change professors (discouraging, wasn't it, ole boy?).

We really ought to hang a medal on the boy whose beaming face you gaze upon above, for he was one of the few who were conscientious enough to attend all lectures, clinics, dispensaries and other fountains of knowledge in and about our sacred institution.

While strolling through the locker room of the Central "Y" one dull and dreary night, whom do you suppose we spied behind the towel counter just outside the pool? You guessed it—Frank Pah-ray. When not dispensing the Turkish linen and Lifeb—(oops, no commercials please) our little chum could be found instructing the fair sex in backstroking (a method of swimming, of course).

If any one in the class needs the furnace stoked, door bell fixed or any such odd job simply call on our versatile friend, for he learned all those handy things as general utility man at a certain frat house during his sophomore year. He even rode a bicycle to and from school that year.

So you can see Frank really worked to get that old sheepskin which he'll put to good use after another year at Hahnemann Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Redman Pediatric Society; Lane Medical Society; Army Reserve

PAR-AY
DOCTOR

JOHN PFROMM

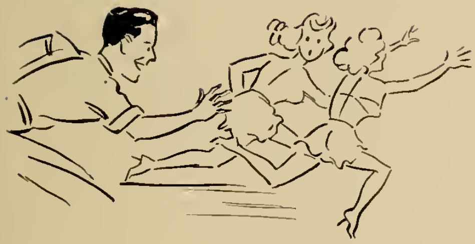
"DIA-PFROMM"

Allentown, Penna. Franklin and Marshall, B.S.

"The Little Woman"

This great mountain-climber and hunter of wild animals and wild women comes from Allentown. To say that he gets around would be putting it mildly. John is a great one for explaining things, especially when it's being done over a "brass rail" and when he begins to lean particularly to the left. This is a modality, no doubt.

As a tonic for his visceroptosis, John has self-prescribed an equal mixture of big gal Sal and the Poconos. He loves his mountains, no matter where they may be found. This prescription is supplemented by reading the Gunners' Magazine from cover to cover, (the Army influence, no doubt).



While in school, John is a rather quiet sort of lad. Even "Bernie" calls him a good sensible boy. Certainly he has been an asset to the original St. James Place crew that opened up a great mansion for the benefit of peace-loving medical students.

We wonder if those week-end trips in that topless Ford helped produce his visceroptosis. However, with a little nourishment from Sal we're sure this condition will clear up. (Cedar Crest, beware!)

As anyone who knows John at all will tell you, he's one swell, all-round guy. John is going back to his home town to intern at the Allentown Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Fisher Pathological Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Phillips Anatomical Society; Phi Alpha Gamma; Army

PAUL R. PHILLIPS

"Arkansas"

Little Rock, Arkansas University of Arkansas, B.S.

"I had a patient in dispensary—"

Always the student, Paul spent his spare time in supplementary investigation at the hospital where he always was a familiar figure. Remarks passed by some of the students concerning his honorary position among the hospital staff, were regarded by him with a tolerance and good humor.

He was not an introspective sort, but it is safe to say that when he did take stock of himself his first reaction was probably one of pleased amazement. It was said by some that asking him a question was not unlike taking one's finger out of a hole in a dike. Paul flatly denied this and to prove his point would embark on a thirty-minute speech that invariably left his listeners limp. His lecture notes were works of art and the announcement of an exam was the signal for him to be surrounded by many new friends anxious to catch up on their neglected work.

Some unknown factor in his personality made him one of the more preferred males among the local members of the fair sex. What measure of success he enjoyed in this line of endeavor was never quite apparent to those of us not in the know, for outwardly he impressed us as being perfectly satisfied with the conversational aspects of feminine companionship. A more diligent student will not be found interning at the Abington Memorial Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Phillips Anatomical Society; Army Reserve

POMEROY EDWARD POLEVOY

"POLLY"

Philadelphia, Penna.   University of Pittsburgh, B.S.

"Did you know . . .?"

Every time you turn around, he's there—how, we don't know, but for such a big fellow he sure gets around quietly. There's nothing sneaky about "Polly," he just seems to be everywhere—and there's nothing going on around school he doesn't know about. Whether it be politics, scandal, or "nuggets," he always has the latest "dope" and can insidiously insert himself into a group before you know it. And not that he's not welcome, for his pleasant personality and constant willingness to help anyone is always a contribution.

His father is a clergyman; and if Pomeroy has ever done anything that would raise his righteous wrath, he has kept it well under cover—maybe that's why. However, we might mention a few trips to New York. Polly evidently has some clandestine interest over there (or is it only a rich Aunt?).

What will we remember about Polly ten years from now? That hobby of remembering first, second, and last names of everyone in the class as well as each person's college, fraternity, home town, and where he's going to intern (he himself, will stay at Hahnemann we are glad to say); his great love for good clothes (he always notices your new tie or "sharp jacket"); and that cheerful personality that makes Polly everybody's friend.

ACTIVITIES: Pi Upsilon Rho; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Lane Medical Society; Orchestra; Glee Club; Army Reserve

MELVIN JACK POWELL

"Pinky"

Pittsburgh, Pa. Washington and Jefferson, B.S.

"Mmmmm . . . looks good from where I stand"

In the autumn of 1940 we were freshmen again . . . how humiliating, how degrading. But wait! There was one man who didn't mind it at all; he was proud of his status. We all know him; some as Jaslo, some as Pinky, some as Halfback. Formally he is Jack Powell.

Jack entered our brown stone portals a fine young man with shaggy tresses. In fact he had such difficulty keeping the hair out of his eyes he purchased a bottle of Dr. B——'s famous hair tonic. Now his troubles are over.

It was because of his love for Mother Nature and all her children that there arose in him a repulsion to pithing frogs in the physiology laboratory; and Jack confessed he had no flare for mechanics, so he wasn't much help to his partner in the experiment. Instead, Pinky would stroll from bench to bench, giving helpful hints and choice bits of information.

Like one of Snow White's dwarfs, Jack believed in singing while he worked. Often he would lean over to his neighbor's ear and softly render selections from "The Pirates of Penzance" or the "Desert Song" during a dry lecture.

There are occasions when he just couldn't stay awake in class but operating room B had a special soporific effect on Jaslo so that his chin rested on his manly chest as he bubbled into the ether-laden air.

To Jack we extend a firm handclasp and a word or two of goodbye, but his memory will linger much longer than the print on these pages. Jack is interning at the Shadyside Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

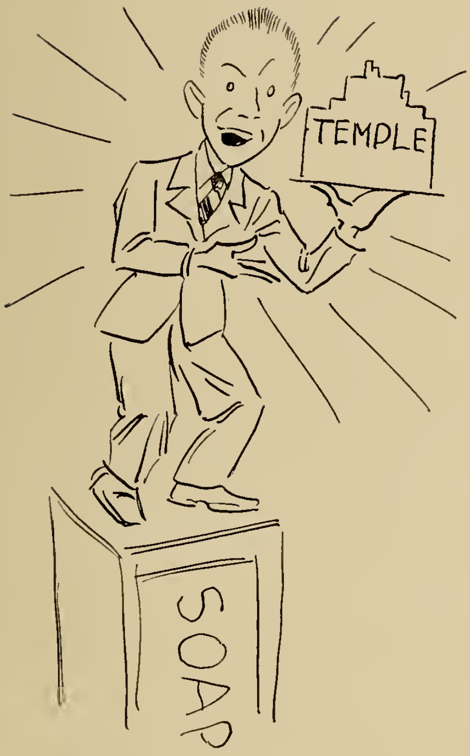
ACTIVITIES: Blue and Gold Committee; Glee Club; Medic Staff; Navy

FRANCIS J. PREIS

"FRANNY"

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Temple University, A.B.

"Hey, cut it out"



Early in his freshman year Preis received a dubious distinction when his forehead was voted the most likely to recede. Yet despite the strain of four hard years of medicine his full original crop of sparse locks survived, mostly through sheer will power. Such tribulations as this were commonly his lot, being stimulated by his exceptionally good natured attitude. Being forced to undertake counter measures, he soon became adept at exchanging quips with the best of his associates, being especially apt at appearing serious in the face of some internal wit. Once he expressed his pity for one of his hecklers, who, he said, had a mechanical mind that he evidently had failed to wind up. Rarely did he dispense any confidences beyond a few close friends, and his activities away from school were known to few though he never failed to attend faithfully the more prominent social melees. A diligent member of the basketball team, his thin wiry frame and streamlined hair there stood him in good stead. Although usually quiet and tolerant, his fervent dislike for long dry lectures and equally boresome questions from students would prompt him to join any other dissenters in long and loud condemnation. His studies he apparently took in stride with the minimum of anxiety and exertion and he no doubt will do the same interning at the Hahnemann Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Alpha Sigma; Reimann Oncological Society; Blue and Gold Committee; Basketball; Army

LARRY JAMES RENDIN

"LARRY"

Boston, Pennsylvania Ohio Northern, B. S.

"Boo - - - -"

A cheer from the crowd, a mighty heave all the way from centerfield to second base (with only one bounce, too) and powerful "Cake Arm" Rendin trots to the foul line. But baseball was only one of his many . . . well, let's not go into that.

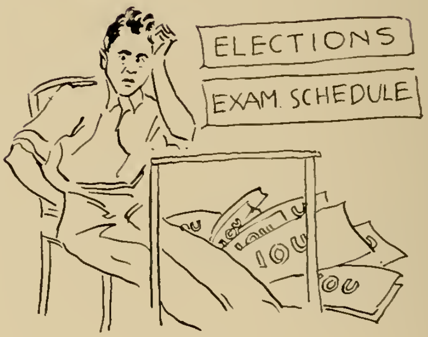
Old worry wart Rendin went into four years of exams with a sick pup expression on his face and emerged with the same; but he always came out all right. Why he even slapped forceps on Dr. Lafferty's case in an exam (when it should have been cesarean) and still passed. If you can do that, you're O.K.

Larry was President of so many things and for so long a time it began to look like the third term would never end. Constantly seeking justification for any of his misunderstood actions, he would quietly sneak up on a class mate and demurely inquire "I did the right thing, didn't I?"

Rumor has it that "Prez" told so many girls at the nurses home the same long story that they all got together and bombed his house of cards. Out of the smoking debris rose a fairhaired bundle of pulchritude to which our fine friend has clung ever since.

Shadyside Hospital expects to have a room fixed up for a Dr. Rendin, the lease of which expires January 1945.

ACTIVITIES: Reimann Oncological Society; Society of Internal Medicine; Paxson Obstetrical Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society, President; Alpha Sigma, President; Army Reserve



CHARLES EDWARD RIGBY, JR.

"JUNIOR"

Folsom, Pennsylvania Tusculum College, A.B.

"Stop the gossip and get to work"

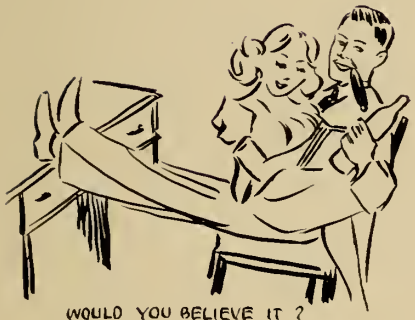
If, per chance, a stranger should wander along 15th Street on the morning of any weekday about 8:50 he would not fail to meet a scholarly appearing male. His regulated gait, his posture, his briefcase and his tailored clothes, all give him the appearance of a member of the faculty, but his friends know him as Ed Rigby or "Junior."

Ed has always been a sincere and conscientious student since his freshman year. Many a day Ed spent his lunch hour finishing his chemistry experiments while most of us skipped out to lunch. Ed's pride and joy in the Anatomy Laboratory was his careful dissection of the brachial plexus. After he had completed his work along came an instructor and did a demolition job on it. When we pulled our stools up to the anatomy table Ed was a perfect 36 but lately we notice that a professional rotundancy has developed.

In mention of Ed's good qualities we should not forget his ambition. During his week's service at West Jersey Hospital he was so anxious to do his part he went to bed with his shoes on. It was quite a contest racing Ed to the nurses' dining room for the 11:00 P.M. meal.

Ed Rigby is a true friend, a respected classmate and a gentleman of the first order. He handles his patients with kindness and understanding. In the Pediatrics Dispensary his gentleness is seasoned with firmness. He gives his patients a reassuring confidence and awakens in them a will to get well. Our sincere good wishes to Ed for the future. Interning at Hahnemann.

ACTIVITIES: Army


WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT ?

JUSTIN RUBIN

"Jus"

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Villanova College, B.S.

"Let's go up to Pediatrics"

It was after the first few days that we came to know Justin as our little diagnostician. Give him three or four symptoms and he could give you a diagnosis on the spot. That undoubtedly came from the mornings spent in "freshman surgery" while the reflux condenser was distilling the fat out of the mythical food sample in the chem lab.

In the second year Justin took up his interest in pediatrics, and even then he could be found during his free hours (free hours during the sophomore year?!?) in the pediatrics wards. His interest has never strayed, and it looks like he'll specialize in it. He prescribes Meconium 30X routinely.

Justin has an appraising eye for the women, but alas! they were all "King Size" as far as he was concerned. But how Mike Sonis liked to lead the boys in making him blush and watch the erythema spread upward! They were always together, Justin and Mike, partners in all the sections, and even in the locker. But Justin would stay just a little ahead with the stethoscope or the otoscope.

Justin took a junior internship at Mt. Sinai Hospital, where he'll intern next year, and that was the start of his missing some of the "better" lectures. He is always looking dapper, and has the dignified air of the "little clinician." Yep, small but powerful.

ACTIVITIES: Sophomore Dance Committee; Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Army Reserve

JOSEPH SATALOFF

"*Joe*"

Philadelphia, Pa. University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

"Hee! Hee! Hee!"

Little Joe early showed his love for tall women by beating down eight of his classmates to work on the only female cadaver in the lab. Being only five feet, he confined his activities to her feet and so splendid was his work that Dr. Montague named him "fetus." This was his foothold in anatomy. From there he eventually worked his way up. (Ed. This is always discussed at the Phillips' Anatomical Society.)

Vowing never to enter politics, Little Joe always managed to get his deviated septum (Hollis' Delight) into all sides of the election. Whenever the issue was "fouled up" and the double—triple—quadruple cross perpetrated, Joe was there to swear on his scout's honor he had been the legal two hundred miles from the scene. We wonder!!

Taught by such lovers as Stewart and Co., Joe gradually took on that wolfish eye, gleam and howl (identified as a squeal of laughter, and actually Freudian inhibition and repression). Even now he glares at the females as they pass, but if one ever touched his hand . . . Aromatics! And if ever . . . more aromatics.

Will anyone ever forget a faculty member asking who had chalk —and the class responded in one voice: "SATALOFF." Joe doesn't want to lose his shoulders; he'll intern at a U. S. Naval Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Redman Pediatric Society; Phillips Anatomical Society, Chairman; Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity; Navy

JOHN P. SCHAFFNER

"SHAFF"

Philadelphia, Pa. Muhlenberg College, B.S.

"Well, I'm a dead pigeon"

Every morning about 8:45 "something" emerges from the Vine St. subway and moves south on Broad St. in the direction of Hahnemann Hospital. From a distance it could be anything, but an approach is made from the flank, and we see this object has two arms, two legs and an egg head. Coming in for an angle shot, we . . . well, whadda ya know! . . . Schaffner waddling to school.

Physiology certainly provided excellent opportunities for Schaff's talented fingers. While Baylor, poised atop the lab bench, stood watch for an instructor, the ever so gentle fat boy would painstakingly eke out perfect kymograph recordings.

Irony certainly ruled the fate of J. P.'s junior final exams. Not being content with merely hobnobbing with an eminent member of the X-ray staff, "Schaff" practically fineggled the X-ray final for the class, only to be ignominiously torpedoed by the whole department.

The senior year seemed to be just full of activities for our friend. He decided now was the time for crooked politics to stop so he decided to run for Treasurer of the Institute, stabbed a few of his classmates in the back rushing to the polls, and was promptly and duly elected.

The good doctor in question at this writing expects to teach the staff at Hahnemann Hospital a few tricks of the trade for a year's internship.

ACTIVITIES: Alpha Sigma Fraternity; Student Institute; Redman Pediatric Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Lane Medical Society; Craig Gynecological Society; Phillips Anatomical Society; Orchestra; Navy

THOMAS ANTHONY SCHROTH

"Tom"

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Temple University, A.B.

"But, Doctor . . ."

"Rehearsal will start promptly at 5:00, men. All will be present, tuned up and ready to start practice at the indicated hour, PLEASE." For two years now we've heard this plaintive wail, and we are sorry to say with not much success. Tom has slept, eaten and breathed orchestra ever since we could remember.

Not only did this worry him to no end, but in his senior year looking for rabbits upon which to do Friedmans took a large percentage of his time. As a result Sam's bunny stock took a raw drubbing. Hope it's a boy, old top.

Whenever and wherever the din of a good argument could be heard, "Pop" Schroth could be seen, heard and felt driving home a point. Take one side (any side) in a discussion and the chap above would take the opposite. Habeas corpuses et al would have been right up his alley. Ask Schaffner, he knows.

Zooming along at a terrific clip scholastically, Schroth could be seen stalking our hallowed corridors looking for the Dean when some innocent professor so unwittingly slipped a "B" in Tom's report.

St. Luke's Hospital will see, at least for a year, plenty of bridge and bull sessions in the intern's quarters with Tom on deck to stimulate conversation or a good card game.

ACTIVITIES: Hahnemann Symphony Orchestra, Conductor; Alpha Sigma Fraternity; Redman Pediatric Society; Paxson Obstetrical Society; Army

MORSE A. SHEPARD

"SHEP"

Newark, New Jersey University of Alabama, A.B.

"I'll needle him!"

He looked his adversary over carefully, quickly discovered his weak spot, and wham . . . bang, a needle was devilishly placed where it hurt most. This was the Shepard method of "needling," and very effective we thought, as we slowly pulled the fine point out of our hide.

Shep had one advantage over most of us. He must have been a track man at college . . . and quietly practiced at night, too. Because, if ever there was a demonstration, our boy snake-hipped his way through, and before we knew it, he was talking to the demonstrator . . . and as soon as Lorenz could publish a set of notes, Shep was assisting! But it paid off in class standing, even if he was a Phi Beta Kappa from Alabama!

He loved to sing but we didn't love to be the tortured listeners. So we compromised—and he sang. It is well known that he loved to sing so loudly that the Glee Club insisted he was soloing with choral accompaniment.

Can we ever forget that thick forest on his crown he labeled hair? This was before he fell asleep in the barber chair and got himself a scalping.

No one needed a watch at 11:45 on Saturday. Shep always dashed out on schedule (still snake-hipping, of course) to catch the train for Newark and heaven, spelled "June."

ACTIVITIES: Phi Delta Epsilon; Glee Club; Blue and Gold Committee; Paxson Obstetrical Society; Lane Medical Society; Medical Science Society; Army Reserve

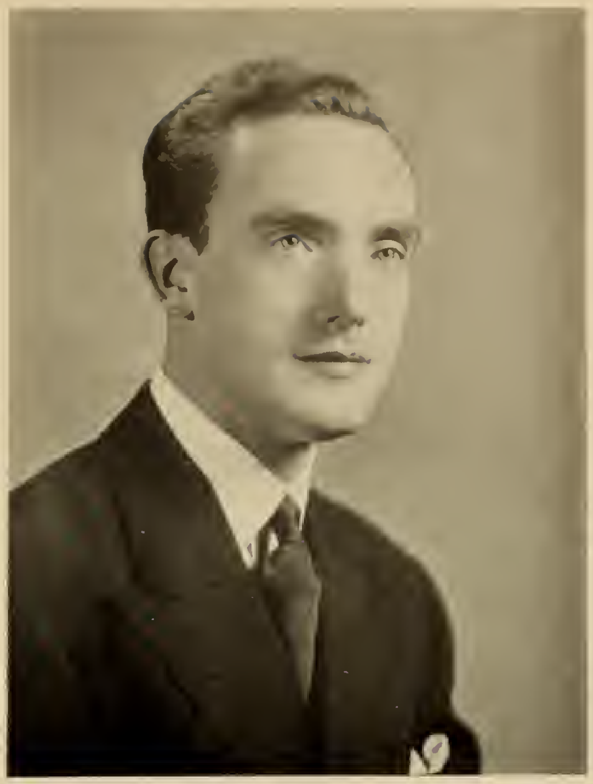
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH

GEORGE HENRY SHIELDS

"George"

New York, N. Y. Fordham University, B.S.

"To syringe . . ."



With the air of a general, shoulders square, head erect, he strode into the room, up two steps to the second row and placed himself in the third seat from the end. He put his books on the seat beside him, thus saving it for Ursin. He arranged his carefully taken notes precisely on the clipboard, and awaited the professor.

"Shields."

"Here, sir."

"How would you syringe the ear?"

"To syringe the ear, grasp the helix of the auricle between the index and second finger (for the right ear use the left hand, and for the left ear use the right hand), gently pulling it cephalad and dorsally (in the child directly dorsally). This straightens the canal and allows you to . . . etc."

Whenever off color stories crept into the lecture room, hyperemia crawled over George's face and neck and made it fiery red. During his four years of association with the class he lost a great many of these Puritanical ways. Who wouldn't?

During the sophomore year his hair always had the appearance of being unkempt. This was a cure he underwent for falling hair. It contrasted severely with his precision of dress. For this he was called B.K. (before Kreml) Shields. George is a gentleman in the true sense of the word. For this he always will command respect. He plans to intern in the Genesee Hospital. Rochester, New York.

ACTIVITIES: Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Medic Staff; Newman Club; Redman Pediatric Society; Army Reserve

LEO H. SIMOSON

"Louie"

Luzerne, Pennsylvania Bucknell University, B.S.

"Let's go study"

This chubby book-worm is a product of coal-mining Luzerne. He is heir-apparent to Pappy's chiropractic utensils, but Leo's tendency to keep that pretty nose to the grindstone makes him vulnerable for general practice. Leo's secret yearning is Hollywood. We think those pretty teeth, that faultless diction, that wavy hair will go a long way toward effective prescribing for an ailing female. Year 'round Leo belongs to the H. & H. breakfast club, except for exam-time when he inhabits a world filled with nugget books, last-minute notes, and 25-hour days. During the last few moments while waiting for the evil blue book to be passed around, Leo goes into a mild coma, hanging out an unwritten sign "Do not disturb." Leo has definite opinions about Rimsky-Korsakov, pecan-cinammon rolls and rose-violet talcom powder.

Who snatches away your notes to catch those last few words he's just missed? That's Leo! Who eats cinammon buns with a fork, threatens when being "kidded," and reads text-books cover to cover? That's really Leo!

So that Leo will not tear his copy of this book to shreds we incidentally admit that Leo has a fine disposition and a pleasant personality. He remains a "second-louie" to excuse him from marching on the cinder terrains. For his internship Leo will go to the Huron Road Hospital in East Cleveland, Ohio.

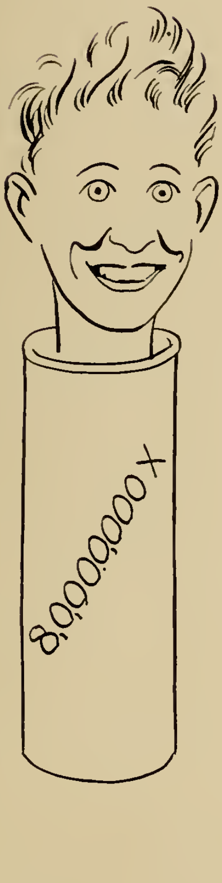
ACTIVITIES: Phi Alpha Gamma Fraternity; Lane Medical Society; Boericke Therapeutic Society; Reimann Oncological Society; Army Reserve

GEORGE KENT SMITH

"Smitty"

Glendale, California University of California

"Well, it all depends on the potency"



California's loss was our gain when Smitty arrived, for here was a walking materia medica. If we needed a drug, he could give us the similium (or a reasonable facsimile) within 12.246 seconds. Outside of this phenomenal speed, Kent took things easy and relaxed but rarely slept (in class *i. e.*). Good grades came easy, and we wondered how he did it. Sometimes he'd drop into the local dives and see if the boys were getting along all right, and if anyone needed taking home. Smitty managed to remain a bachelor, and he says he's going to bring all his kids up to be bachelors too. As soon as the senior year is finished business, the golden-haired kid from the West is headin' right back where he started from. Always kidding—seldom serious—he's fascinated by bright blue checkered shirts, and horse-blanket coats. Smitty and Rendin developed a great rivalry for wearing weird clothes combinations and as this goes to press it looks like Kent is winning out. Once the Duke (of Kent) walked into the library and inquired if this was the lounge and when was tea being served. It is rumored he was seen there once again, but this wasn't ever confirmed. Someday we'll be reading "Smith's Super Similiums." After Los Angeles County General Hospital bid the highest, Smitty decided to intern there.

ACTIVITIES: Alpha Sigma; Paxson Obstetrical Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Army Reserve

GERALD WILLIAM SNYDER

"GERRY"

Elmira, New York University of Alabama, A.B.

"Ah-h-h"

"Well, ahh. Now listen"—and another pause of silence will follow while Gerry agitates his gray matter and attempts to determine the best possible phraseology with which to express the idea which has slowly generated in his fertile brain. When he becomes rattled, you can feel pretty sure that he's in error, at which point it is best to change the topic, as experience has taught that it is quite impossible to outshout him.

For three years he was one of the habitues at Maxie's and the Jungle. Before marriage he enjoyed snatches of courtship at the former, and good fellowship over a glass of brew at the latter. In his senior year two factors stabilized his mode of life: his charming wife, a Hahnemann-trained nurse, and an externship at Frankford Hospital. While at Frankford he attained what seemed to be the pinnacle of eruditeness. His morale hit new heights, and he felt quite certain that he had complete mastery of the broad fields of medicine and surgery.

We must admit, however, that Gerry was "one of the boys," a student of limited interests and ambition. In an unpretentious way we expect that Gerry will settle down to serve humanity as a country doctor.

His internship will take him to Rhode Island Homeopathic Hospital, Providence.

ACTIVITIES: Phi Alpha Gamma; Army

JAMES AYERS SNYDER

"JIMMY"

Narberth, Pa.   University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

"I'll have to look it up in my date-book"

Jimmy arrived at Hahnemann already married, so right away quick he plunged into the study of medicine. Super-grades soon resulted, but J. A.'s lovely wife saw and heard less and less of him. Then Lou's Bar featured some boogie-woogie artists, and the picture changed, because, next to Ranson, "Fats Waller" was his hero. All through school Jimmy had the knack of arousing people's interest whenever he spoke (could it be the Real-Silk selling experience?). The Social Realm occupied his spare time, and to follow Jim around, one would never think that an M.D. required studying (except in the lunch hour). Then he walked into Part I of the National Boards (almost "cold") and passed successfullly. In reverence to the U. of P. Jimmy wore his trousers at half-mast most of the time. After every exam we knew Jim had finished when we heard him whistling gaily on the way out. What a sense of humor —risque jokes—loves corny night-club acts—past master of ye olde dart game. J. A. loves Philly (we always thought he was screwy). In every lecture he was on the front row, which was indiscreet at times, since Jimmy could be set off into gales of laughter most easily.

The Main-line Maniac plans his postgraduate sojourn at the Hahnemann Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Craig Gynecological Society, President; Phillips Anatomical Society; Lane Medical Society; Paxson Obstetrical Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; MEDIC Staff; Phi Alpha Gamma

MEYER SONIS

"Mike"

Philadelphia, Pa.   University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

"I think I'll go to the movies"

We guess that Mike just always must have been a mainstay of movie theaters because, no matter what, he managed to attend the movies at least twice a week during his stay at medical school. It was because of this that we dubbed him "R. K. O.-Sonis." When the Army took over and the price was only 28c to servicemen—Paradise at last!

We rarely saw Justin Rubin without seeing Mike around somewhere, whether it was in the locker-room, hospital or classrooms.

Mike likes to forget this: the time that the Dean walked into the Pasetur Room (third floor Chem) and found Mike asleep on the long table. Meyer mumbled something but he sure left fast! Dr. Conwell never could believe that Mike had a true secondary anemia and instead of ordering a blood count, would give him Feosol and Red Iodide for his sore throat. Mike is still trying to get that red count ordered.

When Dr. Favorite found out about smallpox vaccinations giving positive Wassermanns, Mike had more than his share of plusses. His main worry then was, "What if I'm Wassermann positive when Ann and I want to get married?"

Now Meyer remembers to wear his hat outside the school: to wit, four hours' detail duty. He's still wanting to see that "Mission to Moscow." He won't have too much time for movies while interning next year, though.

ACTIVITIES: Glee Club; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Paxson Obstetrical Society; Blue and Gold Committee; Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity; Army.

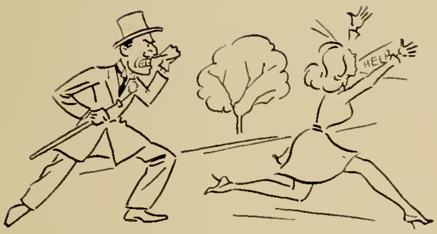
WILLIAM W. STEWART

"Stew"

Dayton, Ohio Miami University, A.B.

"Buy it at Simpson's"

While Bill cannot exactly be called a racketeer, if anyone knows anybody who has more rackets than our Bill, we sure want to meet him. The freshman year found him interviewing laborers and what not for the Curtis Company and at the same time steering beer-thirsty citizens to the Harris Tavern. The sophomore year found him outfitting the students with "Zoot-suits." While it was rumored that Bill only studied anatomy to the music of Eddie Harris' piano, there must have been more to the situation than meets the eye. That term "anatomy" is more than meets the eye too, for Old Dave wasn't called "Old Dave" for nothing—we know! Furthermore, that real estate venture of his on St. James Place paid plenty of dividends in more than one way.



Perhaps nothing can better characterize Bill than that pathology incident of the sophomore year. Our hero was busy reading a love letter when the eagle eye of Dr. Sappington spotted the lack of attention and queried: "What are you interested in up there, young man?" Bill's frantic but futile return, "I'm not interested in anything, Doctor," even made the good doctor roar.

Back to the seriousness of today—Bill is following many of our former graduates by interning at Huron Road. After that, a tour on active duty in the Navy Medical Corps.

ACTIVITIES: Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Medic Staff; Aesculapian Club, President; Naval Reserve

CLAUDE C. SULLIVAN, JR.

"SULLY"

Northport, Alabama University of Alabama, A.B.

"Ah know it cold"

Sully was another of our southern representatives who at any gathering could be depended upon to pour forth with endless anecdotes relative to his colorful escapades "down South." In the early part of his medical career his active participation in the Cult of Fun earned him such descriptive nicknames as "Broadway" and "Snake."

Then, unexpectedly, a steadying element soon crept into his character culminated by his departure from the ranks of the bachelors. The results were very pleasing, for Sully reasoned that, after all, marriage was only being as much as possible with someone you enjoyed being with a great deal. Lone survivors of his previous many diversions were the ability to keep a seat warm in a poker game and a flair for politics.

His political force was rarely openly displayed, yet in the end it worked smoothly and evenly towards the desired result, for foremost among Sully's assets was an acute sense of timing. Come examination time, Sully would promptly disappear for a few days into some hidden lair, to appear on the morning of the exam and gleefully announce "Ah know it cold." And nobody who had ever witnessed the prowess of his picture book memory ever cared to dispute this claim. The North evidently has some virtues, for he will intern at the Altoona General Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Alpha Sigma; Co-Chairman of Blue and Gold; Army

IRVIN SUSSMAN

"Suss"

Woodbury, N. J. University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

"If we stick together . . . !"

Time: Freshman year mid-years.

Place: Anatomy lab.

Characters: Dr. Phillips and Student Sussman.

Question: Discuss the radial nerve.

Answer: Well, the answer was a long discourse which represented a perfect recital—verbatim—of Dr. Phillips' teachings. This startled everyone then; now it is just a matter of course, for we have learned how it is done. With three fountain pens containing various colored inks, several texts, and voluminous notes strewn in a systematic manner over table, chairs, and floor, our chum proceeds with his studying while nervously pecking at a cigarette. Suffice it to say, he passed National Board Exams.

Associated with Toth, Munchak, et al, starting with roll-call at Margie's down to the long hours of Medic setting-up at the Jungle, Irv showed us that he wasn't at all a study-bum. Maybe it was just the better taste that beer and women have. . . !

With all the above, he managed to keep his fingers in politics for four years, ran to the Y several times a week where Lou Baylor battered his lumbering body in a wrestling match before junior mid-years, and junior interned at St. Luke's Hospital where he reserved a single room (to study . . . ?) and was awakened by a pigeon pecking at his cheek (fooled. ! ?).

Suss will migrate to Jersey City Medical Center for his internship.

ACTIVITIES: Phi Delta Epsilon; Paxson Obstetrical Society; Editor-in-Chief of Medic; Phillips Anatomical Society; Army

JOHN PAUL SCZCZEPANIAK

"Zep"

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania St. Joseph's College, B.S.

"In other words—"

John impressed us as having spent no more than a few hours in his own undiluted company since arriving at man's estate. He had a great advantage in possessing an intricate name, which gave him immunity to most spot roll calls and quizzes, except those of Dr. Lafferty, who solved this acute problem by designating him "John Paul."

John's skill was in using the minds of his associates for boresome study purposes, much as the less gregarious students used reference books. Long practice made him adept at consulting each in his own specialty, the collisions of opinion were thus held to a minimum. In pre- or post-examination discussions he did not mind indulging in a little banter, although he was careful to avoid or circumvent any specific question. Probably the greatest secret of his medical success was the carefree and confident attitude which prevailed in all his work. His arguments were often so tangled and involved that his only hope of success was in concentrating on projecting his feelings with such vigor that his confused listeners would be swept along in the current. When disagreed with, he would shake his head, throw down his waving hands, and turn away with an expression of half pity, muttering "You don't understand the point I'm driving at." He will try to explain these points while interning at the Nassau Hospital, Mineola, Long Island.

ACTIVITIES: Newman Club; Pi Sigma Mu

CHESTER J. SZMAL

"CHET"

Glen Lyon, Penna. University of Scranton, B.S.

"I think I'll go to a show!"

Chet's the tall, lanky lad with the habitually worried expression due to his creditor's (especially Erhard's) persistence.

In our freshman year he discovered he had a sacralization of the 4th and 5th lumbar vertebrae. This impressed us no end and Chet made the most of it until the G. U. Department decided to cystoscope him to find out whether or not he harbored any more medical curiosities. His enthusiasm waned rapidly.

During the first two years his credibility or gullibility was exploited by two fellow classmates with satanic impulses, the "B" boys. Witness the episode in which Chester unwillingly and gallantly stuck his head out of the window to answer a call for help only to be greeted by a bucketful of water from the apartment above.

The third year was marked by a more mature Chester. He was relieved of his "posterior" varicosity.

Then came the senior year, a junior internship which was abruptly terminated by his marriage, which in turn was handicapped by his entering the Army. However, it's an ill wind, etc., and these two latter events combined to give him more money to lose on the horses than the rest of the boys.

He's interning at the Wyoming Valley Homeopathic Hospital in Wilkes Barre; and we wish him success for he's really a grand chap to know.

ACTIVITIES: Van Lennep Surgical Society; Newman Club; Army

JOSEPH BOLAND TEATER

"Joe"

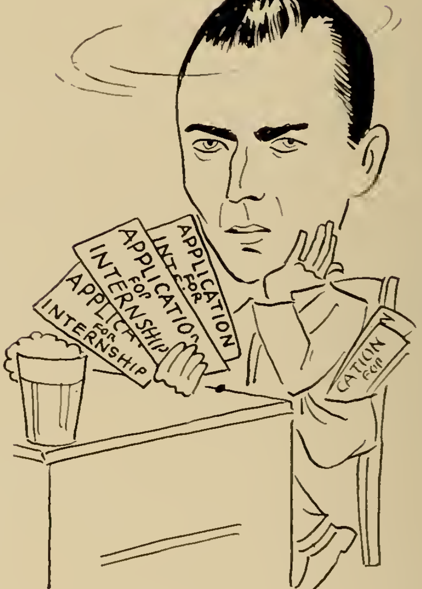
Port Allegany, Penna. St. Bonaventure College, B.S.

"Listen now, no kidding"

Joe's ability to recognize and immediately identify "hot air" doubtlessly was a holdover from his former part time occupation in a fuel gas company. Aside from this, Joe with the infectious grin had two great attributes—the knack of applying himself to pressing tasks, and the gift for loaning an air of good fellowship to any group he entered.

An ardent participant in numerous activities, he served as maestro for the cancer minded ingenues of the Reimann tumor men. His diligence and painstaking efforts enabled him to hurdle successfully all the difficult scholastic barriers with ease, as witness his hasty and yet thorough mastery of psychopathia sexualis, a field in which he quickly assumed the role of class expert.

Looking at his other side, we found a man who had a capacious appetite for our usual extra-curricular forms of relaxation. His howl with the pack was strong, and seldom would he fail to appear at the traditional spa, seemingly anxious lest he miss some of the goings on. He always had some interesting experience to relate with motions and philosophical observations. Joe's interest and yearning for the activities of hospital life were well satisfied during his stay at West Jersey, and his later junior internship. Vouching for his medical skill and technique were the doctors, for his social endeavors and tactics, the nurses. May his success in interning at St. Mary's in Philadelphia be equal.



ACTIVITIES: Reimann Oncological Society, President; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Phillips Anatomical Society; Newman Club; Medic Staff

ALEXANDER GABRIEL TOTH, JR.

"ALEX"

Canonsburg, Pa. University of Pittsburgh, B.S.

"Big party, fifty couples"

Alex was that rarest of combinations, one whose abilities were equally and most successfully divided between medicine and that famous trio—Wine, Women and Song.

We'll never forget his draped clothes and that broad grinning face topped by a hat that would serve admirably as a sunshade. Blessed with a phenomenal memory consisting of fifty or more telephone numbers, he was the pride and joy of the Bell Telephone Company, which boomed the moment he arrived in Philadelphia. Alex would begin one social engagement from another, much as some people smoke cigarettes chain fashion. At any social affair "Where's Toth?" was the password, for one thing was certain, wherever Alex went things stirred and something happened.

Often deeply concerned lest mental fatigue overcome some of his studious friends, he would tempt them whenever he was at some night spot where the music was loud enough to sound over the phone. Yet when the time came to settle down to work, his determination and endurance brought him such success that he both amazed and perturbed most of the faculty. His fear of exams, always unwarranted, was often dramatically real. The class wits were usually prompted to remark "Alex looks worried. He must have hit the exam." Next step on his merry-go-round—Internship at Shadyside Hospital, Pittsburgh.

ACTIVITIES: Army

ARDEN STANLEY TURNER

"COLONEL"

Columbus, Ohio Ohio State University, A.B.

"I just came from Washington and—"

Ardent Arden was the champion of the underdog, the constant propronent of democracy at all times in all places, who assumed the role of class orator, protector, and advisor, in his very first year. Culminating years of undercover work for the "F.B.I.," "Secret Service," and various other protective agencies, he also tosssed in a little medicine on the side. We saw enough of him between trips to some local government office or the Army Headquarters to give us a tidbit or two about "Sherlock" Turner. "Colonel" Turner of the Ohio State R. O. T. C. would show you his scrap book any time you desired to see it. As a matter of fact he was so imbued with Army life that he somehow became the honorary commandant at Hahnemann before the regular staff moved in. Washington saw so much of him about this little item that the big wigs at the Capitol were ready to give him a floor or two in the War Department. Can't we all remember the day he bounced into class in what looked like a cavalry officer's uniform (or was it a lion tamer's?). Like all prominent men, Turner was misunderstood by a small minority. But most of us admired him for one thing—that he tried to give his best, never flinching from his high-minded convictions. He will intern at the Hahnemann Hospital, where medicine will play a larger part in his career.

ACTIVITIES: Redman Pediatric Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Glee Club; MEDIC Staff; *Hahnemannian Monthly*; Army Reserve

JOHN URSIN

"Cisco"

Chicago, Illinois Franklin College, A.B.

"Let's do a physical"

Back in the Autumn of 1940 a blustery gale swept across Lake Michigan, through the streets of Chicago, and dropped a blond thatched Lochinvar on the doorstep of Hahnemann.

John was the "handiest" partner a fellow would want in the physiology laboratory. His genius for mechanics usually insured a perfect kymograph record. But it was in the anatomy laboratory where he caught up on his lost rest. We still see him perched on a stool with feet on the rung of the adjoining stool, chin in hands, dosing over Phillips' "Anatomy Notes."

Saturday mornings ushered us into the pharmacology laboratory. It was here that John was a bit timid. He just hated to stick needles into the poor little mice and bunnies but would much rather put them through acrobatic antics to the amusement of the class and even the instructors.

We all remember the fine picnic we had at Dr. Borneman's home one bright spring afternoon. Prior to our visit there John said, "Phooey on Homeopathy," but he so enjoyed the trip through the plant and the tangy flavor of the tinctures he became a confirmed homeopath thereafter.

We know John as a true friend; a quiet, thoughtful individual who weighs the evidence well before making a decision. St. Mary's of Nazareth Hospital, Chicago, will be John's address after graduation.

ACTIVITIES: Phi Upsilon Rho, President; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Navy

FRANCIS JOSEPH UZMANN, JR.

"Scoop"

Queens Village, N. Y. Univ. of No. Carolina, A.B.

"I'll put it in the Hahnemannian"

It was early in our freshman year that we recognized Frank as the class "con-man" and newshawk, a role which he successfully upheld during our school years. He was ever in a corner with one or two of his cronies, seemingly planning some momentous move. Even when asking the time of day, Frank drew you aside and whispered in confidential undertones. Little wonder that he enjoyed such success in his nasal confidential confabs with the Gyn patients. Having been a Merchant Marine Officer, the tales of his journeys to the many colorful ports of the southern hemisphere proved extremely intriguing. That he still retained some of his seagoing, adventurous spirit was demonstrated on occasions when he "cruised" through some of the little explored sections of South Philadelphia. His room across from the school lured many between class visitors, some seeking restful sleep, some diversion to the tune of his pulsating rhumba records, and still others "refreshments."

Although politically active for years, Frank found his true role when he became student news editor of the *Hahnemannian*, and instituted a radical change in its policy. The school air-conditioning system was still defunct at this time, but with the publishing of Frank's first article, the trustees seriously considered repairs. Frank will return to his well-loved New York to intern at the Nassau Hospital in Mineola, Long Island.

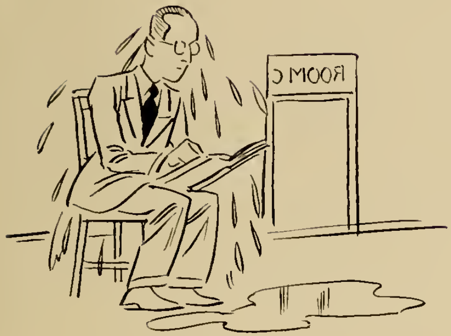
ACTIVITIES: Fisher Pathological Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Redman Pediatric Society; Phillips Anatomical Society; Newman Club; Student Editor of *Hahnemannian Monthly*; Student Editor of *Hospital Tidings;* MEDIC Staff; Navy Reserve

MALCOLM TUCKER WASLEY

"MALCOLM THE FALCOM"

Shenandoah, Pa. University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

'What's cookin'?"



This "worry wart" and "rumor monger" has taken so many notes during the past four years that he has supported three paper manufacturing companies, six notebook firms, and a fountain pen corporation. Not only are his notes voluminous but so nearly verbatim that if they were ever mimeographed, the school could just dispense with the lectures. (Take a lesson, Mac, and don't work so hard taking notes in Room C anymore when it's hot. You might develop dehydration shock from that dripping perspiration.)

Just to complicate his freshman year a little Mac was forced to spend a couple of weeks with an appendectomy. However, he made up for this lost time by winning the chemistry prize for laboratory technique.

Mac is another one of the boys who will give you the latest "newsy news" unabridged and gratis. One bright member of the freshman class took advantage of this and cornered Mac just recently in the alley to ask if he knew of the disease called "Ciliary Dysentery?" To which Mac replied that it was just the acute form of that chronic disease known as Ruthitis.

Mac's experience as an obstetrician will linger long in his memory, for it was he and Weitzel who had the privelege of delivering twins and then to "bring them back alive" in one of the famous red cars.

Mac will serve his internship at Huron Road Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Garth W. Boericke Therapeutic Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Army

JOSEPH HICKS WATSON

"Joe"

St. Petersburg, Florida University of Florida, B.S.

"Yoicks!"

A rare combination, this Watson. A fellow with an unusually keen mind and a sense of humor as sharp as Heppy's nose. He is outwardly syntonic—makes friends easily—and keeps them, but underneath all his hell-raising and clever wit, there is something schizoid—something even his closest friends can't fathom. We would bet our left pampiniform plexus that he is quite a mystery even to his wife—of long blond hair and chiseled features.

Joe knows how to enjoy life and get the most out of it, but also knows when and how to be serious—as evidence, he is one of our National Board men.

Recently, he has become one of the regular customers of Garden State Park and started out to "break the bank," but now is breaking his wife's bank to cover up for his bad horse sense. He is ass't editor of this corny publication; and if it isn't a scream, it will be the first time he hasn't been able to think up plenty of funny gags.

We are afraid Washington, D. C., will claim him, though we hope he will stay in Philadelphia after interning at Hahnemann, for Joe's personality and ability will be a great asset to any community.

ACTIVITIES: Phillips Anatomical Society; Paxson Obstetrical Society; The Aesculapian Club; Hollis Otolaryngolocical Society; Boericke Therapeutic Society; Medical Science Society; MEDIC Staff; Army

JEROME WEISS

"JERRY"

New York, N. Y. Long Island University, B.S.

'You're old enough to work. Stop begging'

Jerry, our photographer of the MEDIC, carried his camera all four years, so that someone asking "Where is that little fellow with the camera?" was a familiar question (especially from Dr. McDonough). It's because of him that we have those pictures of our pre-clinical years with which to reminisce. But maybe what we'll remember more is the way we'd cuss at him after he went through a routine of his everlasting, never-ending puns. By gad—he'd never stop! Jerry also had his own way of pronouncing words, such as collecting "datar," and the day after Friday is "Soddaday."

Darn near everyone at Hahnemann was constantly on the look-out for a girl for Jerry. You know—"someone my size!" In spite of this, he had innumerable secretaries to type up his notes for him.

Jerry had a host of friends in school. They gave him a warm welcome the day he returned after his recuperation from a radical tonsillectomy. It was so drastic that he had to take an extra week's vacation! There was always an invite for anyone visiting New York to stop up and see Jerry at his place, and those of us that did were treated royally.

A simple name like Weiss was distorted by various lecturers from "Weess" to "Vweiz-zz," but Jerry (or someone) answered to all. Well—four years spent in a diversified way. Next year you can look Jerry up at the Fordham Hospital in New York City where he'll be interning.

ACTIVITIES: President of Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity; MEDIC Staff; Lane Medical Society; Van Lennep Surgical Society; Medical Science Society; Army Reserve

ROLAND EARL WEITZEL

"Rollo"

Francisco, Indiana Indiana University, A.B.

"I'm a little tard"

After returning from his Christmas vacation his freshman year Rollo was no longer a bachelor. He then became a West Philadelphia resident where he has remained ever since—playing "Little Homeopathic Physician" to all the lucky people who dwell there.

If you're interested in the "latest" about anything, just ask "Rollo." He seems to have what it takes to get the secrets from everybody he meets. Especially is this true pertaining to the "machinery behind the wire cage." Of course this intimate knowledge could be due to his very close friend—CCF.

We doubt if Rollo will ever forget the time he and Wasley delivered twins and with the assistance of the police ushered them through a curious mob of 300 people to bring them to the hospital in a red car.

Finally Rollo became one of the famed seniors. Weitzel and Whitaker were a notable set of partners in Medical Dispensary. Why is it that the "pretty ones" took so long to examine, while some poor old lady only got five minutes of their precious time?

His future plans are to return to the "Hoosier-Hot-Shot" State and go deeper into the field of either obstetrics, pediatrics, or anesthesia. After interning at Indianapolis General, he has plans of practicing with a fellow-homeopath from the University of Michigan. And as for his "future-future" plans—ask Maxine.

ACTIVITIES: Phi Alpha Gamma; Boericke Therapeutic Society; Redman Pediatric Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Medic Staff; Army Reserve

JACK LONSDALE WHITAKER

"JAKE"

Cleveland Heights, Ohio Western Reserve, A.B.

"That's a lota mallarkey"

Jake, the blond "Englishman" from Cleveland, alias woman-hater, has managed to room in hotels, eat all his meals in H. & H., and still retain his health as well as his ration-book. As a result of his English parentage that afternoon cup of tea (by Laura) is almost an obsession.

Women are apparently no problem to Jake. Just being a good friend is about as far as any has managed to get; however, we understand that for a brief period of time there was a certain nurse.

Never have we heard him voice his opinion in any class-meeting unless it was "Meet you at the Cupric Rod." To find out what he does with his week-ends is virtually impossible. Jake talks only if and when he feels like it. And then only a sparse but usually choice selection of words come forth. His imitation of "gravel-voice" is really a prize. To the average acquaintance and even to some of his closest friends, his personal life is shrouded with all the deep darkness of Africa.

A rare individual with a rarer sense of humor. (More of the English influence, no doubt.) Who's the walking homeopathic pharmacy? Who has even taken zinc to keep those feet still? That's Whitaker! He'll intern at Huron Road Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio.

ACTIVITIES: Boericke Therapeutic Society; Lane Medical Society; MEDIC Staff; Army Reserve

ALBERT EVANS WHITE

"Botz"

Morrisville, Pennsylvania Dickinson College, B.S.

"Hellooo"

Albert Evans White, also called "Botz," "Al," "Punchy," "Basil," "Pancho," and "Alfonso" is a versatile musician, having mastered the piano, clarinet, and saxaphone. During his years at Hahnemann Botz has often carried us to the arms of Morpheus with his pre-class recitals, thus relieving the lecturer of the task.

Anything but a speed demon, Al works slowly and methodically taking on one task at a time and conscientiously completing it. During his student days this plan of attack has stood him in good stead, and in the future guarantees his success. One exception to these methods was his car which he drove with reckless abandon until Uncle Sam and the OPA curtailed such pastimes. Unique in its ability to move as quickly up, down and sideways as fast as it does forward, it has attracted the longing eye of the Smithsonian Institute.

One glance at Al's notes explains the choice of medicine as his field of endeavor. They are absolutely illegible to anyone except the author. During lectures, Al engraved these symbols, occasionally taking time to inscribe amusing cartoons on his neighbors' papers.

During the last year major changes have occured in Al's life; viz., he enlisted in the Army, and of late has been making regular weekend trips to the hamlet of Tunkhannock because of one of the fair sex.

Botz will intern at Huron Road Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio. He intends to specialize in obstetrics and gynecology after returning to civilian practice.

ACTIVITIES: Phi Alpha Gamma; Medic Staff; Boericke Therapeutic Society; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Army

ROBERT GEORGE WITHERSPOON

"Bird"

Latrobe, Pennsylvania Clemson College, B.S.

"Don't muss my hair"

Through the smoke and haze that seems to envelop the Pennsylvania steel town of Latrobe, Bob first saw the outline of the sun. It wouldn't be fair to say that he's been in a haze ever since, as he has had lucid moments especially around examination time. The sum total of these lucid moments has earned him degrees from Clemson and Hahnemann.

"Bird" is most modest and only his intimates knew that he was an accomplished trackman before joining us. During his undergraduate days he was state champion half-miler of South Carolina and later was engaged as head coach of track at St. Vincent's College. Now that his joints have stiffened he likes few things better than to spend an afternoon at horse races collecting his winnings.

Having attended a military college it was natural that the Army would be his choice. His enthusiasm for army life hits a new peak each month—on payday. All of us will remember the Bird for his good-naturedness, his characteristic laugh and his broad beaming smile, and, of course, his constant sparring with his bosom pal Al Wolf. To meet Bird was to like him. In line with his already mentioned modesty is his blush (one of the few in the class); and when blushing, even his shiny pate responds. "A grand guy" would be modest tribute.

He'll intern at Cleveland's Huron Road Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Van Lennep Surgical Society; Army

W. GERARD WOELFEL

"Gerry"

Stockton, Calif. Leland Stanford University, B.A.

"Hi, Buck"

Big, blond, blushing, and imported from Eureka land we knew him when the suit was a tan coat, and watched the closets fill to overflow. We marveled at the energy by the ton and his driving like a General Sherman, yet always "behind schedule." Three years of flitting from apartment to penthouse with whatever and whomever, and then a trip by streamliner with romance as companion. This was followed by a year of commuting to Wilmington, dancing lessons and a wedding march finale.

Trouble with a caterpillar ended in a grudge fight, brought to a whirlwind finish with a semilunar of the left hand somewhat the loser. There followed an inseparable "plastered" companion from months to years. Result was good orthopedically, with possible lasting influence on the future specialty.

Familiar phrases of "Hi, Buck"; "that's not right"; and "I'll throw you out that window" were sprinkled liberally in the premarital days, with "yes, dear" thereafter.

A flare for teaching to any willing ear, complete with overt gestations, introduces another of the many and varied yens for the future dissemination of the ever abundant energies. Extra-curricular activities were carried on in the Italian Kitchen, Doctors Hospital, Fairmount Farms, and the Broad Street Hospital. Family plans include conversion of the present grava 0 to para 6. Best wishes to "Ma" and "Pa," but first there's an internship at Franklin Hospital, San Francisco, California.

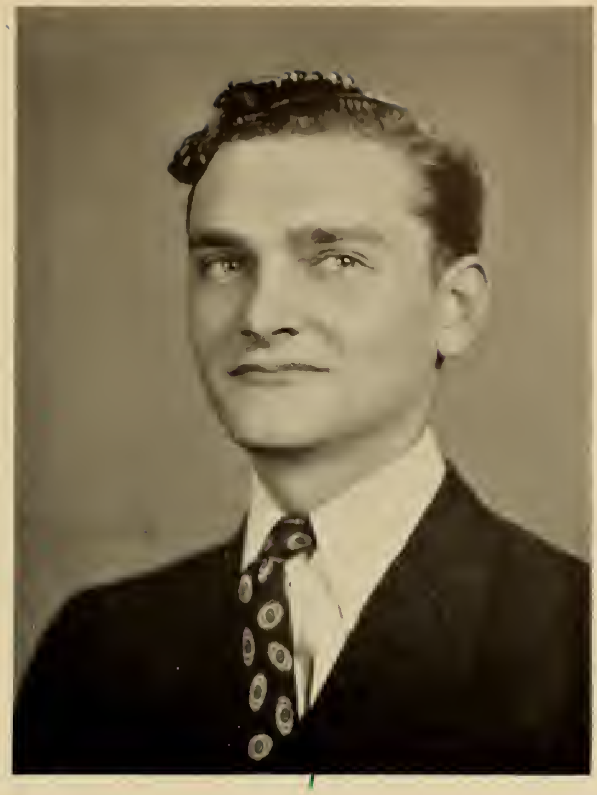
ACTIVITIES: Craig Gynecological Society; Paxson Obstetrical Society; Lane Medical Society; Army Reserve

ALFRED H. WOLF

"WOLF"

LaCrosse, Wisconsin — University of Wisconsin

"C'mon, Bird"



"Wolf"—both in name and spirit, the inmates of the College and Nurses' Home(s) will agree. His favorite off-campus haunt was The Jungle, where his staccato voice would pass above the din with "Well, are you gonna buy one or be one?" Of course, when the Army moved into Hahnemann during our senior year and the monthly bonanza was doled out he would order "for two." The three year drought and famine had ended.

At all times Al was ferocious for work. As if medical school were not a great task in itself, he held both state and federal positions—Byberry and N.Y.A during his days at Hahnemann. In his senior year he briefly externed at West Jersey Hospital where at nights he'd take case histories and tucker people into bed.

Sputtering and crackling in nature, Wolf would engage in heated arguments only to rapidly cool when he sensed that the loss of a friend might be at stake. Ever enthusiastic to live by learning, he would take either side of any discussion just so long as it was lively and provided room for unoffensive disagreement. In an appraisal of himself he admits that he doesn't believe that he'll ever amount to anything. On this point his friends will disagree—and not just for argument's sake.

During his internship he'll be seen dashing through the halls of the City of Detroit Receiving Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Blue and Gold Committee; Army

E. NEAL WRIGHT

"NEAL"

East Brady, Penna. Marion College, A.B., B.S.

"Down at Byberry—"

Back in the dull, dank days of 1940 when we were all freshmen and a little on the scared side, there was a member of the class who acted as if he knew what he was doing (upper classman stuff, ya know). But after the first chem exam when all of us clung to each other for moral support, we began to know this lad Neal.

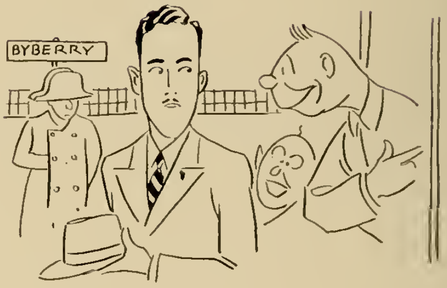
Always a good student, one gets the impression that all he does is study. But after looking over his activities and in lieu of the fact he is married, anyone could see this couldn't possibly be true. Maybe it's because he doesn't say much. You know, one of those guys who thinks a lot but says little.

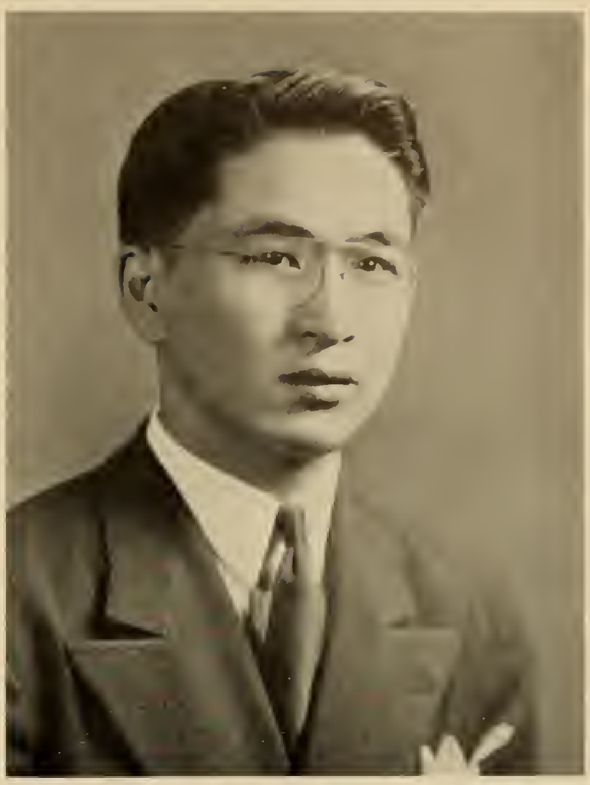
Then again, ask him about those psychopathic constitutionalities at Byberry or what is wrong with this-n that and we find he does have ideas he can put into words. So much so that he was faculty editor of this hyar MEDIC.

No article about Neal would be complete without a word on that sharp mustache. One of the original upper lip boys of the class, he felt so nude he almost had a special barrel made for that lip when the Army said no spinach.

The good Dr. expects to drop his suitcase for a short stay at Huron Road Hospital.

ACTIVITIES: Alpha Sigma; Reimann Onocological Society; MEDIC Staff; Fisher Pathological Society; Lane Medical Society; Army



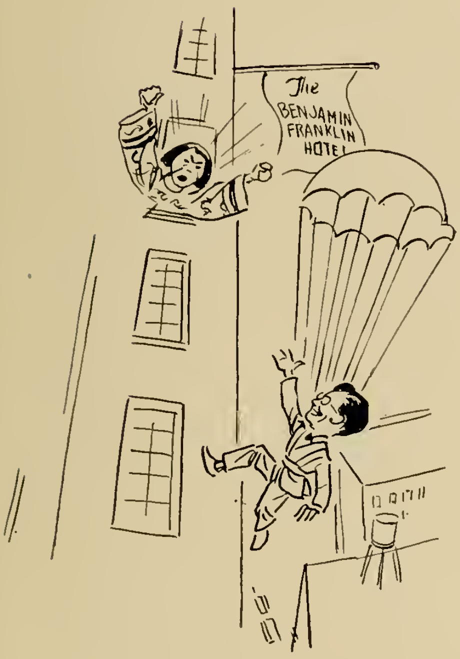


TOYO YOSHIKAWA

"Yosh"

Venice, California University of California

"Let's study"



Union officials were constantly pounding at the gates of Hahnemann during our first two years here. Upon inquiry we learned that they were seeking the man who worked eighteen hours a day and eight days a week. This person was no less than "Yosh," who, during his first two years, hid his delightful personality in a small room conscientiously studying.

Came the third year and the beginning of the metamorphosis which in the senior year was completed. Out of the smoke and fire emerged a new Yosh. Stylishly attired with an ever present "Zoot suit straw" and with a newly acquired mastery of the popular weed, he became another addition to the roving crowd who passed through swinging doors. This was indeed a meritorious change, for it was only in these lighter moments that we learned of some of his past activities—medal for gymnastics in the 1932 Olympics, his hobby as a photographer, R. O. T. C. training, *et al.* Numerous tales have filtered through about his escapades while supposedly junior interning at Jeannes Hospital.

A memory that will long last in Yosh's mind is that of the experience he had at the Blue and Gold. We still wonder whether that cute girl friend of his was ever again able to entice him to a solitary alcove where they could be alone.

He intends to wear that straw hat at the Metropolitan Hospital in New York for the next year.

EDWARD C. ZAINO

"ZERO"

Islip, N.Y. College of the City of New York, B.S.

"Hey, Jaslo"

Near the bulletin board in the front hall Zaino promoted his rumor clinics and panned the professors between classes. Easily a "gag a minute man," he always kept his audiences alert and on the ball.

"You know," hooking his thumbs in his suspenders, "when I was with the Mayo brothers I devised a bloodless operation for the condition you have just described. I resected the spinal cord in a retrograde manner beginning at the second lumbar. This was done without spilling a single drop of spinal fluid. I called it the Zaino bloodless spinal fluidless retrograde resection of the spinal cord. Now it seems to me, unquote—" etc., etc.

This was the way Zaino worked. His light attitude contrasted with his dark complexion, a dark striped suit accentuated his color, and reminded you of someone from the movie colony. A competent student, he answered with rapid and sharp speech.

For four years we eagerly awaited his name when a professor "sounded off" at the start of a lecture. Ed was the anchor man on the roll sheets. His name was the trigger which released us from the hushed restraint which filled the room during this dread procedure.

Perhaps Ed will fulfill the words of the prophet which state that the last shall be first, etc. He will intern in the Lincoln Hospital in New York City.

ACTIVITIES: MEDIC Staff; Hollis Otolaryngological Society; Lambda Phi Mu; Newman Club; Army

JOHN ANTHONY PETKUS

"PET"

Brockton, Massachusetts Boston College, A.B.

"Hi!"

Johnny was always reserved, quiet, and a diligent worker. Boston John—being true to the city of beans and art, and oh yes, Boston College—inherited the broad A and the missing R. It was a bit difficult understanding the version of the King's English spoken back there, but with the liberal use of pantomime he made himself understood.

What with the various jobs he worked at to get himself through the Alma Mater, he nevertheless managed to maintain his scholastic standing and his name is found on the roles of many of the extra-curricular societies.

John, during his senior year fought a losing battle with the bacillus of Koch and consequently was forced to leave us at the beginning of our last year. It was with many regrets we saw Johnny go. His pleasant smile and the wandering locks of his hair leave behind a fond remembrance.

We hope and trust that he will soon return to become an active member of the succeeding senior class.

ACTIVITIES: Fisher Pathological Society; Reimann Oncological Society; Glee Club

CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from page 61)

schtabbing pain." Red pencil marks on your partner's back—inspection, palpation, percussion, ausculation—"Gee, I hope I have a clean under-shirt." —Marton wonders how the next class with co-eds will manage this?—lucky stiffs!

The Monacle, the Binacle, Desault and Velpeau—rollers and triangular—hand is hardest of all—bizarre uses for the T-binder, which won first prize for Zaino in the National Kleenex Contest. "Sex is most frequently the basis for mental aberrations and insanity"—id, ego, super-ego—let's all smoke a cigarette—there is no exam in this—exams are all foolishness, anyway! Amen, fervently! Now the cloud is lifting, and the bright and smiling face of J. J. Korey appears. Earthly shapes again take form. The fever is subdued, the crisis is past. The long vigils from eight to five-thirty are ended. The weary jungle wanderers emerge upon the veldt. Full in the face they are now first lashed by the realization there is a red rain called war! Faintly distinct in the distance lies the peak, called Graduation. The mortality list has been terrifically high again. Now to cross the meadow, near which Roy Jack hopes to be practicing some day in rustic simplicity.

U.S.-JAPAN AT WAR
The Philadelphia
Hawaii Bombed, Hundreds Dead;
EVENING PUBLIC
WAR DECLARED ON US BY GERMANY AND ITALY
WE ACCEPT CHALLENGE AT ONCE
U.S. BOMBERS SINK JAPANESE BATTLESHIP
COOL Inside

Monday, July 27th, ho! what occurs? Sailing? Swimming? Loafing? NO!!! Sailing around Philthydelphia looking for lodging, swimming in sweat, loafing from 2 A.M. till 8 A.M. But there was one consolation. We looked forward to getting (1) medicine for real; (2) hospital work; (3) patients; (4) nurses, and getting out of (1) long hours in the classrooms; (2) smoked drums; (3) smelly cadavers; (4) laboratories, et cetera. So, what actually happened? We didn't get (1) medicine *for real*; (2) hospital work, except more lectures and watching seniors take histories and thump patients; (3) Patients—well maybe once in a while. (4) Nurses—except on an occasional Saturday night.

Monday mornings we'd swing and sway with beet-faced Dr. Boericke. The first drug was Mercury, followed by 300 more in such rapid succession that we could only manage to learn Mercury by final time. But there was a laugh in every masterful lecture. Even Smith stayed awake. Monday afternoon we met the combine of Brieger, Horn and Gratch who tried to teach us plumbing, which was much too much. Looks like we're going from bad to verse. Monday night was Haig and Haig, in preparation for Earl B. Craig. In dis-course Gynecology was presented with sincerity and originality, the latter mostly in the form of pelvic hypotonia. Tuesday afternoon's high blood pressure builder was the silver haired flash—Dr. Steinhilber. Quick witted and to the point, these lectures gave us a true insight into the practice of medicine as well as the field of neurology. (At least we know what to keep out of our practice—take note.

Mittwoch came, we learned obstetrics through Crowther's, Mutch's and Paxson's technic. Here we met with one of the best organized and best presented courses in college. Dr. Crowther led us through the intricacies (?) of the female pelvis, then came the amazing, amusing Dr. Mutch who told us how to officiate at blessed events, and facilitate closure of the foramen ovale. Dr. Paxson's lectures on pathological obstetrics were unexcelled! From the Dept. of Strict Understatement came Dr. Lafferty, High Potentate of the Mystic Realm of the Döderlein and Keeper of the Forceps. Wednesday, too, from four to five, Dr. Redman did contrive to hand out sizzling super hot licks on babies, bottles and pediatrics. He succeeded in great measure too. He also succeeded in knocking us out with his rapid fire lectures, except Ivy Junk, who was being groomed for Presidency of the Pediatric Society by Rho Damn-it Rho. Each Thursday morn with Dr. Ashcraft who shook like Old St. Nick as he laughed. "Gentlemen, I would invite your attention . . ." etc. was the beginning of each classical lecture. The urological surgery clinics showed us precisional technic to the nth degree. The good Doctor would poise dramatically, and after a flash of instruments, stand back and gleefully point to a gaping hole around which were the remains of the patient in red and white drapes, from under which Snyder's head would appear at times.

The x-ray section late that day afforded a chance to hit the hay. Dr. Frank, a gentleman of the old school, now lecturing in the new school, had a bang-up course in hot-cathode tubes and how not to shock patients. We might add that we taught Dr. Frank some new facts about Hex-Rays on our exam papers. In medicine, lectures on every disease, on T.B., and Gout, and the common old sneeze. Ach! Medicine—that which we are here for. Rapid-fire lectures by Dr. Goldsmith (for several months on Diabetes too—now we KNOW! we think?). Really practical knowledge—straight stuff as we might say. Dr. Vischer covered Cecil like a tent-sniper-condensation in workable form.

Autopsy was a jerky course—we won't even include it. We caught views of innards and such over the shoulders of anosmic classmates. Saturday's lecturer of Blumer fame, was genial vary-voiced Dr. Lane. How to diagnosis everything should

come easy now with the foundations laid by that masterful set of lectures. Then Smiley Miley, the B. I. man, with something newer than the gasoline ban. When stuck now, instead of becoming therapeutic nihilists (like Harvardians) we stickum ultra-violent rays in the patient's blood—thus increasing the hemoglobins. Dr. E. O. Geckeler quizzed on a bone, and soon disgusted he said, "Go home." Dispensary work with Dr. G. was refreshing. While madly whistling "Brazil" (as accompaniment to the mad orthopedic gyrations of F. Hamilton), he would intersperse golden nuggets on fractures, sprains, and with the other hand demonstrated lateral movements in broken extremities.

Thus the first week ended and then the same thing happened all over again the next week—ad infinitum. Too much—too much, we had too much! The Ale House did a thriving business, lots to celebrate and sometimes to forget. Ward work and dispensaries were a boost—a lift (we'd walk a mile for it, and ever time we'd be late as hell.) We'll take pediatrics first, no—you take it. On second thought let Curtis have it—anyway we'd play with the kids and promptly got wee-wee'd on. We'll next take Medical Wards, no, you take it—we're tired of it. General confusion then reigned—but the General got tired too, went home, and was replaced by Jack Powell. Up in the wards we were involved in teaching the stupid seniors how to take histories and adequate physical exams. Having had excellent instruction by Drs. Fincke and Klinman, this was no trick. The trick was prying Stewart away from the front desk where nurses abounded. Post time was drawing near—the big event of the year was close at hand and as White would say, "an event in the hand is worth two in the bush." Wally Kratz blew the bugle out in front of Klahr Auditorium announcing the annual Junior Rat-Races. As we went into the starting gate, Molina was odds-on favorite, on account of Monheit was hiding in his pocket, equipped as usual with a 1905 Stedman. "They're off," shouted Neely, (as a white elephant ran off with his—what were we about to say!) The final race was Vicious Medicine and the purse was a stuffed Duck-billed Platypus. This rare prize is now on exhibition in O'Brien's bath room.

The seemingly never ending flood of questions was eventually turned off by the powers that be, ambulances were chartered and we were carried home to spend our short vacation in bed, taking vitamins and some nourishment, and spiritus frumenti during the exacerbations.

Along about springtime the whole Senior Class plunked itself down in Allentown. But you know what happens to a young man's fancy in the Spring! It turns to what it has been thinking of all winter. So, no sooner did we unpack at the "Americus," when everyone rushes over to the "Circlon" thinking that he will be there first and consequently have the choice of the field. Which results in a big confusion on-account-of everyone thinks he is Romeo even Lou Morrill!! The Pres. in the meantime has fixed everyone up with a roommate, some queer (Ed. note—some of the combinations, not the people).

Soon everyone was surprised to find that we were to spend the afternoon at the A. S. Hospital—in fact that's all we were supposed to do besides eat and sleep. What a revelation to discover beautiful green lawns, trees, birds, buildings, and all the people inside. (You would never know from the picture in last year's MEDIC!) Right away quick we plunged into Psychiatry, with a clinic featuring a full-blown attack of Grand Mal Epilepsy. After that we don't quite know what happened. The week just rolled merrily along, with a jog over to the local night spots.

And then there was the master-mind who when asked how he rated his intelligence in comparison to the rest of mankind replied, "Super-human, of course!" Several of the more affectionate inmates got crushes on the boys; seems as how George Shields took first prize on that score. Ostrowski rung the bell by telling the local skirts that all the boys were married. This made a big hit. The food also made a big hit; several went on an Eberhard No. 2 for weeks afterwards. The week flew by slowly, and there we were taking the exam. A few were sober, but these in the minority, which left them at a distinct disadvantage when the question, "Write what you think a Shizophrenic would think in five minutes." (Except that they could spell Schizophrenic.) Let's pack up and go home now—"Where's Boyle?" Hi-Ho Silver; 15th St. here we come—maybe we should go back and let Charley Breme out of the straight-jacket.

When we got back and heard the first inspiring lecture of the Senior year (Sometime in Sept. wasn't it?) a miraculous change occurred; all the

cockroaches disappeared. Lectures disappeared (almost)—clinics—dispensaries—patients with no patience—students with no knowled—(what were we about to say?). Tales of long ago became fact—Bernie with his quote V. K. unquote. Schroth was labeled Hopeless, traditions were shattered—also old habits such as snoozing in class. Prolific this Senior year—super stuff—Lorentz trying to sell an x-ray machine to Gelinas for $1897.03 F.O.B. Kalamazoo.

Weird haircuts styled by Shephard, and moustaches by Darby. Up on the 7th floor of H. H. apples were free, music was playing, so was Wasley—this was right up his alley. About this time Alex wandered in from Allentown with conjugate deviation and the usual phobias. Mozola calmly slept through everything, except Gyn. dispensary. Preis heard about R. B.'s famed hair tonic and put some on his balder spots; which promptly developed exacerbations.

One day on the second floor of the hospital we saw a lot of women lined up, and they looked like they had all eaten a watermelon whole. This turned out to be the Obs. dispensary, which had more sphygmomanometers and uterine souffles than anywhere. Woe was one-handed Woelfel when Bimanuals were required. Weitzel would run up at 12:30 every day and ask, "Any new, white, free patients under 30?"

Elections rolled around, and soon the dirtiest politics in 49 States appeared. Rendin, Kerst, and dark-horse Jurewicz were running for President of the Stupid Institute. This got so involved, and so many deals were cooked up that all we can remember is the winner of the fracas—Levi Ani Kerst. Hitchner, Gabroy, and dark-horse Watson, (two dark horses—twice as funny) were up for president of the class. A squeeze play resulted in Gabroy ending up as the maestro of the class and Glee Club too.

One fine day Charlie Chan Lyons appeared, and this was too much, Weiss left for an extended tour of the Alps. Medical Wards provided excellent opportunities for catching up on the news. Phillips took time off from the brain surgery, and wrote the titles of the lectures. Leonard "Steamboat" Fulton from Belfast gave hot tips on how to keep your capital always Dublin. Jablonski came in one day, and asked for a counting chamber so he could do a differential. It was an awfully hot summer . . . the air-conditioning apparatus did everything in its power to knock us out, and finally the Medical Council built a huge three-inch fan to cool the whole college, and to boot knocked out part of the back wall of Room B. Chitwood nearly floated out once or twice; cries of "Help me, you all!" brought him back. McAfoos and Kearny (who later hit the big time at Garden State Park) continued to stunt their growth with smoking. Then Simoson bought a book and the year was begun.

After 50 blood sugars Erhard finally convinced himself that he wasn't a diabetic. Nettles stoically looked on as the class rolled lazily along in spite of the faculty's warnings. The Senior year is traditionally divided into three parts "like Gaul." One section spent 10 long weeks in Obs. & Gyn. Thirty men crowded into O.R.-D to see Dr. Earl (hypotonia) Craig establish a precedent by letting an interne tie a suture. It was marvelous to watch these masterful excavations; at times he would take out everything, except time enough for us to smoke a cigarette. Wolf was highly sensitive to small doses of ether; he remained low in the first stage most of the time.

Gyn. dispensary squelched the last bit of romanticism from our sensitive souls. Attendance at obstetrical clinic was not compulsory; hence everyone attended, and even Dr. Lafferty drew a tremendous crowd. He also drew forth blood and tears from Juler who discoursed on the uses of the forceps. On the spacious, cool 6th floor of the hospital, the medical section convened promptly at 9, 10, or 11. Those were the days of leisure hours and lotus eating. Nothing to do but take histories, do physical examinations, blood sugars, blood counts, differential counts, and analyze pee. Time was also profitably spent drinking Dr. Wells' ice water, especially for Munchak who was constantly dehydrated from maintaining an address at the London Ale House. We've spilled the beans and they're theory of the etiology of mitral stenosis *i.e.* passive rationed too. Szczepaniak startled us all with his congestion of the liver. In therapeutics Dr. Boericke would sway by the bedside and hand out at least one nugget per oscillation. All went well until Teater was detailed to take a history from a nymphomaniac. He was lost for several days but finally turned up with a story that went like a chapter from Havelock Ellis. The object of medical dispensary was to see as many patients as possible and as little of them as possible. Ballas, Bax, and Berger even gave up their mid-day poker game to

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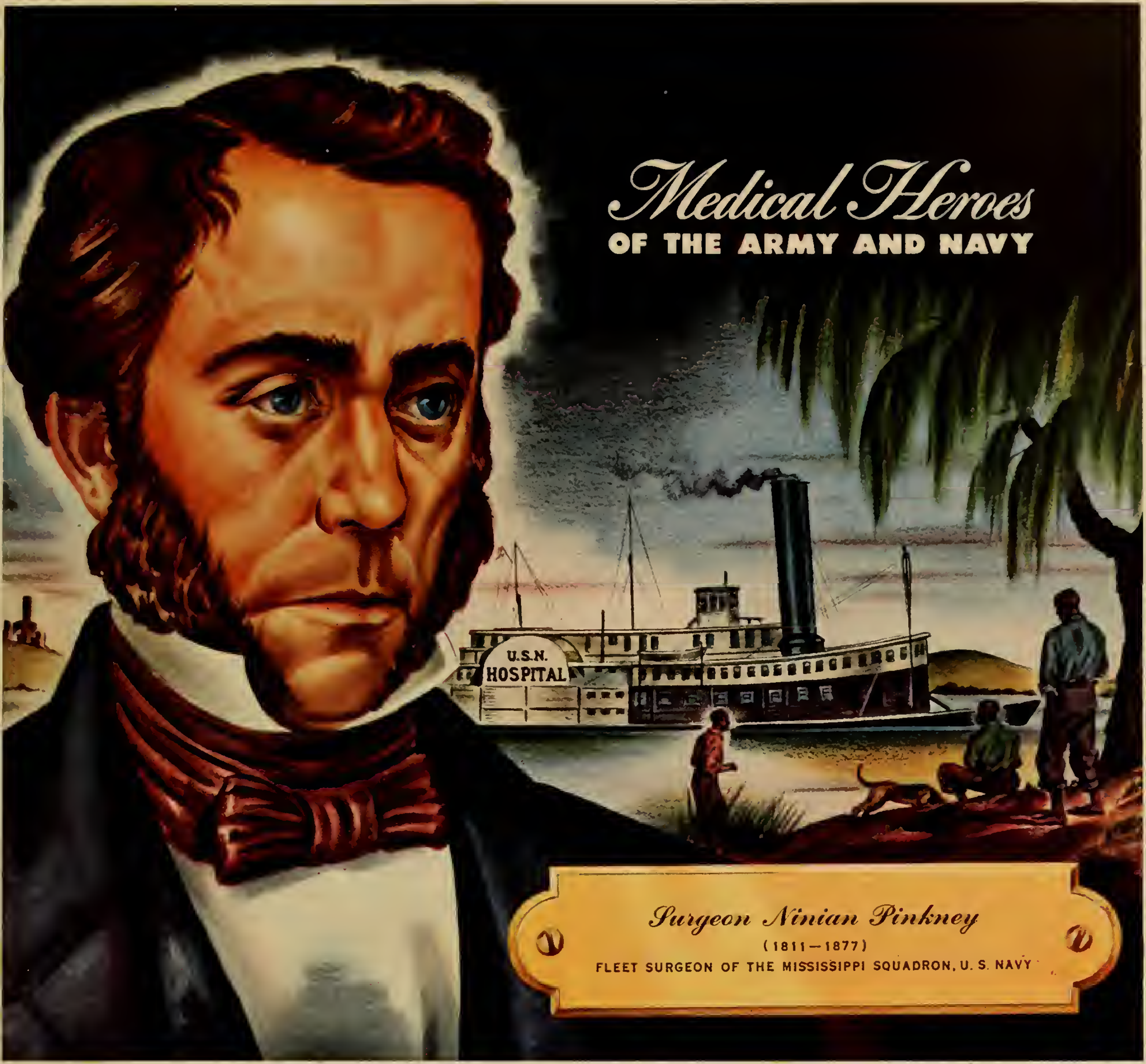
exercise their healing art. After about a week they returned to their poker game joined by Carras and Szmal. Ursin once cured a patient in G. I. dispensary. Of course the patient should have been in Neurology instead of G. I., but that is beside the point.

The Surgical section got excellent views of the operator's dorsum. Some, like Gerard, even brought field glasses in hopes of seeing something. Graham actually made an incision, and after doing so, Dr. Sylvis asked, "Now, where are you?" "I don't know." Whereupon Hale took over, but he didn't know either. Saturday afternoon, surgical section at St. Luke's interfered with our attendance at baseball and football games. So if we ever have to do surgery on Saturday, we'll be up the creek. All except Forthman who was very indiscreet and appeared before the mighty Roman once, all alone.

Along about June, the Army and Navy came to take over. They took over so hard, that one day the boys turned up in funny brown clothes, except Barclay who decided to trap rats etc, for the U. S. P. H. S. Gan's zoot suit wardrobe was also left for the moths, who didn't want it either. Everyone was in the dough, though, and attendance proved excellent at the better theatres and Garden State Park. The Army received some new ideas such as left-handed salutes by Laubach. Drill was revolutionized by Habermann with, "About face—March," and by Sullivan with, "Column left—Turn." The locker-room was converted into a locker-room. B.O. was not a fact after Jack "the Ripper" Whitaker had been announcing it for years in a frog-voiced baritone. Schaffner was reported cruising through the Islands of Langerhans on the S. S. Enema.

Andy McKane III (the thoid) wore a white gob outfit most of the time and came very near drawing pay as an orderly. The Senior year is a funny place for new faces to appear—but they did. Gouldin and Montalvo became papas, and their wives became mamas. There may have been others, but they're not recorded.

Everyone knows that the MEDIC is written months before graduation; so how can we remind you'se guys on what went on from here? In the dim past (lic) our first days in dear old H. M. C. (soft cheers in the background) and in the very near future a beautiful horizon—the beginning of a glorious career.


Medical Heroes
OF THE ARMY AND NAVY
U.S.N.
HOSPITAL
Surgeon Ninian Pinkney
(1811—1877)
FLEET SURGEON OF THE MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, U. S. NAVY

HE COMMANDED THE FIRST HOSPITAL SHIP

As commanding officer of "The Red Rover," first Naval hospital ship, he served the so-called "Inland Navy" in service on the Mississippi and its tributaries. Volunteer female nurses, who preceded the regular Navy Nurse Corps of today, first served on this ship. Comparison of the old wood-burning sidewheeler and the modern, well-equipped hospital ship of today is vivid evidence of progress in care of our sick and injured.

UNDERGRADUATES

FIRST ROW: Souder, McCutcheon, McDonald, Yamula, Raffa, Weinberg, Kane. *SECOND ROW:* Ingersoll, De Cruz, McNeil, Zaydon, Maniglia Poludniak, Scudese. *THIRD ROW:* Michaile, Torres-Oliver, Leedom, Siegel, Lee, Witman. *FOURTH ROW:* Tomlinson, Thomas, Pigozzi, Kasinskas, Martucci, Chepko. *FIFTH ROW:* H. Troyen, Shuttleworth, Musser, Samolis, Boettger, Levis.

ABSENT

Agnone, Alsina, Berry, Cooper, Corder, Cressman, Duey, Eckroth, Edward, Evans, Fedullo, Foulk, Giocondo, Gleason, Goldstein, Gonzalez-Quinones, Griffin, Hammond, Kara, Kemezis, Lichtenstein, Makel, Mar-

CLASS OFFICERS

Horace Marucci	*President*
A. K. Niemieria	*Vice-President*
George Groth	*Secretary*
Thomas D'Auria	*Treasurer*
A. L. Barreiro	*Student Institute Representative*

FIRST ROW: **Drexler, Alsina, Groth, Niemiera, Marucci, Barreiro, D'Auria, De Antonio, Guito.** *SECOND ROW:* **Dirr, Cook, Baddour, Cohen, Castagna, Calvanese, Beutner, Coye, Gambone.** *THIRD ROW:* **Gambescia, Fine, Boyer, Graub, Davis, De Vito, Berio-Suarez, Esgro.** *FOURTH ROW:* **Calesnick, Drewery, Galamaga, Latnes, Brobyn, Engel, Blood.** *FIFTH ROW:* **Elwell, Brzoza, Boyd.**

ABSENT

tyn, Mason, Mercogliano, Migliori, Milkie, Minck, Onorato, Pariser, Parker, Quinones-Pereira, Rommer, Rosenberg, Rosenstein, Rozanski, Salines, Souder, Troyen, Truter, Wagner, Winner.

THE CLASS OF 1944

WHAT is so rare as a day in June? Ans.! An ambitious Junior—especially after a half-hour's marching before classes on a warm summer morning. However, there are little things which are features of this year that help to keep us awake and sometimes even interested. Not the least of these is the rollicking rowdy renditions of "popular" music which occurs ofttimes before the afternoon session. "Sweet Violets" is the top tune week after week.

Thus, temporarily pepped up, we go to such classes as OB lab, where a walrus in a wing collar jams a motheaten facsimile of a baby into a dusty mannikin and then invites us—even urges us— to "fight about" the position. In the next class we have

a waxed-moustachioed nugget-dripper admonishing us with pointed finger to "Now take this down; this is important!" Next attraction is the sharpey advocator of the Dowling pack for *a*-cute rhinitis. Ah, but the feature event of the week takes place on Friday afternoons when, with a scurrying of prop men with towels, ice water and slide lanterns, the red plush carpet is unrolled, there is a fanfare of trumpets and, with a snort, in comes El Toro. The students then sit and tremble (?) while he, with Cobra courtesy, proceeds to "say a few words, with (or without) our permission," (Hah!). Then too, hardly a week goes by but something we say or do is "assinine" in the eyes of another "I-can-do-no-wrong." The junior year is further characterized by the long string of Hex-aminations around our necks. Just why we should be forced into a near-neurotic state by having to deal with so many exams in such a short time is a mystery rivaling one of the "Who-Done-It's!" In both cases there is a villain at the bottom of the exam pile, n'doubt. However, until the case is solved we continue to get the polluted end of the baton. Another third year trade mark is the large sections on the wards. Numbering ten to twenty, we descend upon a patient in a manner guaranteed to give him fibrillation at least. The Kildares practically climb in bed with him, and thus are the first—and longest—to examine him, while the less aggressive (*not* necessarily less interested) meanwhile fondle their stethoscopes and clutter up the place to the exasperation of the busy nurses. The patient is observed, palpated, percussed, auscultated and disgustipated! And shame on us if we don't recognize congestive heart failure and rheumatic fever, for we certainly saw enough of those cases to make a lasting impression on our small minds. The highlight of the year is the week on obstetrical service at West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, where besides getting more material for our memoirs ("Dear Diary: Today I got a nurse in the linen closet!!) we also really got a sample of the work ahead. This week was most instructive and invaluable in fixing firmly in our minds that which lectures and textbooks on obstetrics cannot put across satisfactorily.

Let's look back a few years—and a "million" exams—to our freshman year. We began our medical school climb with 155 eager aspirants. Among these were a class's usual quota of stoodents, playboys, jerks, and for a conspicuous first time ten women. It has been indeed touching (?) to see how The Women came along. Two of them left us at the end of the first year, but the others have apparently not only found the study of medicine to their liking, but have also found in medical school the unexpected—Romance. Three of them married and so are already members of that honorable "Institution." Of the four remaining, one found fame in a "Heppy" romance with a chemistry professor; the other three have found it with students. One pair is short on stature but long on love. The second pair is oh, so devoted—constant companions. The last is a juvenile romance beautiful in its "simplicity." The striking part of our first year was the lightning which struck here and there until we finished the year with about a 30 per cent mortality. (Yipe!)

The second year brought us not only its added interests, but a constant Sword of "Sam-ocles" over our heads in the form of more pathology than we could shake a stick at. Somebody in the Department of Pathology must have obliged by shaking that stick over a few more of our mates because when the haze (and I mean haze) cleared, the score was down another couple of notches. All that year we were busier than the proverbial cat on the equally proverbial tin roof.

Some of the men who were dropped from our class roll really had the interests of medicine at heart, and their misfortune was very sympathetically felt by the rest of the class. But if the class was touched by these pseudo-tragedies, it was shaken by the real tragedy that was the lot of one of our most amiable classmates, Curtis Fritz. Having successfully withstood the trial by fire of the first two years, Curt was looking forward with the rest of us and with a bride of a few weeks to the heralded clinical years, when tragedy—and that's the only name for it—struck and took him prematurely from our ranks. Needless to say, he is still very much present in our minds and in spirit.

One might hope that a professional school would surmount some of the rat-race traits of other walks of life, and indeed it does, but Politics managed to rear its ugly head for a few weeks of each year. During this period of whispering campaigns and fraternal double-crossings dark horses rose and fell divinely, but fortunately we emerged from this pastime of ptotic pilferers with able class representatives.

The Accelerated Program, otherwise known as the "Jam-it-down-their-throat — The-Heat-has-them-too-weak-to-resist" movement, is of course the current topic of gripeversation. However, the obvious advantages and the recognized essentiality of this program make it a welcome one. Despite our occasional non-constructive criticisms, we are glad to do our part wherever we can.

So the Junior class, like Time, marches on, withered from the heat, dusty from early morning drills, and slightly fed up with clinical year courses which are still printed notes one-night-stands. But *next* year—ah, that will be the year—if we last that long!

FIRST ROW: Aymar, Hutchinson, Giannini, Ryan, Nagle, Beardsley, Visalli, Eldracher, Duncan, Dugan, Hickey. *SECOND ROW:* J. Ellis, Ballouz, Brown, Brignola, Greenberg, Fischer, Dorsen, Caporale, Jensen, Birmingham, Cozzarelli, Brecher. *THIRD ROW:* Jaksch, R. Ellis, Arnold, King, Jeffers, Grancey, Fornasier, Hobbs, Acosta, Bolster. *FOURTH ROW:* Cretella, Hahn, Epstein, Dietrich, Dunsmore, Dauphin, Kistler, Heck, Jehl, Heyl. *FIFTH ROW:* Capobianco, Erba, Hathaway, Deitz, Kelley, Harco, Ballien, Benford,

ABSENT

Arsuaga, Bacorn, Ball, Buhrman, Burak, Colombo, Conwell, Doncaster, Ehrlich, Fineman, Freed, Friedman, Gettings, Greco, Greene, Higgins, Kalanjian, Laird, La Salvia, Masucci, H. Mathews, E. Mathews, McCarty,

CLASS OFFICERS

John Beardsley	*President*
Joseph Scornavacchi	*Vice-President*
Frank Nagle	*Secretary*
Lawrence Ryan	*Treasurer*
Joseph Visalli	*Student Institute Representative*

FIRST ROW: Steinberg, Sommer, Powell, Trout, Spielman, R. Miller, Musick, Wildblood, Mintz, Ohanesian. *SECOND ROW:* Klingbeil, Knowles, Stone, Ward, Storer, Manno, Metcalf, Kunan, Lapinsohn, Mullen, Steinhilber. *THIRD ROW:* Lindau, Z. Miller, Putkoski, Turner, Phillips, Svedberg, Torney, Preis, Rafes, Mandarino, Coons. *FIFTH ROW:* Kutz, London, Linsey, Mayer, Vlachos, Labowskie, Olson, Walters.

ABSENT

Morgenbesser, Orloff, Ostrum, Penly, Pickering, Planer, Pudkul, Robinson, Rotondi, Scornavacchi, Shepard, Smith, Squillace, Terzian, Wahl, Walker, Warden, Williams.

CLASS OF 1945

ON JULY 27th, 1942, a momentous day in Hahnemann's history, there entered a new freshman class with the accent on "fresh." However, at that time each and every guy and gal in the class was a pretty scared person. Who wouldn't be? In just 8.23 seconds a rumor started that 114 would flunk in the first chemistry examination, 35 would flunk physiology, seven would join the Foreign Legion and three guys would get tatooed. Already the heritage of Hahnemann was slowly creeping upon us; *i.e.*, the ability to absorp a good rumor.

Before we could say "negative after potential," the first semester was finis, and over 99.9 per cent had learned the art of cutting classes and setting up

intricate experiments to baffle the profs while we were diligently studying the ancient art of making the eight ball in the side pocket—and without chalk too. As soon as that shot was mastered, the second semester was over, and a letter from the Dean's office informed us that we were sophomores. After recovering from the shock, we celebrated our new status on the college rolls. The things we had learned will stay with us for many years. You never can tell when someone will walk up and ask if you can hit the pin ball machine at the luncheonette or how much the beers are at Ye Olde Ale Housey.

The sophomore year. The burning questions on all our minds were "When will the Army take over?" and "Will we be rejected by the Navy?" Virgin Terzian was turned down by the Navy so much that he looks like a bed spread. There is no need to say that the school is now a military reservation affectionately termed "Fort Hahnemann" by Harvey Svedberg, the cheese king.

To get real serious, which is quite a feat when discussing the sophomores, we've got a damn good class. Everybody talks about his best friend, and yet they remain best friends. We all want to know a lot about medicine and be good doctors, and we know we will be. Our class may not be the smartest that ever matriculated at Hahnemann but it surely is the happiest. Hardly a day goes by that brother "betta million" Ward doesn't bring down the house with one of his gags which leaves us gagged. Where else can you get so much for so little?

Since the Army and Navy has taken over our lives, many interesting and sundry events have occurred, foremost of which are the new members of the matrimonial fraternity. Those sad, sad boys have among them "Liver Lips" Williams, Henry "Call me Ainsworth" Smith, Thomas "Barber's Delight" Gettings, "Silent" Babcorn, Clyde "I hit for four games" Knowles. Another occurrence of note is the daily Army jaunt on the parade grounds situated in the wilds of North Broad Street. Here it's the survival of the fittest, but don't get me wrong, because "it's good for you" (it says so in the Soldiers' Handbook). You can never appreciate the lack of admiration we had for our staunch military men until the Army took over and we were given orders by "Beat me Daddy" Duke Beardsley and "Blood and mostly Guts" Dorsen. Yes sir, fine fellows as the Dean would put it.

Much more space than is available would be necessary to discuss fully the antics of the Army, but not so with the Navy—a better class of men, as one can tell by their uniforms. Now take Steinhilber—O.K., then I'll take him. And then there's Kazanjian, the closest thing to an Admiral that ever hit Hahnemann, followed by Dietrich, the closest thing that ever hit anybody. While discussing the Navy, let's not forget to mention a stalwart gentleman of the Faculty who is a Navy man to the letter; namely, Dr. O. F. Barthmaier who is a swell fellow, as anyone who ever had an oral with him will testify. He spends as much time looking for submarines as he does polynuclears and *he sees plenty*.

At this point, I'm not certain whether the Army and Navy took us over or vicey versey. In what Army can you get a two weeks' furlough and a promotion all in one month? It is rumored that a sophomore who was a former lieutenant general knows a guy whose second cousin went around with a girl whose kid brother was an office boy for the Secretary of War fixed it up for the fellows. So you see, our class has connections everywhere, especially in the Nurses' Home as Planer, Turner, and Kelly will testify—against; but here's a tip fellows, keep trying because one of those nurses will fall into the pit you dug in the driveway sooner or later.

The sophomore year is a pretty big year in our life as medical students primarily because we have made good by getting through the freshman maze. It's the point in our medical education where we develop confidence in ourselves and realize that we have learned something and are capable of learning. We know our fellow students by their nicknames and we know all the "ethical" ways to dodge work (for further info regarding latter statement see "Angle Man" Sommer and "Where's the Body" Warden). We have decided definitely that medicine is the greatest profession in the world and are proud of our future position. All these things help to make, in a small way, the sophomore class of which we are proud to be members.

FIRST ROW: A. Bennett, M. Wellhaussen, H. Cooper, M. Di Medio, H. Hoegerman, M. Conrad, V. Weslock, V. Milanick, L. Van Dyke. *SECOND ROW:* A. Carpousis, M. Chepko, M. Clippinger, J. Campbell, R. Block, H. Kurz, H. Jacobs, A. Denman, J. Hiss, G. D'Alessandro, R. Bovard, A. Linder, D. Lester. *THIRD ROW:* J. Boykiw, W. Davidson, J. Finaly, B. Etra, M. Egan, L. Bortin, L. Fettig, E. Holfelner, P. Bradlow, S. Gilbert, W. Detrick, F. Gipson. *FOURTH ROW:* J. Johnson, E. Beck, J. Chapman, W. Christman, E. Heath, J. Adams, R. Carpenter, R. Green, A. Hill, R. Doman, R. Foulk. *FIFTH ROW:* J. Gleeson, G. Cowling, A. Giknis, J. Hartman, J. Koehmstedt, J. Broman, G. Bradt, J. Curry, R. Kuhn, J. Hunt, V. Bucciarelli, R. Lanford.

ABSENT

W. Arentzen, B. Carnecchia, C. Cole, S. Consolo, M. Curcio, P. Ditoro, E. Doty, J. Fittipoldi, L. Groverman, M. Harkins, F. Henry, J. Huska, A. Jensen, F. Jensen, J. Jordan, E. Keeter, N. Loux, R. Maniglia, P. Martin, J.

CLASS OFFICERS

Robert Woodmansee	*President*
William Southwick	*Vice-President*
Edwin Mekanik	*Secretary*
L. J. Groverman	*Treasurer*
Walter Vernon	*Student Institute Representative*

FIRST ROW: W. Southwick, E. Mekanik, N. Posner, E. Keely, R. Woodmansee, Skyer (Kotlikoff), J. Sarno, W. Vernon, P. Santiago-Ortiz. *SECOND ROW:* P. Rosenberg, P. Vollmer, J. Sakson, N. Wachs, R. Corbet, E. Minasian, S. Southard, M. Steele, R. Seda-Morales, R. Uhrich, O. Purvis, G. Brady, A. Soffee, D. Paul. *THIRD ROW:* S. Scalia, E. Walter, J. Reardon, L. Zeller, D. Thornton, T. Miller, B. Tesman, D. Towbin, P. Sacket, A. Mancusi-Ungaro, A. Roberts, M. Sivulich, G. Sewell, E. Jasionowski. *FOURTH ROW:* L. Sederstrom, G. Swendiman, R. Young, R. Williams, H. Reed, R. Reinbold, F. Lyman, C. Peifer, O. Weaver, G. Miller, J. McDonnell, P. Honan. *FIFTH ROW:* R. Warren, R. Steele, R. Levenson, J. Szczepaniak, J. Schantz, F. Rosenberg, J. Shinn, C. Smith, W. Treichel, C. Schiffert, F. Wiegand, P. Pennypacker.

ABSENT

Melody, J. Milburn, G. Mosch, R. Mutch, J. O'Shea, P. Peters, W. Pfeffer, F. Riefkohl, D. Rohland, G. Rowney, A. Stuart, F. Tornetta, R. Wright, D. Young, R. Zeluff.

CLASS OF 1946

BY THE grace of Goddess Fortuna and some 140 odd draft boards, 144 men and 10 women began their careers at Hahnemann Monday evening, April 5, 1943.

We certainly were a conglomeration of humanity; rebels from Alabama, stars from California, Indians from Michigan, all brandishing shiny new degrees or their equivalents. We had in our midst however, those individuals who had considerably more training than we, for there were Ph.D.'s, teachers, a dentist, a nurse, and the masters came a dime a dozen.

We felt our way cautiously for a week or so until we realized that for the nth time, all of us had been catalogued under the massive and submissive heading

of "Frosh." We began to call fellows by their first names, talk of dates and soon we were "on the way."

Then began the struggle all over again with organic chemistry and chemistry in general, microscopic cell study and so on. We began to wonder if the frog was placed on this earth for any other purpose than to be pithed and surrender its gastrocnemius to the embryo doctor. Our anatomy soon blossomed out into a full time proposition with the advent of "neuro."

After marking time for a few weeks we were flooded with a host of examinations which varied from the five minute osteology orals to the three-hour chemistry exams. Riding the crest of these exam-waves, we struggled on for four months hoping and praying. In this interim we found ourselves uncles and aunts to our first nephew, Duke, the son of our "Shakespeare," Pfc, J. S. C.

We haven't been without our more joyful moments and have found time for fun. Two soft ball teams were organized and the athletic unit of our class came to the fore with an unbeatable outfit. That boy who thinks "damn Yankee" is one word can really chuck the apple.

Fraternity rushing brought out our brethren from the upper classes to shake our hands, call us good fellows, invite us to dinner and promptly forget our names. The free food and beverages were appreciated enough to overlook the apparent breach of etiquette exhibited by the attempt to sign us up a wee bit early.

Exercising our right of free election we picked our officers for the year on the third ballot. Out of the fire and brimstone of party politics and strategy, questionable law, and the struggle for the great independent vote came those men with the thankless job of managing the affairs of this heterogeneous group. Surprisingly enough, through the din of class meetings President Bob has been able to recognize significant and sufficient motions and seconds to make our class business simulate legality.

A new and difficult job for most of us was the evaluation of the vast number of rumors per day. Our principal concern was the all important question of when the armed services were "going to take over." After two months of fussing and fuming we finally chucked our commissions and the army men were made "soldiers in school" on June 25. Getting to know our superiors of the upper classes at camp was relatively easy through the medium of KP and other special details. Marching back we found our "students in uniform" (Navy) were still in civvies but soon would glisten in their midshipman togs.

A new militaristic spirit filled the already humid atmosphere of Room A. Knocking out the back windows brough forth Dr. Rickett's epoch making remark; "Now you know what it is to have your rear exposed."

The hard bitten commander of "Consolo's Cursing Commandos" has had his "betwitching" handle bars trimmed by an army order. "I'm an individualist," he *said*.

Home on furlough was a chance for Dan Cupid to pick off our numbers at will. It seems he should have been satisfied with the wholesale business he had had throughout the semester and shortly before . . . but no, he went on his merry way, even invading the ranks of our eligible girls. There aren't many of us left and "dead eye Dan" is still not satisfied—many other classmates are wavering.

Now back to work again we find ourselves carrying on in familiar fashion with two major exceptions; (1) dinner music from 12:15 to 1:01 by the frosh "Hungry Five" and (2) our daily afternoon trek to the fourth floor labs for a tussle with friend cadaver and his maze of muscles, tendons, vessels and nerves . . . ugh!

It is now that we look pleadingly at the old gal Fortuna and hope she is not laughing or scowling but smiling sweetly and waving us onward to the succeeding class.

SEVEN OBSERVATIONS

I

The medical profession is the damndest trade
That God and man together have made.
Its patients are cured; but does it get paid?
With gratitude—yes! With coin they evade!

II

The medical profession lends a man prestige.
Who else can consider each sneeze and each wheeze,
Pronounce from the evidence derived, the disease
According to anyway he might damn please?

III

The medical profession is notorious for
Lugubrious errors and mistakes galore:
Disease to the wrong germs imputed, or
Infectious fungoidal to the wrong spore!

IV

The medical profession makes a proper fuss
When Wassermanns reveal a straight four plus.
But urges lascivious are, though doctors cuss,
Omnipotent stimuli for all of us!

V

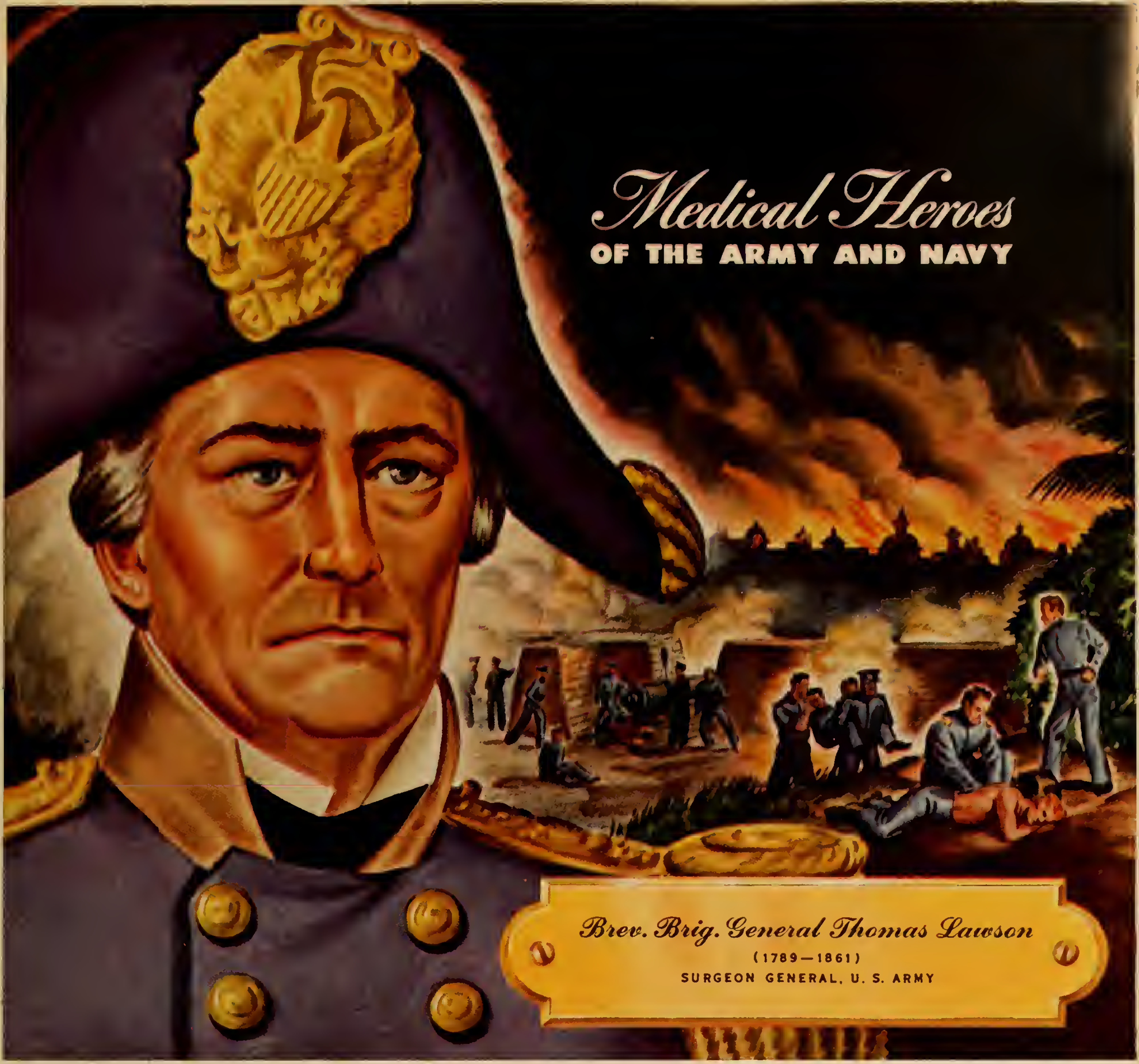
The medical profession in the course of its duty,
Still has its eye open to feminine beauty,
For many a nurse turns from hospital cutie
To doctor's dear wife and society snootie!

VI

The medical profession knows a little about
Bacteria, apoplexy, syph, and the gout;
How virulent germs may be put to rout;
The meaning of a belly convexly thrust out!

VII

The medical profession is a haven for those
Who gloatingly study from head to the toes
The female anatomy minus its clothes;
A most commendable innocent pose!


Medical Heroes
OF THE ARMY AND NAVY
Brev. Brig. General Thomas Lawson
(1789—1861)
SURGEON GENERAL, U. S. ARMY

CHAMPION OF THE ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

For courage under fire and for the efficient care of the wounded in battle in the War of 1812, General Lawson won official commendation. He was medical director of the forces engaged in the Seminole War from 1836 to 1838, and accompanied General Winfield Scott throughout the Mexican War as medical advisor. It was through his efforts that the Army Medical Corps in 1850 was first represented at American Medical Association meetings. The crude facilities for care of battle casualties in Lawson's day are in marked contrast to the fully equipped medical units of today that insure speedy care and evacuation of our wounded.

ORGANIZATIONS

TO THE STUDENT BODY:

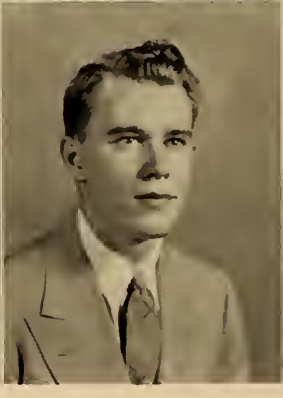
As the year draws to a close, I want to express my personal appreciation to the members of the Student Institute and the student body for the splendid, whole-hearted spirit of co-operation which has been manifested throughout the year.

In serving as your President, I have felt a keen sense of responsibility in carrying out the trust which you placed in me. The aim of the Student Institute throughout the year has been to bring a closer co-operation between faculty and students.

Believing that the best interests of all would be served by making public our discussions and actions, secret meetings were abolished by publishing the results on the bulletin board.

The advent of the military program at the college created much excitement and at the same time made it necessary for students to adjust their activities to cope with unfamiliar military regulations, but as true Hahnemann men everyone enjoyed the privilege of contributing his small share to the war effort.

JOHN CORNELL KERST.



Robert Gouldin	John Schaffner	Oscar Corn	Harry Gabroy	Walter Darby	Sally Jensen
Horace Marucci	A. L. Barreiro	John Beardsley	Joseph Visalli	Robert Woodmansee	Walter Vernon

THE STUDENT INSTITUTE

THE Student Institute became the pace setter of student affairs at Hahnemann during the past year. All too often in the past it was little more than a political football which annually made its appearence at election time and then passed into inactivity. Neither the students themselves or the elected representatives possessed a great deal of interest in it. The policies, functions and purpose of the organization were of little concern.

Under the stimulating leadership of John Kerst it has become a practical working model of student government. For the most part the various representatives were elected on their merits and, to maintain their positions, attendance and interest at the Institute's meetings has been made obligatory. There is every reason to believe that the dawn of a new era of student government has arrived at Hahnemann. A select nucleus of undergraduate students have been elected to successfully carry on the affairs.

The constructive work accomplished during the past year is too voluminous to elucidate upon in this resumé of their year's activity. Probably their outstanding achievement was the establishment of the Curtis Fritz Memorial Fund. This fund has rapidly become more than a mere idea to perpetuate the name of one of our beloved deceased college mates. Ostensibly its purpose was to raise funds for the promotion of research and to provide student loans to needy cases. As a funds raising measure monthly dances have been held. Each affair proved to be a financial as well as a social success. These profits together with contributions from the wife and parents of Curtis Fritz have established a tidy fund.

The ominous Wagner-Murray Bill now awaiting action in Congress was thoroughly discussed at various meetings. In line with leading medical organizations members of the Institute decided to stir up interest among the student body in this threatening measure. Excerpts of both the good and bad points of the bill were mimeographed and distributed to the students. Each student was given printed post cards which he was exhorted to sign and forward to his elected members of Congress. Thanks to this wide publicity the great bulk of the student body made known their views on the bill. Numerous lesser innovations were initiated by this active group.

As in past years funds were allocated for game room and athletic equipment. Tournaments were sponsored. Identification cards were supplied to each member of the student body. Traveling and other expenses were granted to the basketball team, glee club and orchestra. The MEDIC staff and Blue and Gold Dance committee were appointed.

To many of the meetings selected members of the college faculty or administration were invited with hopes that mutual problems confronting both groups could be better understood. This plan worked out highly successful for all parties concerned.

Significant reports of each meeting throughout the school year were carefully prepared by the Institute's secretary and submitted to the student body. The appearance of these reports on the bulletin boards of the college did much to stimulate interest in the students of the affairs of this level headed aggressive group.

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DR. H. RUSSELL FISHER

MEDIC STAFF

THIS book is the result of sincere arduous endeavor of a large group. Many nights were spent in its production. Its completion was possible only through the close cooperation of each and every member of the Staff. Should this MEDIC meet with the approval of the Seniors for whom it was written, let due and proper credit be given to all the men listed on this page each of whom executed his individual and essential assignments in so efficient a manner.

The Staff would also like to express their appreciative gratitude to Dr. Russell Fisher, our faculty advisor, for the great amount of time and effort he has expended in the preparation of this book.

Irvin Sussman

Editor-in-Chief.

FIRST ROW: Justin Rubin, Mitchell L. Dratman, Oscar Corn, Irvin Sussman, Irving Lichtenstein, *Jerome Weiss, James P. Landay, Morse A. Shepard, Raymond Corenzwit, Meyer Sonis, Alexander Lieberman, Jr. SECOND ROW:* David B. Lester, Clifford Gilbert, Lester A. Steinberg, Bertram Tesman, Warren Lindau, Herbert Mayer, Earl Rafes, Leonard Drexler, Sidney Fine, Nathan Epstein, Theodore L. Orloff. *THIRD ROW:* Bernard Etra, Lester Groverman, Paul Bradlow, Frank Rosenberg, Donald Towbin, Alvin Soffe, Philip Rosenberg, Norman Wachs. *ABSENT:* Benjamin Calesnick, Albert A. Cohen, Leonard Flinkman, Joseph R. Goldstein, Kenneth I. Michaile, Alvin Siegel, Harry Troyen, Seymour Weinberg, Ralph Linsey.

OFFICERS

Jerome Weiss	*Consul*
Irving Lichtenstein	*Vice Consul*
Morse A. Shepard	*Senior Senator*
James P. Landay	*Scribe*
Seymour Weinberg	*Chancellor*
Theodore L. Orloff	*Historian*
Earl Rafes	*Marshal*

PHI DELTA EPSILON

THE Phi Delta Epsilon Medical Fraternity was founded October 13, 1904, at the Cornell University School of Medicine. Its aim, then as now, was to bring about a greater solidarity among medical men by promoting social and scientific endeavor while at school and after graduation. As time went on, more and more chapters were founded at the various medical schools throughout this country and Canada, and the fraternity grew in strength, both in numbers and spirit.

The Hahnemann Chapter (Beta Zeta) of the Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity, when organized March 8, 1929, consisted of only 10 men. In selecting new members, a high scholastic record and personal attributes play a leading role. Meetings are held every month and invariably include a discussion of some phase of medical science. In short, medicine and its mastery is one of the foremost goals of our endeavor.

Among the outstanding men who participated in our scientific meetings were: Dr. A. B. Ornsteen, Professor of Neurology, University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Edward Weiss (Psychosomatic Medicine), Professor of Clinical Medicine, Temple University; Major Arthur Dick, M. C., U. S. A.; Dr. Harry Fields, Associate in Obstetrics, Graduate Hospital; Dr. Victor Satinsky, Chief Resident, Mt. Sinai Hospital of Philadelphia. In addition to these, many symposia and clinico-pathological conferences have been conducted at frequent intervals by members of the faculties of all our Philadelphia Medical Schools.

Yet there is time for revelry too, in the form of dances, dinners, and informal "get togethers." These affairs are often planned in conjunction with the other three Philadelphia chapters and the Graduate Club.

Phi Delta Epsilon has grown so that its chapters in the various medical schools now number fifty-nine. In addition, there are twenty graduate clubs scattered throughout the nation, which serve to perpetuate the bonds of friendship and medical effort started in student days.

Of our graduates, 2,386—the largest group of men from any graduate medical fraternity—are serving in all branches of the armed forces of the United States.

On the homefront, Phi Delta Epsilon has purchased war bonds in sufficient quantity to have three bombers, Phi Delta Epsilon I, II, and III—named for our organization.

The future is bright. Our nation will succeed. To all members of the Fraternity, let us be guided by our motto: "FACTA NON VERBA" (Deeds, not words).

PHI
DELTA
BETA ZETA
HAHNEMANN
EPSI

FIRST ROW: Paul R. Honan, Jr., Fred E. Henry, Robert Uhrich, Marshall K. Steele, Jr., Louis Fettig, Roland Corbet, William W. Southwick, Jr. *SECOND ROW: Robert L. Hall, Lewis Morrill, Jr., Donald F. Mayer,* Robert E. Drewery, *Louis G. McAfoos, Jr., D. Wilkins Kirkpatrick, A. Lloyd Lagerquist, Robert P. Gouldin, Frank H. Gerard. THIRD ROW:* Rolfe Heck, James Ellis, Peter Minck, Jr., W. Russell Levis, Jr., John Shuttleworth, *Lewis C. Hitchner, Jr.,* Charles T. McCutcheon, Edgar C. Davis, Jr., John Witman, Jr., John R. McNeill, Francis R. Souder. *FOURTH ROW:* Richard Ellis, C. Harold Kistler, Jr., Carl R. Fischer, Jr., Harry Hutchinson, Gordon Torney, Richard Stone, Richard Dunsmore, Albert S. Freed, Jr., Herbert J. Dietrich, Jr., David M. Benford, Jr. *FIFTH ROW:* Daniel F. Paul, Jr., Robert D. Woodmansee, John D. Milburn, Jr., Holley Reed, John M. Hess, Jr., Charles Kelley, Frank O. Nagle, Jr., Robert Grancey, Richard Steinhilber, Robert Dugan. *SIXTH ROW:* Wallace Davidson, Robert Young, Owens Weaver, David G. Young, Jr., Gordon L. Bradt, Richard Kuhn, John Shinn, Robert Wright, Earle Keeter, Edward Beck, Frederick Jensen. *ABSENT: Roland E. Weitzel, William B. Haberman, John Pfromm, Leo H. Simoson, James A. Snyder, Albert E. White, Gerald W. Snyder,* John O. Duey, John Griffin, Carl Truter, Jr., John Beardsley, Charles Buhrman, Newton Coons, William Duncan, James Ellis, John Grey, Hugh Mathews, William Musick, John Storer, John Wahl, Charles Walker, Wilbur Jehl, Charles Planer, Robert S. Mutch.

OFFICERS

Louis G. McAfoos, Jr.	*President*
Roland E. Weitzel	*Vice-President*
D. Wilkins Kirkpatrick	*Treasurer*
Robert Drewery	*Secretary*

PHI ALPHA GAMMA

AFTER a year of hard work in organization the founders of Phi Alpha Gamma made the first long stride in the formation of a great fraternity by obtaining a national charter in 1895. This original group first banded together at New York Medical College March 25, 1894, and laid the foundation for one of the oldest medical fraternities in America.

In January, 1897, Gamma Chapter was chartered at Hahnemann Medical College by the national organization. Now nearing our 47th anniversary with 84 members in the active chapter, we are bringing to an end one of our most successful years.

By having one of our alumni members from the Faculty speak to us or provide a point for discussion at our regular monthly dinner meetings, it has been our aim to further the purpose of the founders; *i.e.*, to provide a common and more informal basis upon which medical students and physicians can meet to enjoy friendship, and strengthen interest in and correlate ideas about the study of medicine.

In addition to the scholastic aims of the fraternity we all look forward to our social functions. Several informal dances are held during the course of each school year, but the highlights of our social season are the rushing banquet to which we invite prospective pledges so that we may become better acquainted, the annual dinner-dance which was held this year in the Crystal Room at the Adelphia, and a Founder's Day banquet at which each Senior is presented with the fraternity key and shingle—this is a befitting climax to four years of enjoyment and fellowship in Phi Alpha Gamma.

Gamma Chapter this year suffered a great loss in the death of Curtis C. Fritz, a fine friend, a true companion, and above all—a loyal Brother. His passing leaves a gap that cannot be filled.

FIRST ROW: G. Kent Smith, Francis J. Preis, Ivan D. Junk, Thomas A. Schroth, Robert F. Erhard, Larry J. Rendin, William J. Elwell, Jr., Joseph P. Ostrowski, John P. Schaffner, Jr., Lawrence F. Jablonski, Jr., Harrison E. Curtis. SECOND ROW: O. Donald Purvis, Aris Carpousis, Norten A. Kazanjian, Lawrence Ryan, Joseph M. Ballouz, Donald Fortner, Edward Ward, Ernest Trout, Rex Dauphin, Elmer King, E. Heyl, Jr. *THIRD ROW:* Alvin C. Jensen, John F. Jordan, Edward Jasionowski, John Melody, Clarence Harco, Robert Steele, Willard Arentzen, John O'Shea. *FOURTH ROW:* Ernest Heath, Jr., John Broman, Peter Sacket, Chester Smith. *ABSENT:* Jack Campbell, Albert Giknis, John Hartman, James McDonald, Andrew Stuart, Robert Burns, Robert Greene, Eugene Hahn, Clarence Harco, Richard Kunan, Michael Mandarino, Donald Robinson, Leonard Rotondi, Harry Wildblood, John Dirr, James Kane, John Leedom, Harold Pariser, Edward Parker, William Pigozzi, George Thomas, *Louis P. Baylor, Walter S. Darby, Stephen E. Dunlap, Richard S. Oakey, Claude C. Sullivan, E. Neal Wright.*

OFFICERS

Larry J. Rendin	*President*
James A. Kane	*Vice-President*
E. Neal Wright	*Treasurer*
William J. Elwell, Jr.	*Secretary*

ALPHA SIGMA

THE organization of any fraternity, and especially a good one, tasks the endeavor of anyone. It must be formed by only the best of men if it is to progress. Those who initiate it must have the ability to arouse and maintain interest in the fraternity; they must have certain standards as fellowship, loyalty and sincerity if their goal is to be attained. The founders of Alpha Sigma at Hahnemann, back in 1897, were of this type, and the standards they so nobly set forth form the basis of our organization today. The going was difficult at the beginning, and Alpha Sigma consisted of a mere handful of men. Gradually, however, the fraternity grew through years of depression and prosperity to the high place it holds at Hahnemann today, boasting of over 60 members and pledgees in the active chapter. It has 41 Brothers on the faculty at Hahnemann, and countless scores of others who have graduated and are now successful doctors in the practice of medicine.

Among the many activities of the fraternity are the monthly dinner meetings which are held at the various hotels in the city. Following the dinner, the main event of the evening takes place; namely, a talk by one of our doctors. These talks are of the greatest interest to all the members, and many gems of wisdom have been sprinkled among the remarks of such learned men as Drs. Boericke, Hollis, Fisher, Paxson, Doyle, Tyler, Craig, Ruth and Geckeler—to mention but a few.

Dances, held as part of the Alpha Sigma activities, are planned to divert our attention from the grueling task of medicine to the lighter side of life. The success of these affairs is enjoyed by the Brothers, pledges, guests and friends.

There are two annual affairs of the fraternity; namely, the initiation, and the "Rush smoker." The latter is usually held at the Bellevue-Stratford where freshmen are introduced to Alpha Sigma and the fraternity sees that their evening is enjoyably spent. The doctor, the friend of the student; the student, the friend of the doctor; students, friends of each other, all united in Alpha Sigma, all endeared to the tradition of Fellowship, Loyalty and Sincerity—this is Alpha Sigma.

FIRST ROW: William Dietrich, Arthur Denman, Medina De Cruz, Honorico Ciordia-Davila, Jr., Milan Chepko. *SECOND ROW:* Charles Brobyn, Luis Torres-Oliver, Alfred Boettger, *Barrie M. Kato, John Ursin, Pomeroy E. Polevoy,* Stanley Yamula, *John Fuhrmann, John C. Kerst.* *THIRD ROW:* Joseph Gambescia, Hector Quinones-Pereira, Manuel F. Alsina, Jr., Thomas Zaydon, Raymond G. Blood, Jr., Alexander Niemiera, John Tomlinson, Albert Cooper, Frank Anderko. *FOURTH ROW:* Robert Miller, Eugene Kutz, Joseph Squillace, Joseph Brzoza, Armand Castagna, A. Leonard Barreiro, William Kasinskas, Julius Chepko, Pedro Santiago-Ortiz. *FIFTH ROW:* Ruben Seda-Morales, Walter Vernon, Jr., Ralph S. Phillips, Robert Burak, Edward Putkowski, Eugene Labowskie, Mario Fornasier, Henry Hoegerman. *SIXTH ROW:* Edwin Mekanik, John Schantz, Raymond Reinbold, Frank Lyman, Jr., Frank Riefkohl, James R. Adams, Jr., Peter Ditoro, John Eldracher. *ABSENT: Daniel E. Boyle,* Joseph Samolis, Eugene Agnone, Vincent Scudese, Salvatore Consolo, Genesio D'Allessandro, J. Ellis Turner, Quentin Conwell, Robert Olson, Frank L. Lyman, Jr., Edmond Minasian, John Sarno, Thomas Cretella, Edwin Price.

OFFICERS

John Ursin	*President*
Barrie M. Kato	*Vice-President*
Pomeroy E. Polevoy	*Treasurer*
Stanley Yamula	*Recording Secretary*
Alfred Boettger	*Corresponding Secretary*

PI UPSILON RHO

PI UPSILON RHO

THE oldest national medical fraternity in the United States or Europe, Pi Upsilon Rho, had its beginning on the campus of the University of Chicago in 1876, promoted by Dr. F. A. Rocky as the Ustion Society. It quickly gained the respect of that institution and spread to eight leading medical colleges. The local chapter was founded in 1902.

All initiates took vows, then as now, to devote their lives to medical science. Their prime interest is to serve humanity and it is from this desire that the name "Ustion," which means a flame or light, was evolved. This is still commemorated, as the name "Ustion" appears on our official seal as does the flame.

The present year marks the forty-third for the Vertebra Quarta at Hahnemann. During these years many men famous in the medical world have enjoyed their undergraduate days as active members of this fraternity. Many of these doctors, busy as they are, still find time to accept our invitation to the monthly dinner meetings. Here they give freely of their experiences as doctors and offer welcomed advice to all who seek guidance. The alumni chapter reciprocates by giving the undergraduates a party near the end of each school year which marks the end of the social functions of the fraternity for that year.

Soon after the school year starts, the beginning of the pledging season is marked by a fraternity smoker. In logical sequence an informal pledge dance is held, where pledges become acquainted with the active members and are told something of the customs and ideals of the fraternity. At a convenient date following this, an initiation is held with all appropriate ceremonies. If later during the school year, more men suitable for membership are found, a second initiation is held, usually during the second half of the year. Another outstanding event in our social calendar is our annual formal dinner dance.

The business of the organization is conducted in short weekly meetings held at the college. Each month a dinner meeting is held where the policies of the fraternity are planned and various problems concerning the medical world are discussed by and with the faculty members present.

At present the undergraduate chapter has an active membership of approximately fifty-five members and is guided in its activities by the alumni chapter which has on its roll about forty-five faculty members. This year, with the disruption of the normal routine of fraternity activities due to the Army and Navy taking over the school, special commendation is due to our officers for having successfully completed the planned functions.

FIRST ROW: Allan Rosenberg, *Joseph Sataloff,* Daniel Mason, *Harris S. Gerber, Robert H. Null, Oscar Dosovitz,* Edwin Powell. *SECOND ROW:* Julius Mintz, Norman Posner, Eugene Brecher, Robert Levenson, Daniel Friedman, Carl London, Rubin Block, Marvin Greenberg. *ABSENT:* Milton Graub, Joseph B. Evans, Leonard Lapinsohn, Leonard Bortin.

OFFICERS

Harris S. Gerber	*President*
Daniel Mason	*Vice-President*
Milton Graub	*Treasurer*
Joseph Sataloff	*Corresponding Secretary*
Marvin Greenberg	*Recording Secretary*

PHI LAMBDA KAPPA

PHI LAMBDA KAPPA

SEVENTEEN years ago a group of Hahnemann men realized the need for another organization which would foster friendship, mercy, truth, and fidelity. These men got together, organized, and elected William Klinman as their First Superior. Their aims were to foster and maintain a spirit of fraternalism and of mutual aid and moral support, to promote and advance the concepts of the medical sciences, to instil and maintain a love for and a loyalty to Alma Mater and its ideals, and to inculcate such ideals as will result in actions worthy of the highest precepts of human endeavor.

That same year—1926—was the twentieth anniversary of the Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity, and it was at this time that the Hahnemann group became the Alpha Beta Chapter of the Phi Lambda Kappa Medical Fraternity. It was inevitable that this should happen. Here, in this Fraternity's history was twenty years' practice of the ideals that the new group thought they had first expressed.

Since the birth of the Alpha Beta Chapter, additional chapters, each one with the same ideals and purposes, have become Phi Lambda Kappa until now the names of fraternity chapters have gone almost twice around the alphabet.

Our activities include scientific meetings with guest and frater lecturers, discussion groups, competitive research and literary projects, financial and scholastic aid, and, of course, on the social side, several large interchapter dances and banquets every year and many smaller intrachapter socials. But our main activity is not expressed in any action, but rather in the cultivation of the prime fruit of any good fraternity, namely, fraternalism.

When one becomes a "Phi Lamb," he remains actively so for life. Through the organization of graduate clubs and women's auxiliary clubs (for wives) all over the country, we have created what we think is a wonderful spirit: Once "Phi Lamb," always "Phi Lamb." Our earliest alumni are as close to the fraternity as any undergraduate. William Klinman and the rest of the '26ers, even the original '06 fraters, are deeply enthusiastic and earnest. At national conventions, ordinarily held every year, we gather a group of fraters who range from charter members straight down the line to incoming freshmen. This group gets larger and more active every year.

This year we are not having our convention. Extra duties, transportation difficulties, the strain on hotel facilities have forced us to this decision. However, if we were to hold a convention, one thousand empty places would appear for fraters now commissioned in uniform and scattered over the globe.

A few of these men that every student at Hahnemann knows are Captains Messey and Fiterman and Drs. Weinstock, Klinman, Silverman, Frankel, Lipsitz, Bishow and Almes.

When this war is over, all the brothers will again assemble to enjoy the festivities and to plan our part in the formation of a new and better medical world.

FIRST ROW: Malcolm Wasley, William B. Haberman, Walter S. Darby, Garth W. Boericke, M.D., *Roland E. Weitzel, Lawrence Jablonski, Jack Whitaker. SECOND ROW:* John McNeill, Donald Fortner, *Leo H. Simoson, A. Lloyd Lagerquist, Paul L. Carney, Oscar Corn, Mitchell Dratman. THIRD ROW:* Morris Foulk, Robert Drewery, Armand Castagna, Edgar C. Davis, Karl Beutner, Edward Parker. *FOURTH ROW:* Peter Minck, Jr., Harold Parisier, Vincent Hammond. *ABSENT: Albert White, Joseph Watson,* Horace Marucci, Irvin Lichtenstein, Joseph Gambescia.

OFFICERS

GARTH W. BOERICKE, M.D.	*Sponsor*
WALTER S. DARBY	*President*
ROLAND E. WEITZEL	*Secretary-Treasurer*

BOERICKE THERAPEUTIC SOCIETY

BOERICKE SOCIETY

THE Garth W. Boericke Society, one of the oldest societies in the Hahnemann Medical College, was organized in 1936 for the purpose of stimulating interest in the treatment of those conditions confronting the ordinary practitioner by George S. Pettis, M.D., now serving in the Armed Forces. Since then, the name of the Society has been changed to "The Garth W. Boericke Therapeutic Society," and while still maintaining its original purposes, it now includes all phases of modern therapeutics.

To maintain the ideals and standards of the society, a prospective member must prepare and present a paper in his junior year on some therapeutic problem to indicate his interest in therapeutics. The paper is read and judged by the senior members of the Society, and must be passed upon by all before the author can be considered. He is then presented to the Society members who question him upon the subject matter of his paper and also his qualities, merits and scholastic standing. Membership in the society is open to anyone fulfilling the qualifications.

Dr. Boericke himself exemplifies the ideals of the Society in his unending knowledge of all phases of therapeutics, both allopathic and homeopathic. His witty remarks, ability to talk extemporaneously on any subject, plus his paternal attitude and cheery countenance bring good fellowship and understanding to all the members. His greatest pleasure at the meetings, besides his cigars, seems to come from sharing, choice morsels of treatment that have do do with the subject.

In the past, various members of the Society presented therapeutic problems for discussion, with practical suggestions and criticisms being offered by Dr. Boericke. This year the Society has had guest speakers for its monthly dinner meetings. Following the formal presentation of the subject, the meeting is thrown open for general discussion, comments being added by both the sponsor and the guest speaker.

The guest speakers presented for consideration subjects not normally considered in the school curriculum. Dr. Mackenzie spoke on the use of high homeopathic dilutions for the desensitization of allergies and diseased states, usng the causative factor, bacterial or otherwise, as the principle of the dilution. Theoretical proof of this method was given by quotations from the "Organon," and clinical proof from the results obtained in numerous cases.

Dr. Russell Mattern spoke on the use of the repertory, indicating its role in office practice. He then illustrated its use by repertorizing a guest who had a case of chronic acne. The evaluation of the patient's symptoms is an important phase in the use of the repertory.

Dr. Michael Bennett presented a paper and slides on a new phase of endocrinology, the method of determining the menstrual cycle from the vaginal smears. He stated that vaginal smears can also be used to determine the endocrine status of the patient. In the discussion that followed many new ideas in endocrinology as well as vitamin therapy were brought out.

Other prominent guest speakers are being scheduled for the remaining meetings of the year. However, the highlight of each year is the sponsor's night. Dr. Boericke has made it a custom to have the last meeting for his own. The members feel this is the greatest tribute that can be paid them, for on that occasion all conventions are cast aside and Dr. Boericke becomes one of the boys. Certificates are presented to the senior members at this meeting as a climax to their activities in the Society.

FIRST ROW: *James A. Snyder, D. Wilkins Kirkpatrick, Donald F. Mayer, Sr., Joseph P. Ostrowski, George Kent Smith, Robert K. Null, Morse A. Shepard.* *SECOND ROW:* *Louis G. McAfoos, Jr.,* John Migliori, *Walter R. Edwards, Frederick Hamilton, Jr., Richard S. Oakey, Robert P. Gouldin, Walter S. Darby.* *THIRD ROW:* Edward Parker, III, Donald E. Fortner, *Patrick Brown, William B. Haberman, Irvin Sussman, Meyer Sonis.* *ABSENT:* *Alphonso L. Bax, Larry J. Rendin, Thomas A. Schroth, Joseph H. Watson, Gerard A. Woelfel.*

OFFICERS

NEWLIN F. PAXSON, M.D. ....*Sponsor*
JOSEPH P. OSTROWSKI ....*President*
GEORGE KENT SMITH ....*Secretary-Treasurer*

PAXSON OBSTETRICAL SOCIETY

PAXSON OBSTETRICAL SOCIETY

THE obstetric art, though long practiced, is a relatively young field in the sense of our modern scientific knowledge and approach. Thus, like all rather new branches of medicine, its practice is laden with controversial and mooted points and questions. Moreover, there are numerous advances in obstetrics and associated specialties with which every neophyte obstetrician must and every prospective M.D. should be familiar. Thus the indication—yea, the need, for a source of further edification and clarification of the various obstetrical vicissitudes for the interested student.

Upon such a premise was the Paxson Obstetrical Society founded, and along such lines has it functioned. We members have been particularly fortunate in having a sponsor sufficiently far-sighted and broad-minded to provide speakers from the obstetrical departments of other (sometimes "rival") medical schools, so that we may obtain a diversity of opinion and a broader scope of knowledge. For instance, at a recent meeting Dr. Schumann of the University of Pennsylvania answered questions on difficult problems of obstetrics raised by the members of the society. His discussions were brief but complete, accurate, and to the point—and made highly enjoyable by his subtle humor.

At another meeting Dr. Lafferty gave an intensely interesting and instructive discussion on ectopic pregnancy in his own inimitable manner. In the class room we see only one side of his personality, a rather stern attitude and very clever but caustic wit. It is a real pleasure and opportunity to meet Dr. Lafferty outside of class when the student-professor barrier is let down. We got a further insight into the practice of obstetrics when Dr. Lafferty's talk (fortunately the latter part) was interrupted a call from the Hospital summoning him to the introitus of a precipitating patient.

We have enjoyed the gracious hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Paxson at their lovely home where we gorged ourselves with all sorts of delicacies (many of them rationed, too) and had a most enjoyable evening.

Student papers were presented and discussed at one meeting. Joseph Watson admirably presented the intricate subject of psychoses in pregnancy. James Snyder gave a masterful presentation of the management of the third stage of labor, and Robert Null gave an excellent summary of the recent advances in continuous caudal analgesia. We have seen Drs. Hingston and Edwards apply caudal analgesia at Philadelphia Lying-In Hospital, and have visited the Maternal Mortality Committee Meeting where we saw how the obstetrical big-wigs work to cut down maternal mishaps. Our trip to Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital, one of the foremost of its kind in the country, is in the offing, and we are looking forward to a very profitable and enjoyable experience.

All told, we are in deep debt to our friend and sponsor, Dr. Newlin Paxson, for the fine opportunities and inspiration he has given us. It is with great pride and deep appreciation to him that we identify ourselves as members of the Paxson Obstetrical Society.

FIRST ROW: Roland E. Weitzel, John Pfromm, Joseph H. Watson, Larry Rendin, Edward A. Parker, *III, Arden S. Turner, Francis Uzmann. SECOND ROW: Walter S. Darby, Louis P. Baylor, William W. Stewart, Donald F. Mayer, Sr., Albert E. White, Malcolm T. Wasley, Robert P. Gouldin, A. Lloyd Lagerquist, Gerald T. Lorentz,* Charles J. Ingersoll. *THIRD ROW:* Morris Foulk, Jr., *J. Charles Breme, John P. Schaffner, Jr., Ralph E. Graham, William T. O'Brien, Jr., Edward Zaino, G. Kent Smith,* George W. Groth. *FOURTH ROW:* Horace Marucci, Benjamin Musser, Joseph G. Samolis, *Frank Lipcius, Carl A. Hokholt, Oscar Dosovitz,* Donald E. Fortner, Richard N. Eckroth, William A. Kasinskas. *ABSENT:* Gerald Kara.

OFFICERS

Charles Hollis, M.D.	*Sponsor*
Larry Rendin	*President*
Edward A. Parker, III	*Vice-President*
Joseph H. Watson	*Secretary-Treasurer*

HOLLIS UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY OF OTOLARYNGOLOGY

HOLLIS SOCIETY

THE Hollis Undergraduate Society of Otolaryngology was organized at the beginning of the 1942 session. From the start the society differed from others, in that all members of the junior and senior classes were invited to the meetings. The purpose has been to become more conversant with the techniques and the developments in the field of otolaryngology through the media of demonstrations and addresses by the outstanding specialists of other medical schools. This idea has become a reality. The newest thoughts presented by leaders in the field are now a part of every member's armamentarium.

Meetings are held on the last Thursday of each month in the Philadelphia County Medical Society Building. Every student in the clinical years is welcome. To qualify as a recipient of a certificate a member must be present at six out of the eight yearly meetings. The subjects presented this year have been: Tonsils—With Particular Reference To Their Removal Under Local Anesthesia; Carcinoma of the Larynx with the Differential Diagnosis of Carcinoma, Tuberculosis, Syphilis, and Certain Other Benign Lesions; Middle Ear Complications of Upper Respiratory Tract Infections; and at the October meeting, "Can He Fly Doctor?"—a presentation on aviation medicine.

The members of the Hollis Society feel that this organization furnishes a real adjunct to the teaching curriculum, which has been so shortened due to the war. In the service, otolaryngology has assumed an important place, especially in aviation medicine. The Home Front has its ear, nose, and throat problems too, with Philadelphia leading due to its delightful climate. To be better equipped to meet these problems, more and more juniors and seniors are coming to the monthly meetings. To the Class of 1945 we extend a cordial invitation, and look forward to your presence during 1944.

The last meeting of the year is the Sponsor's Night. The members gather around after the formal presentation, and have a round table discussion on anything and everything over brimming steins and smoke rings. At the meeting last year Dr. Lederer crossed mental swords with Dr. Hollis, and what a time we had! Afterwards we got the "low down" on many a problem, heard some of the better new jokes, and went merrily on our way feeling that in this society we had found exactly what we wanted.

FIRST ROW: Paul L. Carney, Meyer Sonis, Stanley Jurewicz, William J. Neely, Hunter S. Cook,, M.D., *Harry K. Gabroy, John B. Fuhrmann, Morse A. Shepard, Arden S. Turner. SECOND ROW:* Thomas E. Miller, Kenneth I. Michaile, J. Medina De Cruz, Robert B. Dorsen, Joseph Samolis, Bruno V. Manno, Alexander Warden, Edward Powell, *Walter R. Edwards, Jack M. Powell. THIRD ROW:* John Beardsley, Richard N. Eckroth, John Huska, Jess Edward, Rex Dauphin, Emerich Ehrlich, Jr., Benjamin Musser, Alfred Boettger, Vito Kemesis. *ABSENT:* Donald Purvis, *William H. Forthman,* Edward Putkowski, Andrew Stuart, *Pomeroy E. Polevoy,* Theodore Ballien, John Broman, Peter Ditro, Jack Campbell.

OFFICERS

HUNTER S. COOK, M.D.	*Sponsor*
HARRY K. GABROY	*Conductor*
WILLIAM J. NEELY	*Associate-Conductor*
STANLEY T. JUREWICZ	*Accompanist*
JOHN B. FUHRMANN	*Manager*
ALFRED O. BOETTGER	*Librarian*
EMERICH EHRLICH, JR.	*Treasurer*

GLEE CLUB

GLEE CLUB

THE Glee Club under the directorship of Harry K. Gabroy for his second year promised to have one of its best seasons. After a series of eliminations, the remaining men were a versatile group of vocalists, and with the largest grant of money in its history the Glee Club planned a series of programs which was to culminate in a nation-wide broadcast.

The rehearsals were well attended and the rigors concomitant with them were practically nil. With a concert for the nurses in Klahr auditorium the season was formally opened. This was followed by a joint concert with the Syncopated Orchestra at which time swing was the king.

On Samuel Hahnemann's birthday the Glee Club performed two old numbers one of which, "Ave Maria" in polyphonic style, was probably heard by Hahnemann many a time in the churches of Germany.

New music was constantly added to the repertoire, and the succeeding concerts were rich in songs, old and new. Although the military program somewhat side-tracked the schedule for the Glee Club, within the year concerts were held at St. Luke's, Women's Homeopathic, Flower Hospital, and the National Broadcasting System.

Under the leadership of experienced men like Gabroy as conductor and Joseph Neely as associate conductor and soloist, the routine was kept devoid of monotony.

Joe Neely with his southern drawl, which is sometimes distracting, surprised the audiences with his pure northern accent while singing. His rendition of the favorite songs of the South received many encores. "Shortnin' Bread," "Water Boy," excerpts from Handel, and popular music were a welcome addition which greatly enhanced many of the programs.

The rendition of "Pieta Signore" by Stradella, a long time favorite of concert tenors and audiences both, is still talked about at St. Luke's Hospital.

At the Blue and Gold the program was dedicated to our alumni, to those serving far away. Among the songs the ever popular "Stout Hearted Men" was sung by the Glee Club and the former members who belonged to it.

The audiences at the concerts were proof of the greater response they were receiving than hitherto. Even though the members of the Glee Club lost their lunch hours on Tuesday and Thursday, a lot of fun was had by all.

VIOLINS: Pomeroy E. Polevoy, Aris Carpousis, Eugene Kutz, Rose Resnick, Jean Szymanski, *Walter S. Darby,* Thomas Cretella, Donald E. Fortner. *CLARINETS:* John F. Beardsley, George W. Groth, John A. Broman. *SAXOPHONES:* J. Medina De Cruz, *Robert L. Hall. GUITAR:* Richard Foulk. *DRUMS: John P. Schaffner. TRUMPETS:* Guy W. Sewell, Edward Preis, *J. Charles Breme. BARITONE:* Walter C. Engel. *TROMBONE:* Rex Dauphin. *PIANO: Ivan D. Junk. CONDUCTOR: Thomas A. Schroth. ABSENT:* Albert E. Hathaway, Victor Gambone, Viola D. Weslock, Richard M. Doncaster, Allen J. Rosenberg, Joseph M. Gambescia, *Gerald T. Lorentz,* Albert A. Cohen.

OFFICERS

Thomas A. Schroth	*Conductor*
Eugene R. Kutz	*Concertmeister*
Donald E. Fortner	*Manager*
Joseph H. Watson	*Publicity-Director*

ORCHESTRA

ORCHESTRA

IN OCTOBER of 1915 the Hahnemann Nurses' School purchased a new piano and donated the old one to the medical students, and so was precipitated the idea of a college orchestra. The piano was put in Lecture Room 1 of the old college, whereupon Dr. A. R. Seraphin pounced with glee upon the worn ivories. Dr. Fred Stubbs immediately brought in his violin, and around these two the other students joyfully lent their vocal talents. Dr. Paul C. Wittman instantly envisioned the makings of a fine orchestra, called for a meeting of musical enthusiasts and rehearsals started. The picture of his first orchestra adorns the fourth floor of the college, and we note with amusement that its drummer was a hired semi-professional!

To the traditions of this orchestra belongs also the pride of having been the founder of the Blue and Gold Ball. At the end of the school year in 1916 the orchestra gave a final magnificent concert during which every available seat was filled and the outer halls crowded. This was followed by a dance in the hall, and thus was born our annual Ball. The profits from this occasion netted one hundred dollars which was used to furnish the first recreation hall in the basement of the old college.

Through these many years the orchestra has remained one of the bulwarks of Hahnemann's many cultural groups. An appreciation and understanding of the arts are inestimable assets in the making of a good doctor, for is not medicine also an art? Very often the best part of the doctor's works will have nothing to do with potions and powders, and many excellent clinicians agree that an excellent prescription for sedation, peace of mind, and relief from daily stress and strain is a concert by a favorite orchestral group.

The aim of the orchestra has always been to give others the opportunity to play good music rather than to thrill a huge audience with perfect interpretations of the masters. We are, of choice, specialists in medicine and amateurs in instrumentation, and thus seek only the self-enjoyment that good music affords and the outlet for emotions that are crowded to the side by our busy duties as students.

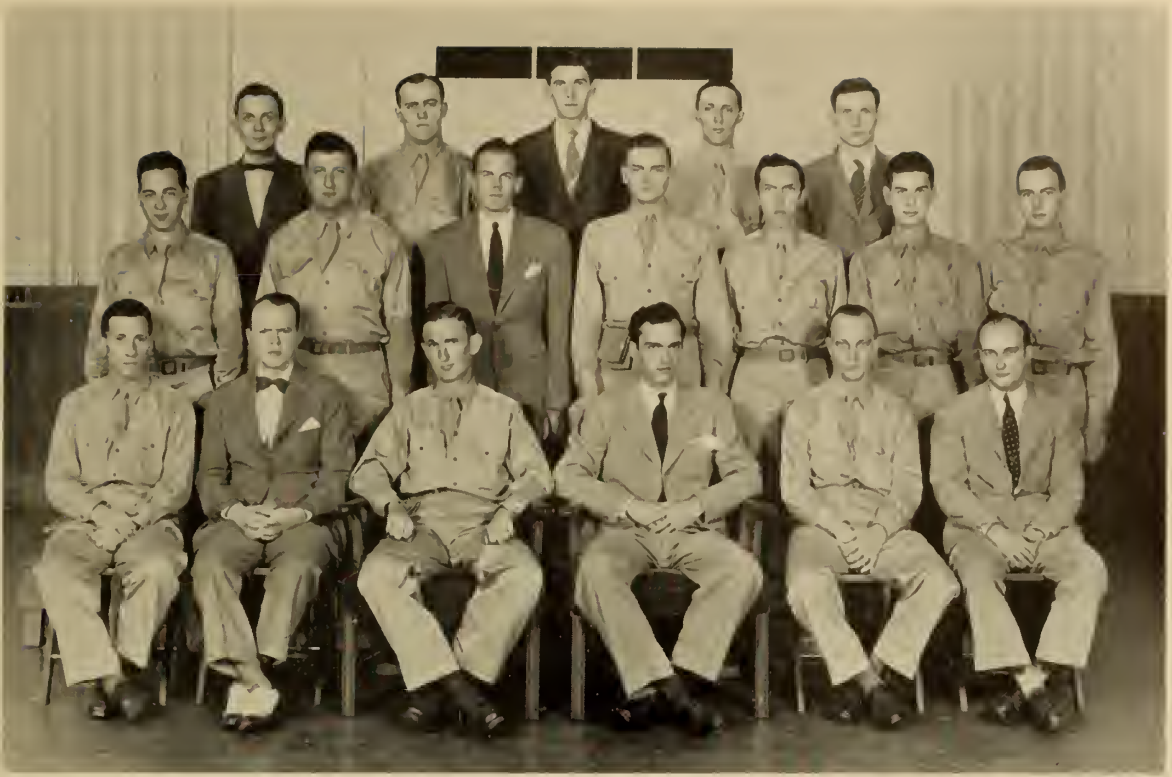
The following program which concluded this year's concerts is typical of the music we have presented: Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens" by Ludwig Von Beethoven; Moment Musicale by Franz Schubert; Hunting Song by Gustive Lazarus; Blue Danube by Johann Strauss and Intermezzo from "L'Arlesienne Suite" by Georges Bizet.

FIRST ROW: Betty Schneider, Eugene Kutz, Rose Reznick, Albert E. Hathaway, *Robert L. Hall,* John Eldracher, Robert Dorsen, Richard Doncaster, John Beardsley. *SECOND ROW:* Rowland Ricketts, M.D., Wilford E. Martyn, Richard Foulk, Aris Carpousis, Guy Sewell, *J. Charles Breme,* Edwin E. Preis, Rex Dauphin. *ABSENT:* Donald V. Rohland.

OFFICERS

Rowland Ricketts, M.D.	*Sponsor*
John Beardsley	*Director*

MODERN ORCHESTRA



FIRST ROW: Meyer Sonis, Daniel E. Boyle, Claude C. Sullivan, Jr., Lewis C. Hitchner, Jr., Francis Preis, Robert L. Hall. SECOND ROW: John Leedom, *John Munchak, Jr., Lewis Morrill, Jr., Alfred H. Wolf, Albert E. White,* John D. Milburn, Jr. *THIRD ROW:* Rolfe A. Heck, Earl H. Rafes, Joseph E. Turner, Jr., Edward J. Ward, Charles W. Brobyn. *ABSENT: Roy C. Jack, Thomas Nettles,* Edgar C. Davis, Luisa Gonzalez-Quinones, Joseph Raffa, Harry Troyen, Lucy La Salvia, Peter Sacket, John Schantz, James Winkler.

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Claude C. Sullivan, Jr.	*Co-Chairman*

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FIRST ROW: James P. Landay, Meyer Sonis, Walter S. Darby, Richard S. Oakey, Joseph J. Korey, Ralph E. Graham, William T. O'Brien, Jr. SECOND ROW: Justin Rubin, Louis P. Baylor, D. Wilkins Kirkpatrick, Pomeroy E. Polevoy, A. Lloyd Lagerquist, John Ursin, Jerome Weiss. THIRD ROW: Daniel E. Boyle, Joseph P. Ostrowski ABSENT: Emil Mazolo, Joseph B. Teater, Mitchell Dratman, Lewis C. Hitchner, Jr., Robert Witherspoon, Harris S. Gerber, Chester Szmal.

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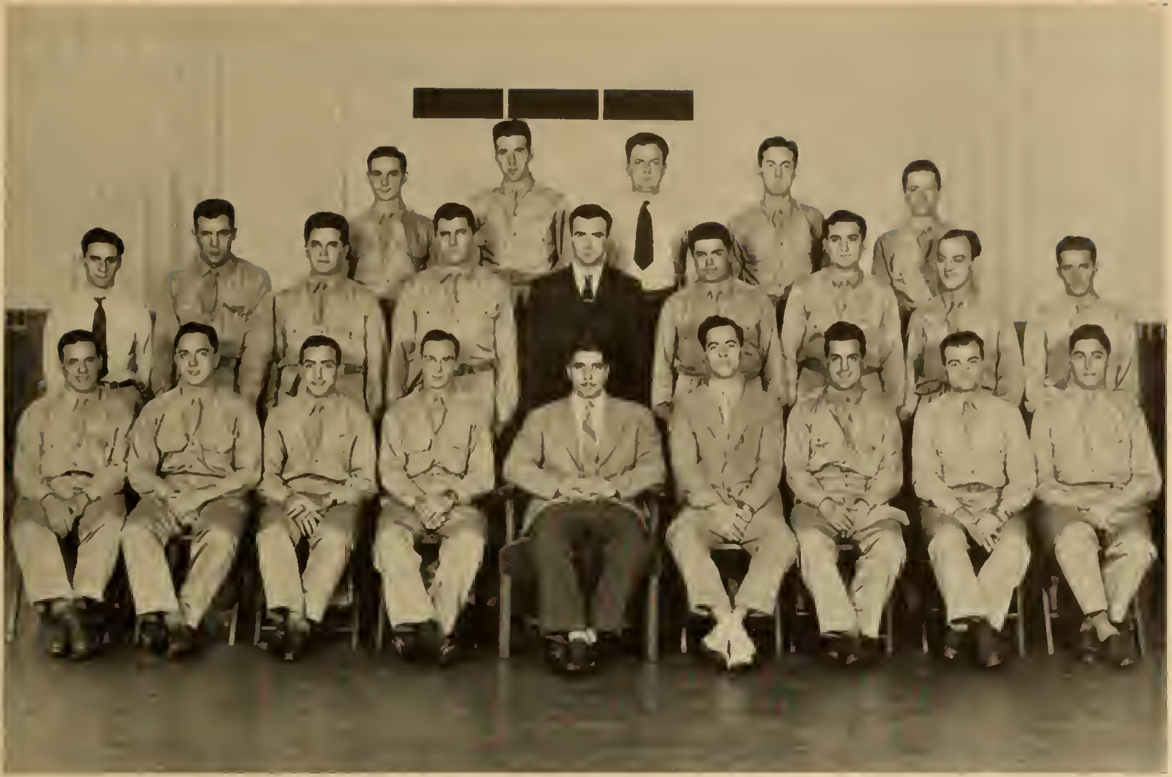
EL CIRCULO HISPANO



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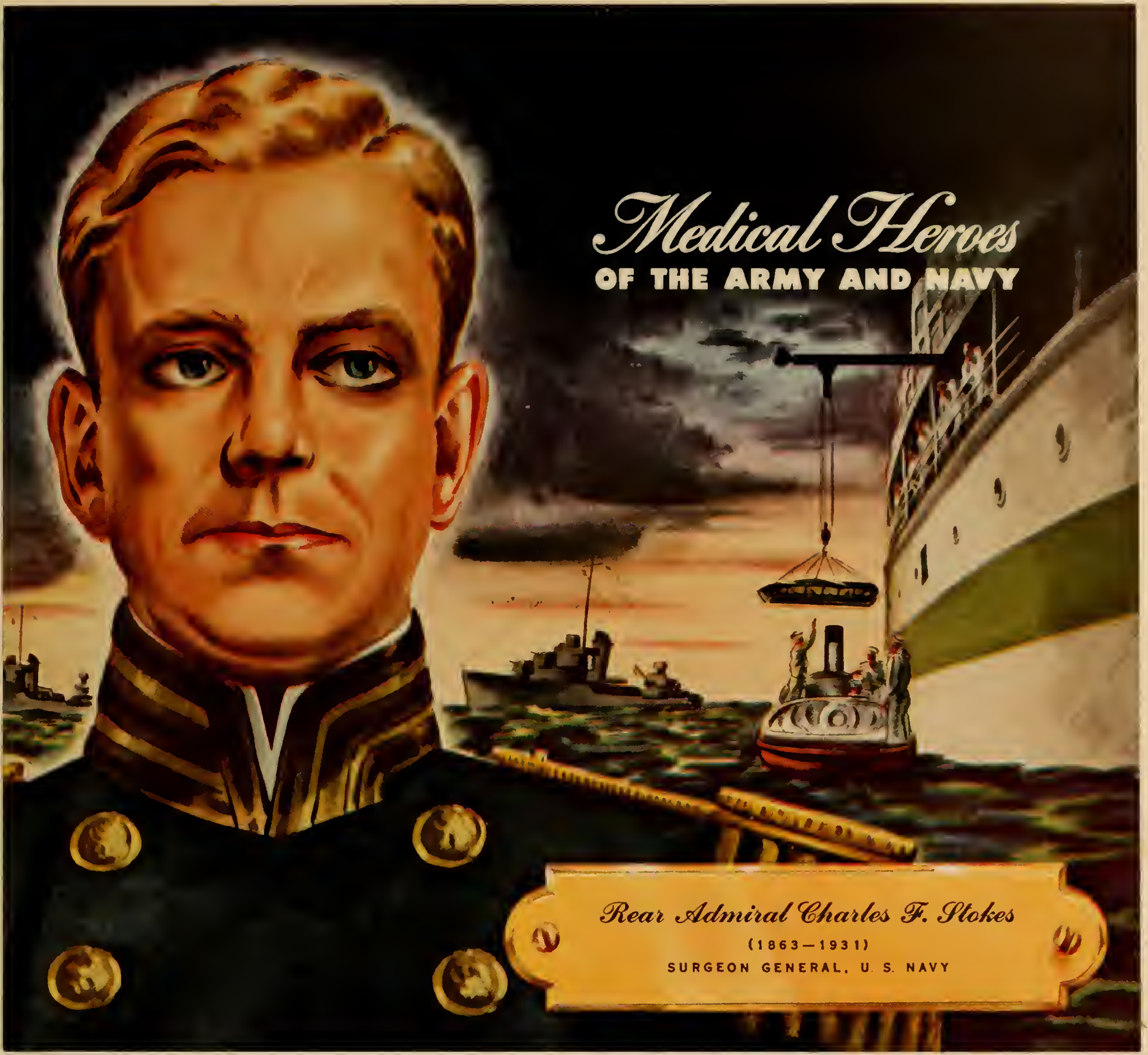
PHILLIPS


Medical Heroes
OF THE ARMY AND NAVY
Rear Admiral Charles F. Stokes
(1863—1931)
SURGEON GENERAL, U. S. NAVY

HE FACILITATED CARE OF THE INJURED

He invented the Stokes wire-basket stretcher for transportation of sick and injured because of the need for a safe, comfortable stretcher adapted to narrow passageways, ladders, gangways and transfer at sea. A modification is widely used today, not only for ships, but in the large ambulance planes of both Army and Navy.

FEATURES

THE FEATURE AND HUMOR DEPT.

presents

THE HANNIGAN MYTHICAL COLLEGE AND HORSEPISTOL OF PHILTHYDELPHIA

DENOUNCEMENT
for the
NINETY-SIXTH ACADEMIC HANDICAP
(for three year olds and up)
$10,000 added—*if* you pass Fizziology
In Certainty Unity, in Doubt Liberty, in All Phooey!

REGULATIONS

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

1. All students must send in with their application, the tops off two grocers or a reasonable facsimile thereof. This shows you have followed Jack Armstrong, the All-American boy, which is a better credential than almost anything we can think of. Students will not be admitted to medical courses without an adequate supply of paper airplanes, spit balls and suitable hot-foot matches (and a B.S. degree, one guess what it stands for).

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION TO ADVANCED STANDING

2. Spastic gait, for which admission tickets can be purchased from Dr. Von Rapp for $512 or a C book, and a Specific Gravity of 1.020 as averaged in the Fishberg test. Re-examinations are given to those who flunk their W & K tests.

REQUIREMENTS FOR PROMOTION

3. Examinations and tests will be held at proper periods, and the results will be considered in conjunction with the student's style of crib notes, and his standing at the London Ale House. No student will be allowed to take more than 23 re-examinations in Neuro-Anatomy.

4. Grades for subjects taken have the following significance: A (the professor likes you), B (the professor's stooge likes you), C (you haven't been around enough for anyone to decide whether they like you or not), D (nobody likes you), E (this is given to dopes who walk past Sam's sign). A student whose rating falls below C in any subject will be conditioned and then thrown to the lions, or else he will have to pay his tuition.

REQUIREMENTS FOR GRADUATION

5. The candidate for graduation must be at least 21 beers of age, have 1 moral, must have bought *Elementary Dermatology* for the price of a Packard Clipper, and have started at least one bonfire in Room C (preferably in Farmacology).

6. The candidate must be present in the Academy of Music on the closing night. Dr. Fearsom will not speak. "Throw him a fish," comes from the gallery, and this is one way to be sure you won't graduate. This of course entitles you to an extra year of pool in the firehouse.

REQUIREMENTS FOR PRACTICE

7. One chromium plated M.D. sign for the back of your car, in which you are expected to drive like hell so people will think you're always busy.

FEES AND EXPENSES

8. Membership at the L.A. House Annex—40 beers a week

9. To C.C.F. for assorted and sundry crib notes—$73.26

10. For Horespistol Tidy-ings—19 red points

11. Microscope fee—Hah! this is stupid. Counting all the dough taken in since the beginning of H.M.C., it would amount to about $4200 per decrepit, mouldy (and alleged) microscope.

12. Caution fee—This is a joke. A much better investment is the $10 daily double at any reliable race track.

13. Laboratory fee—$25 a month, including room and board. Physiology students must furnish their own linen for all-night lodging. This fee covers only the ordinary material supplied in all the lavatories of the college and hospital, *e.g.*, paper, soap and towels. All other material is extra.

14. Fire fee—this small nominal charge of $46.72 covers the Room C fires. All other fires are extra.

15. Fee Fee—This used to be a cashier in H. and H. Some knew her by her full name of Fifi Fee-Fee.

16. Diploma Fee—Just to show you that we are good sports, we give this away free.

17. Fee to end all fees—All you have to do here is to make out a check to the order of the Hannigan Mythical College, sign it, and leave the amount blank. "V.K." will think this is swell of you, and then you're *IN*.

CONDUCT

18. Students are expected to observe the accepted rules of decorum and order in the lecture rooms and lavatories and halls of the college, and in the hospital and dispensaries. This includes the following regulations: 1. Hot-foot matches are not to exceed 9 cm. in length and 0.5 cm. in diameter. 2. Shooting professors with spit balls out of season (which runs from Dec. 23 to Jan. 2nd) is strictly forbidden. 3. Proper enthusiasm must be shown at all times to Captain "Blood" Chandler's Gestapo agents. 4. Any person caught maintaining absolute quiet, or staying completely awake in any lecture whatsoever, will be confined to the Stage Door Canteen for one week at least. 5. Any student engaged in spying on the Nurses' Home with binoculars will be penalized one foul.

19. Students are responsible for damn near everything, and more too. If you don't like our system, play poker elsewhere.

(ED. NOTE: Apologies to a previous MEDIC but we think our version is funnier.)

HAHNEMANN SIDE SHOW

(Heretofore this publication has been devoted to eulogistic (?) comment on each and every one of the brethren. Henceforward, however, pure truth shall prevail. If perchance the frankness of this article does strike home, please consider that it is done with strict intent to bring a twinge, and neither you, nor you, nor you would have it otherwise.

To guard against dealing any one man more than his just due, however, individual personalities will be disregarded, and the class broken up into groups, about which discussion will be made without pulling punches. Therefore this is sort of a segmentary critique of the strange and odd monstrosities which are termed cliques in our side show.)

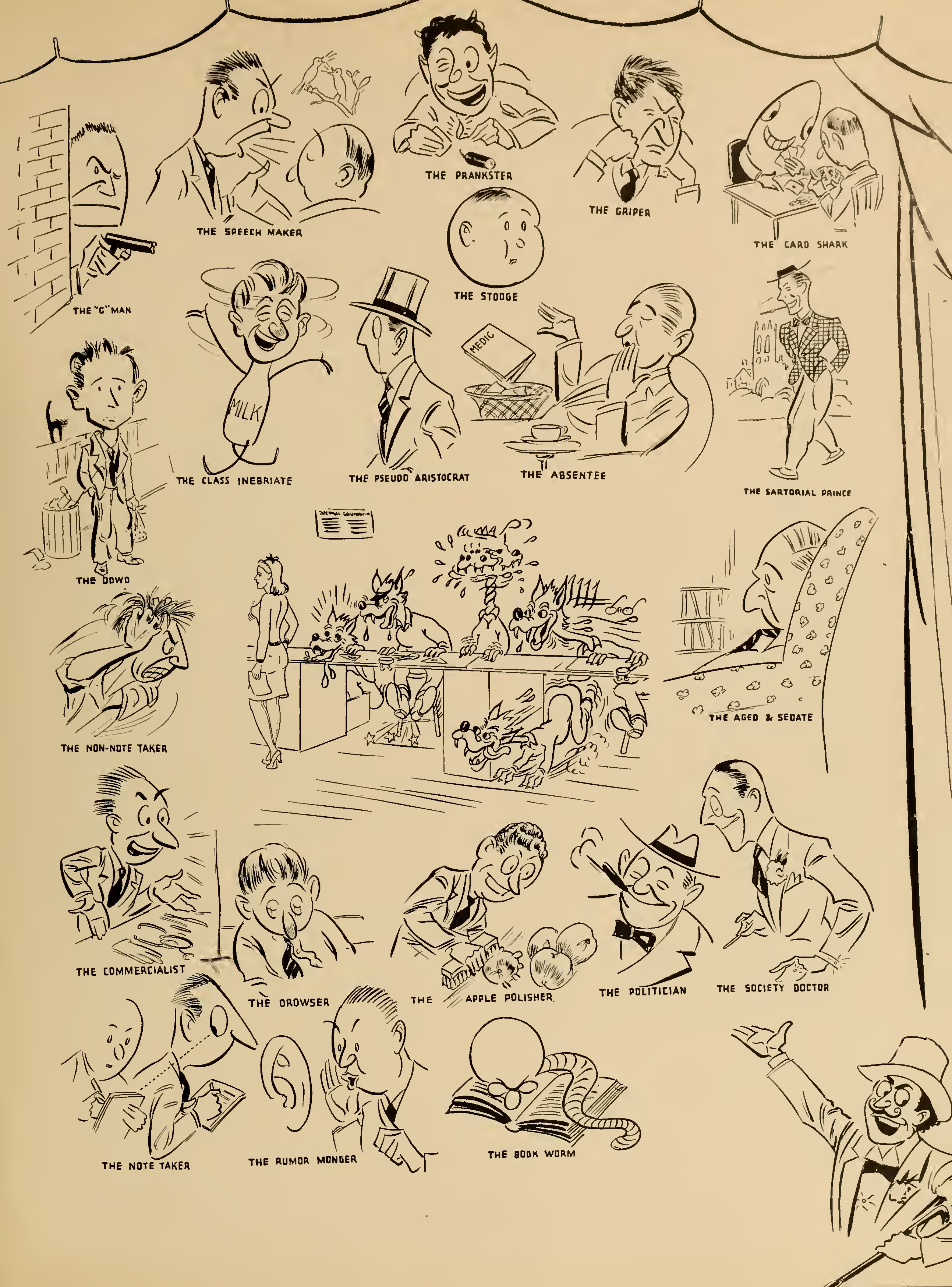
Step right up, folks, step right up, over here, over here. For the infinitesimal amount of a few moments' attention, see the greatest assortment of the curious, the exotic, and the bizarre, ever collected for the first time under one roof. Feature attraction the Homeopathic man, Placebo 6M, to revive the sagging heart. Gargantua the gullible, capacious of swallow. Step right up, folks, step right up, and view our first attraction. But I must warn you people to be cautious, and, gentlemen, please remain close to your wives and daughters, for prowling around loose is the WOLF.—Every last one of them has 100 per cent vision. About half of the class has traded in their fangs for something different—claws. Put dresses on airplanes and we would have the best darn plane spotters in the business. Almost all of our collection has some characteristic common to this species. Wolfing is the only thing that the class has ever been 100 per cent together on. On December 23, one hundred fifteen of these animals are going to be turned loose, and God protect the "Little Red Riding Hoods." Don't go away, folks, the show has just started.

One moment now and we will bring on that strange creature carrying the shiny fruit, the APPLE POLISHER.—Listen to this strange chant, "Dr., I don't understand why Myrisitica seborifica . . ." Of course, none of us does, either, and so who cares? Except that it makes us late for lunch at Mr. Hardart's establishment. This is the chummy little fellow who asks the questions he already knows the answers to, or names his baby after staff men. And so we see him walk off arm in arm or kissing the cheeks of the whole staff. Ars. alb. in 50 Gm. doses for him.

Now look closely at this creature, and don't be frightened, for he may look ferocious but he is harmless. This wobbling animal we call the CLASS INEBRIATE.—This is the Sterno and Mifflin boy; an amiable fellow who has two great capacities, one for quantities of alcohol, the other for quick and masterful memorization of moot subject material. But get the tomato juice for next A. M. when the cerebrum begins to pulsate. This fellow writes home for dough to buy a new suit (the kind tailored by Calvert, Seagram and Budweiser). Characteristically seen having an evening imbibing, shall we say, "on the other fellow."

And now before we present our next curio, we must warn you to be on your guard and watch out for his sharp, stealthy claws. For slinking in on our left is the CARD SHARK.—This is the boy of incongruous values who collects his pay (132 dollars of it) on Thursday afternoon and loses 65 dollars on Thursday night, only to borrow for 29 days. There is another variety of card shark (Culbertson type), who flips the pasteboards during lunch and surgery sections. Of course, these lads may take a little time out to eat, or, of all things, to learn a bit of medicine. Yes, sir, folks, we have them all, and there's more to come.

Look closely now and beware of this next sly creature, who may someday come slinking up to your door. You will recognize our next attraction, the COMMERCIALIST.—This chap with his office in the hall or classroom, working for all the drug, instrument, and supply houses will convince you to buy anything from a pair of bandage scissors to a


THE SPEECH MAKER
THE PRANKSTER
THE GRIPER
THE CARD SHARK
THE "G" MAN
THE STOOGE
MILK
THE CLASS INEBRIATE
THE PSEUDO ARISTOCRAT
MEDIC
THE ABSENTEE
THE SARTORIAL PRINCE
THE DOWD
THE AGED & SEDATE
THE NON-NOTE TAKER
THE COMMERCIALIST
THE DROWSER
THE APPLE POLISHER
THE POLITICIAN
THE SOCIETY DOCTOR
THE NOTE TAKER
THE RUMOR MONGER
THE BOOK WORM

basal metabolism machine. Men with permanent agraphia may also procure from him the finest set of unauthorized and incorrect notes available. Notes to him.

Now you people with the hot tempers relax and calm down, for this next creation, similar to the cuckoo, is apt to pounce on you. You all can recognize that raucous and exasperating PRANKSTER.—There you sit reading all about the big fire the night before when, poof—you're in the middle of one as your paper goes up in smoke. This guy's favorite stunt is to black out your microscope, and your slide diagnosis promptly becomes "ascaris swimming under water after a full meal of submucosa." No trick could be more revolting than to have several sopping paper towels zoom over the door while you are partaking of one of the niceties of life. Another species is the placenta lover who likes to put the cotyledons in a tired OBS student's bed. We could go on for hours but pause to suggest a demasculinization for this human amoeba.

So this next presentation looks like a mocking bird. Well, folks, he is very similar and related to it, for he is the PSEUDO-ARISTOCRAT.—This posing punk could fall into a cesspool and come up with a string of pearls. You can recognize him as the one with the hard luck story who wants to borrow $10 for a cup of coffee. This immature Rockefeller can't afford to pay any more than $150 for his apartment on the Main Line. Yes, folks, the rich get richer and the poor . . . um-mm-mm.

Now, folks, I must ask you to keep a little quieter so as not to disturb this little laborer, who will not even notice our presence, for this is the NOTE TAKER.—17 quarts of ink, 3 box cars of paper, and a copious supply of pens and pencils comprise the equipment necessary for a month of note taking. This swivel neck boy generally sits up front, eats up every word the prof tosses in his direction and looks on his neighbors' also copious notes to see if he has missed a semicolon. Then to top it all off he has three secretaries each working an eight-hour shift to keep his files up to snuff.

Despised by him and constantly trying to escape his grasp is the NON-NOTE TAKER.—This bozo never has anything of his own. Come exam time and wham, he's all over the place, tearing his hair out trying to find out why digitalis is not indicated in brain abscess. But by the grace of God, this bird has a long neck, 20/20 vision and thus manages to scrape through.

Now if we search carefully and look quick, we may be able to catch a glimpse of the ABSENTEE.—The proponent of medicine by proxy. He drops in unexpectedly every so often for a spot of tea and to make sure that the school is still on 15th Street. This creature is the special prey and delight of the Rumor Monger.

Now crawling along the stage is a peculiar but familiar bug, the BOOKWORM.—This boy can tell you all the lab tests for any disease, but forgets to order them when a case comes along. Ask him if he has heard the Army-Navy game or seen the latest movie, and he thinks you are loco. He hasn't lifted his noggin from a book since he learned how to read. Don't cry, fellow, just because you got an A minus.

Well, now, I gather from your Oh's and Ah's that you have already spotted the SOCIETY DOCTOR.—Complete with buttonhole flower, patent leather shine, slick hair, wow—this guy must be a bear in a tea room, the dear thing. Reasonable facsimile of a man, he can be seen in all his sartorial splendor impressing probies, technicians and others who will lend a willing eye. Oh, well, he will get $10 for a 10c box of aspirin. True man and good all the way down to the epidermis.

Let's move on now, folks, and we come to another sly and stalking hunter, the POLITICIAN.—Here is the one we have been waiting for. Always promising clean politics, class representation and such trivial things as keeping financial matters straight, he is duly elected when—bang! $500 bucks is missing from some place. Back slapper (and stabber), hand shaker extraordinary, his high principles (I'll take the gravy and anything that's left over I'll take) and moral attitudes just keep friends flocking to his fold. But then again who enjoys anything better than listening to some blowhard politician who'll put a clucker in your pot by Christmas.

Well, well, so you all can hear that noise from here? That, folks, is the famous cry of the GRIPER.—This fellow is the most even tempered of all—he's always mad. He's sore if he has to come to school and he's sore if he doesn't have to come to school. So we compromise by telling him that he can come to school if he wants to—he's still sore. When it rains it's nice weather for ducks but these guys don't like ducks. Maybe it's that confounded ulcer kicking up again.

Now please, folks, don't laugh, for this animal is very sensitive and timid. This is the little STOOGE.—The rotundity of his buccal orifice was never acquired by blowing a Boy Scout bugle. He isn't man enough. He is a hybrid of the Apple Polisher, Politician, and Sucker Inner, for which we give this parasite credit. Anybody who can be all three and still walk around with his head out of his collar deserves credit. He knows what the exam questions are before the exam, and is an excellent nursemaid to a camera or movie machine. Some of this species can even pass out microscope slides without breaking them. Maybe the rest of us like to study and learn a little medicine to get by.

Now, ladies, control yourselves, and shield your eyes from all the glitter and sparkle, for here comes the SARTORIAL PRINCE.—This fancy pants still dresses as if he was still on the campus. The cuff in the pants of this South Street flash is so pegged that he has to take his feet off to put them on. Well, everyone to his liking.

He can be no worse than the DOWD.—Here is the human version of the sheep dog, nice and neat. He keeps his trousers pressed (around the groin and buttocks), and shines his shoes with mud, combing his hair with a washcloth. In general, a pretty sharp appearance. But this fellow enjoys it, so we gently toss him a bouquet of garbage and let him wallow in as we try to stir from his somnolence the DROWSER.—Wrapped in the gentle arms of Morpheus is a pastime we all enjoy. But languishing in his arms 24 hours a day 7 days a week is too much. But this fellow is like that. Trypanosomiasis (that's sleeping sickness) I guess. Lantern slide lectures, movies, and amphitheatre seats are his peculiar habitat. He and his type all have a junior internship (it says in small print on page 50) and so we humbly apologize for keeping these Van Winkles awake. You can go back to sleep now, boys.

We now pass on to see the G-MAN.—You may see this guy hiding in a dark doorway playing cops and robbers, or telling how he broke up a subversive meeting. All these creatures know J. Edgar Hoover, the local army commandant, and the Mayor. The war is won this way and sabotage can be stopped that way. Excruciating, but we still have to have these pistol packing papas around to make life interesting.

Again we hear a weird cackle, and you bird lovers can identify it as the call of the SPEECH MAKER. —This is the foil for the politician. Boy, can he toss the adjectives around (even card tricks too just for a side line). Grab your boots and run for the hills when this blabber mouth gets started. Some of them can give the nicest anesthesia, sans gas machine or ether. It is identified by authorities as "vocal anesthesia."

Let's move along now, folks, and we see our next attraction, that nauseating beast, the slinky bird with the big beak, the RUMOR MONGER.—The first day was hardly passed ere this fellow began to grind out his obnoxious grist. The mental anguish, doubt and uncertainty caused by this pest is immeasurable. "Where were you at roll call today?" and "I hear twenty guys are slated to go this year" were his pet stocks in trade. Before we could eke out the first finger job on the kymograph 66¾ per cent of us were flunked. We recommend Bernstein's super-duper for this baby.

Don't go away, folks, let's keep moving and we will see that quiet old creature, which I urge you not to bother, the AGED AND SEDATE.—Here we have the select group of arthritics and cardiovascular failures. "Can't go to the dance tonight, gout, you know." But once in a while when they do get out, Hot Dawg. But most of them sit back on their hypertrophied prostates and take things easy. Our prescription here is conium and this we would not deny 'em. Oh, my Gawd . . .

And so, folks, we come to the end of our tour, and we hope you have enjoyed our show of freaks and monsters. We now direct your attention to the contained recess in this tent entitled "The Egress" and as you pass through think well on thyself. If you don't fit in any of these groups, then why the heck are you here?

120
121

Family.
Murder

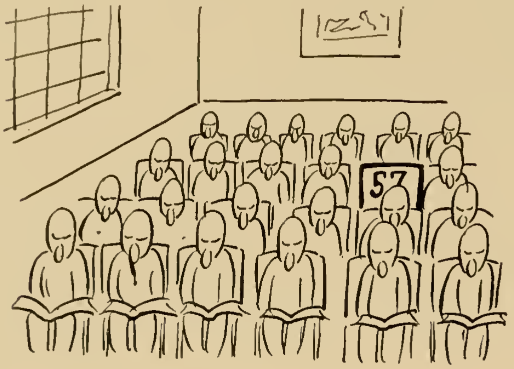
"STRANGE INTERLUDE"

(Apologies to Eugene O'Neill)

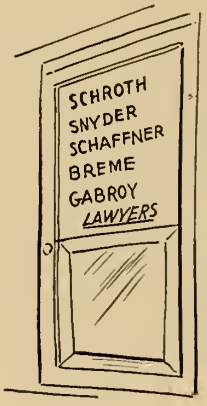
*(. .. being an account of the unspoken thoughts
of a lecturer as he talks to the Senior Class
on a Saturday morning . . .)*

Gentlemen (*I had better give them the benefit of the doubt*), this morning we shall discuss the control of syphilis.

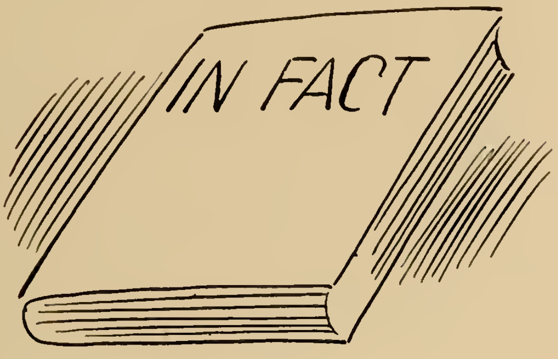
If one considers for a moment the precarious existence of the Treponema pallidum outside of the human body, the trite saying of the bright boys that only doctors, nurses and ministers get syphilis from the toilet seat, has much basis in fact. (*Mmm! Toilet seat. Seat No. 57 is empty again! Looks like Korey started another early week-end.*) For all practical purposes it can be said that the disease is almost always transmitted by direct contact. (*There's Rendin looking glum again. I suppose he didn't make enough contacts to win the last election.*)



The discharges from lesions of the skin and mucous membranes and articles freshly soiled with them are the chief sources of the infection. (*There's Dratman and Lieberman, too, writing everything down. Are they trying to impress me? I can't be saying that much! Landay will break his neck trying to get supplementary notes from his partner.*) Fortunately, even without treatment, 95 per cent of patients become non-infectious after five years. (*Oh, yes! There they are; the front row quintet, Schroth, Snyder, Schaffner, Breme and Gabroy. What a name for a lawyers' firm!*)



We must not forget that syphilis can also be congenital in origin. *(Corenzwit and Gerber poring over that paper again.)* General control measures should include education in sex hygiene. There should be a thorough inculcation during adolescence of all implications that may arise from promiscuous intercourse. *(The last row boys are waking up, Berger, Blomain, Dosovitz, Uzmann and Gelinas. They must think I'm going to pull off some raw stuff.)* The population should be instructed in the mode of transmission of the disease. The limitation and purpose of treatment and prophylaxis should be emphasized. *(There's Morrill, the Navy's answer to the maiden's prayer. He and his wife looked rather cute on the woman's page of the Bulletin.)*



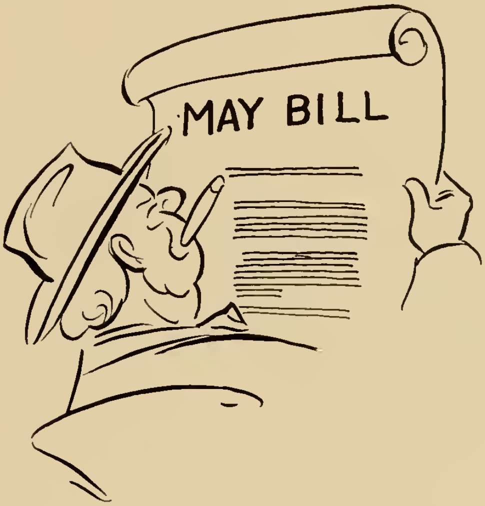
The military forces, particularly in times of war, present additional problems. The approximate sources of infection may be listed as follows:

Professional prostitutes	20%
Civilian pick-up girls	65%
Family contacts	15%

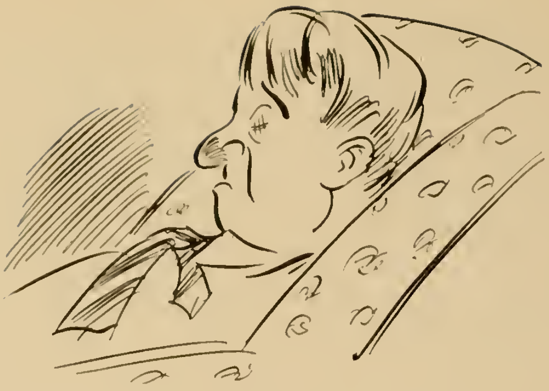
(I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the wise boys in the class will pick up some phrase from this lecture and present it as a favorite saying of mine for the year book. I might go so far as to say that they'll use the notes of White, Wasley, and Whitaker for reference, as they even put down the commas.)

The prostitutes can be controlled either by suppression or regulation. Neither method is very effective. *(There's Kearney with his racing form, and Erhard counting the dough from that session last night.)* When the local authorities are unable to cope with the situation, the federal authorities may be called on to invoke the May Act. *(I'll bet that Turner had a copy of the bill before it was presented to Congress.)*

RACING NEWS



The sale of alcoholic beverages in public places tends to promote the spread of syphilis. *(Is Toth suffering from a night's escapade at the "Jungle" or is the bilateral ptosis due to cramming for the next exams? Munchak must be around if Toth is here.)*



Prophylaxis, though effective, is too often improperly practiced. *(I wonder if it's true that when our Army boys were in camp the PX's were cleaned out of objects made of butadiene annd duprene. No wonder we're trying hard to get back the East Indies.)*

(It's too bad the class is so large. It's impossible to get around to everyone in one hour. Oh, well; more of this next Saturday. There's Sussman and Neely with dummies for the year book and Weiss with his camera. I had better leave now.)

YOU SAID IT!

Dr. Steinhilber came in one day complaining of a cold. "Gentlemen," he said, "I've taken a Manhattan, potato chips, Alka-Seltzer, Coco-Cola and aspirin, and I don't know what else to do for it."

VOICE: "Take a powder."

* * * * *

Dr. Beutner—"and what do zese great urologist say about zis drug?"

VOICE: "Nuts."

* * * * *

Dr. Haines—"I saw the eardrum speckled with black dots . . . what was it?"

VOICE: "Blackheads."

* * * * *

Dr. Sylvis—"Wake that man up back there!"

VOICE: "You wake him up; you put him to sleep."

* * * * *

Dr. Warters—"What is hypertension?"

VOICE: "High-blood pressure."

DO YOU KNOW?

Some vitamins prevent beri-beri; some prevent scurry-scurry.

* * * * *

If you are sick, a physician should be insulted.

* * * * *

To stop a nosebleed, stand on your head till your heart stops beating.

* * * * *

Digestion is carried on in the stomach by aid of acrobatic juices.

* * * * *

To avoid auto-infection, put slip covers on the seats and change them frequently.

* * * * *

Respiration is a handy thing to know how to do, especially if you live far from a doctor.

* * * * *

The only sure way of detecting tuberculosis is by X-ray or with a horoscope.

Excerpts from

THE TURNING POINT

(An address given at the opening of College on September 30, 1940).

Dr. H. Russell Fisher

THERE are five eventualities that can happen to a man when he goes into medicine. The first class (that graduated from Hahnemann) exhibited all five. Several never finished. A number graduated into a useful but historically unrecorded medical career. Three men who subsequently became professors exhibited the three remaining possibilities. J. H. Frost, later Professor of Physiology and Pathology, and one of the editors of the *Hahnemannian Monthly,* was an accomplished man of his time, but in the long view of history his life is recorded but little remembered. Charles G. Raue, father of our present professor of pediatrics, stood above the rest as professor of special Pathology and Therapeutics, and later of Medicine. An accomplished author, his writings, especially those on the relation of metaphysics to the then infant science of psychology, gave him international renown. For us he represents the highest in academic medical achievement. The remaining possibility was exemplified by a man whose name was known for many years from coast to coast. Even yet from the train window you can see it painted on barn doors in large white letters on red, a name immortalized in Americana in "Humphreys' 77 for colds," and "Humphreys' Pills cure all ills." Frederick Humphreys, after a brilliant start, had to resign his Chair of Homeopathic Institutes and Pathology when his commercial exploitations extended beyond the bounds of professional propriety. His name is proof that the standards of business success are different than the criteria for medical achievement, in which the heroes are so often unsung. In this first class of 1848 were typified your possible fates, which are, to use the vernacular: to flunk, to just get by, to be somebody, to be tops, or to be a good man gone wrong. Forbid the latter, all else is forgivable. Should you ever wish to know just what is expected of you when you inherit the traditions of medicine, read again Robert Louis Stevenson's "Eulogy of the Doctor":

* * *

Only after you graduate in medicine will you realize that these four years are merely the foundation of, and an introduction to medicine. Many of you will turn to special fields. The graduate training of a specialist is now coming under the censorship of Certifying Boards which, sooner or later, will have the power of determining your right as well as your fitness to practice a specialty. In these undergraduate years you are going to lay each subject, like strata, one upon the other. Upon anatomy you will place physiology and chemistry, then pathology, pharmacology and physical diagnosis, finally crowning all with the practice of clinical medicine and surgery. When, as a graduate, you desire to become a surgeon, gynecologist or laryngologist, you will find the province of your advanced studies in some vertical section of all those horizontal strata. You must again begin at the bottom, in your own little field. This is so fundamental that the new organizations for the pursuit of special fields of medicine now include the entire depth of their vertical section. New departments of surgery of the brain, for example, are now founded on medical neurology which rests in turn upon neuro-pathology, neuro-physiology and neuro-anatomy. In a philosophical sense it is another expression of Haeckel's law that ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny "a hot-potato mouth" way of saying that the development of an individual reproduces the stages in the development of his species. Sir Michael Foster said that "it is one of the lessons of the history of science that each age steps on the shoulders of the ages which have gone before." In much the same way, the clinical practice of any branch of modern scientific medicine stands upon the subjects which are basic to it. All must be grist for your mill.

* * *

You have cast your lot with medicine, the noblest of professions, and an uncompromising mistress. Dedicate yourself to the study of medicine with the fervor Wordsworth speaks in his Ode to Duty:

I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

"NEVERMORE"

Once upon a Monday dreary,
While we pondered, weak and weary,
Over Yater's tale of Medical Lore—
Suddenly there came a rapping.
It was Munchak outside tapping,
Tapping at our chamber door.

He looked around at all our faces,
Knew we yearned for other places,
Suggested we go to the races,
No need to say much more.

So we jumped into our lizzy,
Feeling gay and slightly dizzy,
Happy once more to be free.
We progressed at such a rate
Soon we were at Garden State,
And to the windows ran with glee.

Navy Nurse would surely win
And Doctor's Darling must come in—
We put it all upon the nose.
As we watched the thundering herd
We knew our bets had been absurd.
And so our day came to a close.

Now upon each Monday dreary,
You will find us weak and bleary,
Pondering o'er Yater's tale of Medical Lore—
Now if ever comes a rapping,
Munchak, Snyder or Watson tapping,
We rush to lock the blarsted door.
We've learned our lesson—Nevermore.

MORE FACTS

Respiration is composed of two acts, first inspiration and then expectoration.

* * * * *

Water is composed of two gins. Oxygin and Hydrogin. Oxygin is pure gin and Hydrogin is gin and water.

* * * * *

Isinglass is a whitish substance made from the bladders of surgeons.

LAMENT ON A MISPLACED TRUST

Ungainly man they call Gabroy
Did all trust in himself destroy;
Assured us with an ugly leer,
"She can't help win, so have no fear."

So our gold went on Naruna,
Who we thought would come in sooner.
Our hopes were set on that gray nag,
But now we hold the well-known bag.

Oh! Day of woe and of remorse,
The day we bet on that sad horse.
We couldn't tell, we didn't know,
That three to one had made her slow.

Now, Mr. President, you dope,
Next time you take our dough, we hope
You are a bit more competent,
Or you will have to pay our rent.

When in bets you're instrumental,
Choose a horse not temperamental.
That's why you're depicted as above.
Keep Medicine your only love.

WHAT A SCHIZOPHRENIC THINKS IN FIVE MINUTES

To Doctor Hoffman:

One day we were walking down the corridor of the Allentown State Hospital, and noticed two of the guests engaged in conversation; to wit: "I am going to divorce myself in June and build a boat. It's going to have a soft rubber lining. It's going to be a huge boat. I am going to build a large boat on wire wheels. A large boat with wire wheels and a soft rubber bottom and many, many bottoms that have to be scraped; mine, too, with red polka dots . . . A large white boat with square granite wheels and my soft rubber bottom. This boat will not be of solid granite, but of stone works. In the year 1492 Columbus discovered America, and in the year 64, the same thing happened to me. It was on the 8th of March, and they say the thing will have a soft rubber bottom and solid granite top. With white wire wheels, twenty-four dozen eggs, and six hundred Ford sedans. It will not be of granite, but of twenty-four dozen eggs." We give up.

PROMISCUOUS ODES

PATHOLOGY

I think that I shall never see
A pathologist happy as can be.
To put them in the deepest gloom
Just show 'em a vacant P.M. room.

Each one sits and screams and cries
Till some poor beggar ups and dies,
For under a veneer of medical culture
Lies dormant the soul of a hungry vulture

On the human race is this affliction,
But we will cherish this conviction:
Heaven awaits all good theologists
But only Hell will take pathologists.

SURGERY

Oh, a surgeon is a happy man
For surgery's medicine's pet.
He has a baleful, grinning pan
'Cause he will get you yet

Whether goitre, syph or cancer
T.B. or masturbation
The Surgeon always has the answer
"The knife—not blood irradiation."

Oh, the surgeon is a happy guy.
He always gets the breaks,
For if his patients quickly die,
They bury his mistakes.

OBSTETRICS

I've often sat a wishin',
My fancy on a mission,
For Lucifer's permission
To accept into perdition
Every blasted obstetrician.

I fear still Satan's opposition
Will halt this wondrous vision
'Cause he's in no condition
To vie for his position
With a "teaching" obstetrician.

DERMATOLOGY

In a stuffy little band-box on Hahnemann's second floor
Sat twelve assorted seniors, trying not to snore.
Now they were there for learning but Teacher's dirty look
Was bent upon the hapless ones who didn't buy his book.
"You must compliment your teacher, each and every mother's son
Will buy this wondrous volume and when the course is done
You'll know all about 'V.K.,' 'the Rope' and 'Belladonner' too
And if you're very lucky—Skin will come to you."
Dermatology is a subject which everyone agrees
Can be mastered quickly and with elemental ease,
So the seniors sat and stared and with each pondrous joke
Sighed heavily and wished that they could smoke.
Our remembrance of skin is lost in deepest haze;
Only one thing we remember—The course lasts 15 days.

ANATOMY

There is a phrase that haunts us
All down through the years.
One the Seniors laughed at,
The Frosh shed bitter tears.

"It comes from where, goes to where?
What does it do when it gets there?"

The origin was always a mystery,
The insertion was always in doubt;
The function we never were sure of,
Innervation we knew nothing about.

"It comes from where, goes to where?
What does it do when it gets there?"

Oh, we don't care where it comes from,
We don't care where it goes.
What it does when it gets there—
Damned if anyone knows.

CLINIC?

Silence hangs like a pall over the amphitheatre. The day is drawing to a close. Faint mixed odors of ether and perspiration drift lazily through the great expanse of the marble walled clinic. Slowly the great doors swing open, a patient is gently wheeled in by a pussy-footing cutie in white. An august figure marches in a few seconds later in stately fashion. His eyes sweep over the tense, eager-faced student body. He takes a few steps forward and falls flat on his face, having slipped on a bloody sponge. "Damn'd blast it" is drowned out by a stout burst of applause. Seconds later, the professor has regained his composure. "Will the gentlemen who have this case come forward," he snarls. After months of waiting the students rush up eagerly in anticipation of releasing quantities of pent-up knowledge. "Will you read the history, doctor?"

"Why 'er, we were unable to get a history, sir. We . . ."

"And why not?"

"Well, sir," quips the student, "the patient has been unconscious for six weeks." The ripple of laughter from the class is stopped short as the patient angrily exclaims, "The hell I have! I'm a known diabetic and it's time for my insulin. Lemme outa here."

"Shut up, you!" says the professor. Just then Lorentz arises and begins to sell programs. Phillips interest has been aroused. "I saw . . . this . . . patient . . . in dispensary . . ., and it seemed . . . to me . . ."

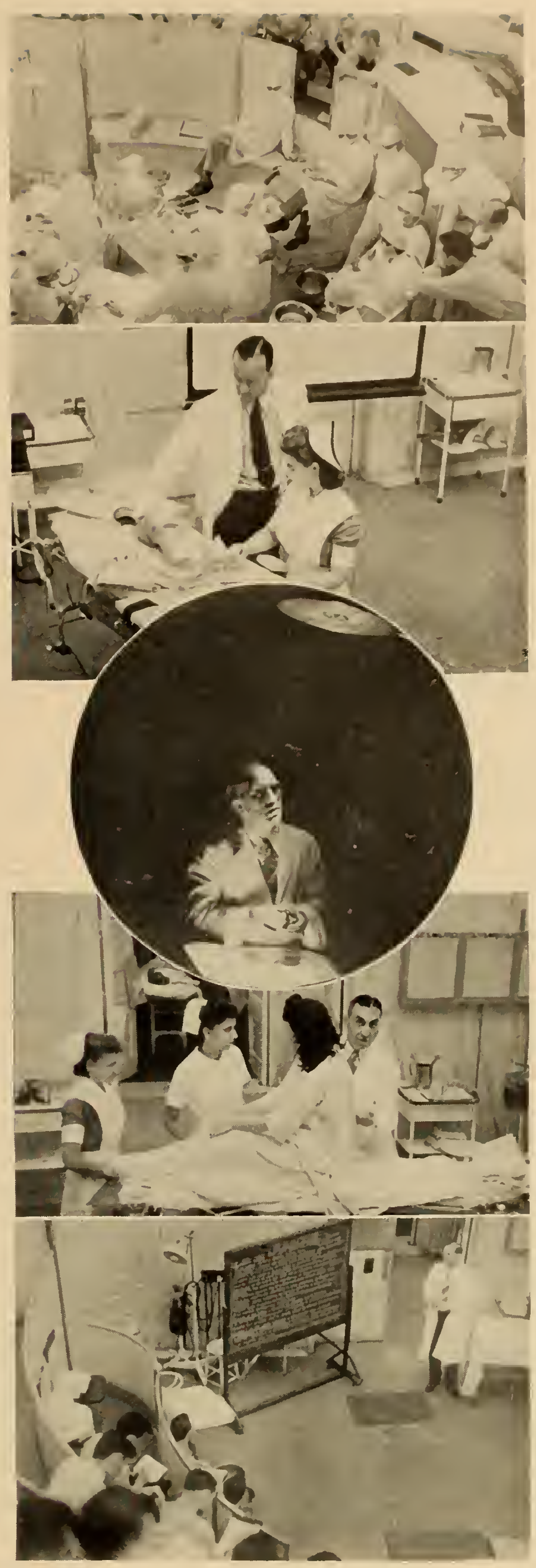
"Oh, quiet," says the professor. "Now let's start over. What are the physical findings in this case?"

"Well, sir," the first student proudly exclaims, "everything is negative but the stools, which are bashful."

At this the patient sits bolt upright and vomits. Gabroy was in the way. "I told you, you shoulda let me outa here."

"Don't apologize. He's only a singer," informs Neely. Far up in the lofty gallery soft snores become evident. A tummy is seen peeking over the brass railing. It is Mozola, sleeping—on Turner.

"Well, what's the diagnosis?" screams the professor, pointing a tremulous finger at Molina-Rivera. Molina-Rivera rises slowly and says, "Thair ees notheeng here that eentrests me," and marches out, slapping the patient's face on the way. Small fist fights spring up all over the amphitheatre. The roar of dissension reaches a crescendo. The professor joins in on the side of the Navy. "This is the best time I've had in years," shouts the patient as he is wheeled out, leaving a trace of acetone.



MEDIC MAIL BOX

Answers by leading authorities

Q. I have a patient 50 years old complaining of orthopnea, dyspnea, and sub-dural nocturia. Besides this he cannot get his breath. He has not breathed for several days, and is becoming quite congested in appearance. What is the best line of therapy here? (B.O.)

A. It is obvious that this case is suffering from mediastinal shift of the 1928 Notre Dame type. I have had several cases of this kind, which have responded well to bilateral lobectomy on one side and unilateral compression of the upper row of alveoli on the other, by the method of Schtunk. During the convalescence, the patient is allowed to breathe through his pores. Paul Phillips, M.D.

* * *

Q. In 15 of the last 16 deliveries at which I have officiated, the infant began to bawl lustily; doubtless in protest to having to shift for itself from that moment on. Can you advise me in this matter? (Hungry for Knowledge).

A. Yes, indeed. Immediate psychotherapy to the infant is highly beneficial. This may be augmented greatly by intravenous reassurance. J. A. Snyder, M.D.

* * *

Q. I was recently asked to see a patient in consultation who presented the following picture: 1. Deep jaundice, 2. Dyspnea, 3. Pulse 190, 4. Temperature 109, 5. Dandruff, 6. Loss of weight on one side of the body, gain on the other, and 7. Disappearance of the eyeballs on pressure. The only laboratory finding of any significance was that the urine showed evidence of extrahepatic anisocytosis and many small fragments of specific gravity. The patient was so ambulatory he had to be taken to the hospital in an ambulance. Close questioning did not reveal any marital status. I was frankly puzzled, and Frank (my colleague) was frankly fuzzled. Hence I submit the case to youse.

A. Several of these cases have been reported recently and have been diagnosed as Blastophoresis Katabalosis. All cases have been noted among workers in Satis factories. It has not been proven but is thought to be due to the bite of Watsonius watsoni which inhabits the crevices of bottle corks. The disease is self limiting and is treated symptomatically by tablet triturates of steam from the 20 Century Limited when traveling between 125th St. and Yonkers. H. K. Gabroy, M.D.

* * *

Q. I have a patient with a suppurative pilonidal sinus. I have looked in numerous books under "Sinus Trouble," but can find no suitable treatment. What to do? (Worried.)

A. Look in the Materia Medica under "End Point Drugs." This will explain the seat of the pathology. Kent Smith, M.D.

* * *

Q. A young woman aged 51 years was referred to me by another physician who had been treating her for pipe stem arteries with intensive Sani-Flush therapy. This has not proved effective. Where do I go from here? (Lost in a fog.)

A. Best thing to do is discard the old pipes, and get a new set of Dr. Frank's hot cathode tubes. M. T. Wasley, M.D.

MATERIA MEDICA IN A NUTSHELL

Homeopathic

Arnica, says Garth, is the drug for pains,
And Gels is good for colds, he claims,
But what do we do for a bashful stool?
Silicea—according to our school.

For burps Carbo veg. is surely the best,
And Conium is good for lumps in the breast.
Unable to release a load of wee?
Apis is swell in potency three.

Sulfur's the drug for stinky feet,
Veratrum for fevers is hard to beat.
If in your anus is stuck a ball,
Sepia then will get the call.

Nux is super for after boozing.
Hepar checks that nasty oozing.
Warts are cured by shots of Thuja.
Bryonia for pains that go right through yuh.

Allopathic

Reinhard shouts Aspirin is good for pains,
And nothing can cure a cold he claims.
To successfully treat a bashful stool
Cascara's prescribed by the old school.

Hoffman's Anodyne burps the best.
Drugs are absurd for lumps in the breast.
Bladder filled with too much wee?
Then its Mercurphylline two cc.

Zinci Stearatis for those stinky feet.
Fever? Antipyrine is hard to beat.
If up your anus is stuck a ball,
Simpson's forceps get the call.

Milk of Magnesia after boozing,
Hundreds of drugs for chronic oozing,
HNO_3 for warts, not Thuja.
Morphine is neat for what goes through yuh.

But libido is the test,
For therapeutics at its best,
We know exactly what to do,
This last line is left for you.

HEARD IN THE CLASSROOM

. . . "Life is too short to argue with women." T.M.S.

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. . . "These massive rib resections in young girls are ill-advised. It makes 'em flat chested and that's bad." C.D.B.

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. . . "You see, the Crusaders syphilized Europe; in fact, the history of this disease may well be called the History of Syphilization." G.O.F.

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. . . "When all else fails, splanch the blocknics." G.W.B.

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. . . "Give him three belches after a full meal, and if he goes one or two more, he's got Ca." T.C.G.

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. . . "The prognosis is poor in fatal cases." T.J.V.

. . . "My case of anemia is doing very well on six bottles of beer a day." M.G.

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. . . "The exhaust is built too close to the intake." N.F.P.

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. . . "The rash of Rocky Mt. Spotted Fever is the color of a turkey egg. A turkey egg is the same color as the rash of Rocky Mt. Spotted Fever." H.A.T.

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. . . "Make a complete diagnosis before treatment, even if you have to do a post." L.T.A.

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. . . "Ask a Northerner for five bucks, and he says, 'Go to the devil.' A Southerner is more of a gentleman and says, 'Go to the devil, you all.' " J.W.M.

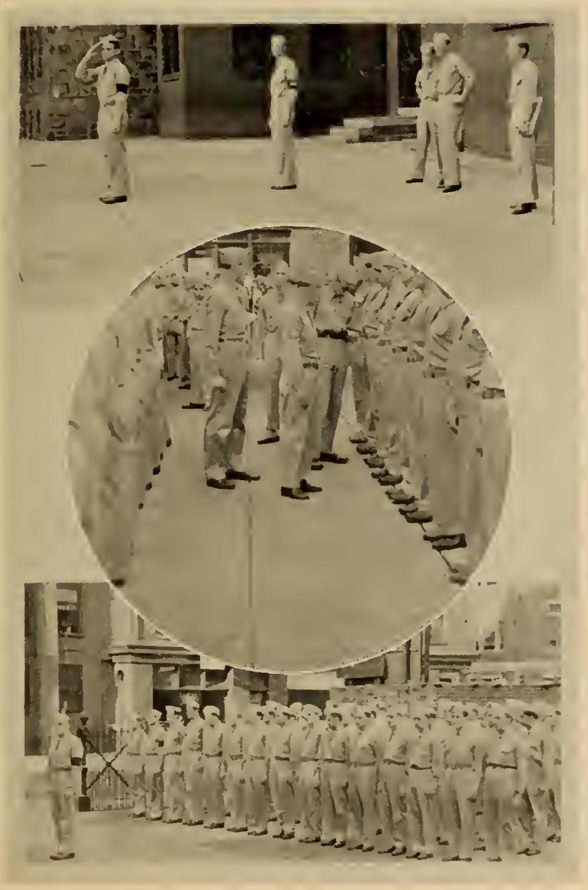
CLASS OF '43

America is wealthy in the mixture of the richest bloods of the earth. Our class is no exception. Widely variant nationalities, cultures, beliefs and political faiths prevail. Yet all has ever been serene, as personal differences were lost in the comradeship born of a common purpose, the mastery of the healing art. Among our men can be found a young Hermes whose forebears made deathless the story of Thermopylae; Poles whose mothers have crooned sad little tunes from Chopin over their cradles; a Czech whose father has gaily danced to a wild Dvorak melody; level-browed, dreamy-eyed lads whose fathers followed the prow of the Santa Maria through the cold, gray down to a new world four centuries ago; curly-haired, laughing boys of the people of Abraham.

From the four corners of the nation, representing every level of our multiple stratified society, men have come to join us. Central park rubbed elbows with the redwoods; warm yellow sands of the Southwest mixed with Wisconsin's land of lakes. Each man no matter what his origin or his incentive, had vowed to be a physician.

Medicine is ever a jealous mistress. Thus each was forced to bend every energy and attention to the accomplishment of the task. Such great preoc-

AND THE WAR



cupation had to prevail that a sort of isolation as to acquisition of other knowledge, especially that regarding world affairs, was the rule. Concerned chiefly with our studies, our class entered its second year, the hardest and roughest of them all, in the fall of 1941, toiling, dreaming, building an education.

In December of that year the wild news came flashing swiftly about two o'clock on a peaceful, Sunday afternoon—"The War Department announces that a few hours ago, or about six o'clock this morning, Eastern Standard Time, aircraft bearing the insignia of the Imperial Japanese Government dropped bombs on the United States Naval Base at Pearl Harbor, Island of Oahu, Territory of Hawaii."

America, dawdling over late coffee and comics or streaming from the portals of thousands of churches, was electrified. An instant of stunned silence hung over the land. Tired student eyes, full of startled surprise, tore themselves from the dull pages of the physiology text. Realization that living is a grim business came to many slowly. Could this thing really be? Did I hear aright? War *has* come! This is *really it!!*

Minutes of fateful December 7th ticked away. Monday brought the physiology examination. Then it too joined the ranks of forgotten memories. Belying the assertion that the democratic processes of our great constitutional republic are antiquated and slow, President Franklin Roosevelt called Congress to joint convention and delivered a memorable address In the succeeding minutes war was officially declared on Germany, Italy and Japan. Students hung breathlessly on each word as the history-making events spilled from a classmate's portable radio. Classes were disrupted to hear the news. Professors, remembering the hectic days of the first Great War, listened too. In the heart of every man a question . . .

Quickly now, in rapid succession the days, weeks and months rolled by. Brief moments pass in review. Selective Service boards became more insistent. Memory of a stricken mother's cry at the first draft drawing echoes down the flight of time—poignant and real! Students' mothers worry too. The Navy appeared and summarily rejected many applicants, confusing them and others who expected to be immediately impressed into service. The Army issued "gold pillow" commissions to protect against the draft. Few valued such easily-gained honors nor realized the responsibility associated with being an officer. The front office force was swamped with work. Staff physicians and professors were called to the colors. The low man-power pinch began to be felt on the faculty. A cocky, blustering sergeant from the University of Pennsylvania appeared, spoke briefly, said little, then disappeared. A long wait followed. Rumor succeeded rumor. Finally the Army Specialized Training Program, long-heralded, made its appearance. Enlistments were opened and "gold-pillow" commissions were tossed to the winds in the mad scramble for enlisted man's status. The Navy instituted the V-12 Program almost simultaneously. A full year and a half had passed ere the students were in uniform.

Drill and command, police the grounds, special detail, up-keep of uniform, military courtesy, roll-call in classes, how to write a military letter—these things and many more occupied the eight to nine hour each morning for the Army trainees. Naval men fared better. Lush days for the students followed, for there was substantial reward in return for minor duties.

Soon, however, the change must come. At this writing American soldiers have again set invading foot on the soil of Europe—but only in cisalpine location. Japan still dominates East Asia. The Services require six thousand physicians before 1944. After that, even more. Old and essential men cannot go. Our class is young. We shall be called to the colors soon. The foe is formidable. Our gains

are still negligible compared to the task ahead. It is our boys who must go out. Some will not return.

Rarely do the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse ride alone. War and Famine are always accompanied by Pestilence and Death. May kind Providence protect us from any similar holocaust to that of influenza in 1918. Should fateful hoof-beats again resound, may we ever fight the good battle bravely, ever seeking to relieve human misery and pain.

AT CAMP

Sleepy Hahnemanniacs boarding the train in a fog, the early morning fog . . . O'Brien and Graham, the Arizona cowboys adding a rustic touch in their blue jeans . . . Everyone griping about the early morning hour except a few night-clubbers. They never did get to bed . . . "Little Hank" Chemycz, the acme of optimism, peeved at forgetting to bring his golf clubs . . .

Groups forming on the train for various diversions . . . Bridge partners taking it on the shin . . . Poker faces, living masks of cunning camouflage . . . Galloping dominoes, hopping along in time with the clickety clacks of the tracks . . . "Five no trump" . . . "Back to back" . . . "Snake Eyes" . . .

Marching in the hot sun from the station to the camp . . . Three day veterans cockily jibing the rookies . . . "You'll be sorry" . . . "Needle Bait" . . . More Army questionnaires, longer and duller than a Sylvis exam . . . Another physical added to our list . . . Darby amazed when the medicos identified the bumps on his arms as muscles . . . The Army's assembly line rivaling those of any bomber plant in efficiency . . . "Pick em up—don't fold em—stuff em in da bag" . . .

"Pick em up—don't fold em—stuff em in da bag" . . .

"Chow," and another illusion shattered—that the army gets first call on choice foods . . . Then at last a little rest after a weary day—Oh Yeah?—"Fall out, you guys. Scrub down the barracks and clean the windows" . . . "On the double, on the double, and when I say on the double I mean on the double" . . . Precarious perches on a small slanting roof, our first taste of Commando maneuvers . . . "All out on the main road," the signal for Berger and Blomain, Goldbrickers de-luxe to head for their fox holes . . . Lights out, rest at last. "What the? Who short-sheeted me?" . . .

Bugles and cannon blasting us from our hardly begun slumber . . . "Gee, it's still dark" . . . Early breakfast and plenty of it . . . They must be up to something . . . "Latrine duty? Who me? Okay, okay, I'm going" . . . Once-cunning college boys cowering at the sight of the camp ogre, the "Top-Kick" . . . Sick Call, more demonstrations on the art and science of gold-bricking . . .

Donning our uniforms and discovering the Army's famous two sizes, too large and too small . . . Instructions by the streamlined demonstrations a la cinema . . . Stretching and snoring, reminiscent of good old room C . . . Perspiration, heat, air thicker than a locker room . . . Sunday and the gold-bricks find a new haven, church.

Lining up for injections . . . Again that gleeful howl, "Needle-bait" . . . "Wait till they stick youse with the square needles" . . . "But, Doc, I'm sensitive to horse serum. Ouch" . . . Another physical inspection . . .

Cokes at Cumberland . . . 3.2 beer at Meade . . . Bargains at the PX . . . "Gimme ten packages" . . . Quickly growing shortage of a well known commodity.

Aptitude exams . . . "If three apples cost five dollars" . . . Dot dot dash, dot dot . . . More perspiration . . . Insurance and its grim significance . . . "The C.O. '*desires*' that *all* of you take out a policy" . . . The Articles of War . . . "Or such other punishment as the court martial may direct." . . . A "ninety-day wonder" enlightening medical students on the subject of "venereal diseases" . . .

That Top Kick again . . . Our vocabularies enhanced by dozens of new adjectives, colorful and cutting . . . Honest to gosh beer at "Boom Town" . . . Old times again for Teater, Munchak and Toth . . . The astounding effects of the frothy fluid on one Alabama boy who almost attended a "Harlem" dance . . .

Drill at Meade . . . "Poor Company K" . . . Korey the despair of the drillmasters . . . Floundering feet . . . We begin to use our newly learned epithets . . . "Fort Meade makes men?"

K.P.—pray heaven never again . . . Fly killers Neely, Preis, and Kirkpatrick, happily (?) working for their dear pal Hoover—more epithets . . . Ditch-digging detail . . . Baylor itching to put his weight on a shovel—"Gotta keep in shape" . . .

Penny arcades in "Boom Town," the nemesis of Nettles . . . Influx of twenty WACS . . . The wolves, wondering whether to salute or whistle . . . More lousy food, K.P. and scrubbing . . . "When are we going home?" . . . More rumors . . .

The new rookies arrive . . . Our turn now—"Needle bait" . . . Again, another physical . . . At long last—orders for home . . . The long march to the train . . . Korey still hasn't learned . . . Army logic rears its ugly head. We get clean uniforms for the dirty trip home . . . Familiar sounds . . . "Come on seven" . . . "Three of a kind" . . .

Hours on a side track . . . "Won't we ever get home" . . . At last Philly . . . Carrying off our bags, loaded with a million articles necessary for our survival . . . New commandant meets us . . . Briskly (?) marching to school . . . Then freedom to do as we wish—until 7:45 next morning . . . Strutting down Chestnut street with more pose than poise . . . The rush to the "Jungle" . . . At last no more remarks of 4-F, draft dodger . . . "We're in the Army now" . . .

K. P.

There once was a place called Meade
At which was required a deed,
So with great trepidation
We went to our station
To perform this here deed, with speed.

Haughty and full of endeavor
We attempted this order to sever.
But the Sarge, big and strong,
Was convinced we were wrong
And threatened to keep us forever.

Dishes were piled so high
We couldn't suppress a sigh,
And so we began
To shine pot and pan—
Such a life for a medical guy!

Sweat dripped, and we rubbed and we scrubbed
While being continually dubbed
"Yardbird" and others
Unknown to our mothers.
We felt we were definitely snubbed.

The place was forbiddingly clean,
And just like O.R. did it gleam.
When Corporal Smart
Piped "When do you start?"
He died with a hideous scream.

Our tempers we tried to maintain
But the struggle was too great, 'twas in vain.
If fury was loosed,
Your neck was then noosed.
You were asked, not to leave, but remain!

Over two thousand dishes a day
We set up the old Army way.
With the very last one,
The long day was done,
And then we could go out and play!

PARKING
NAVY BE
LI WERING
POSE F
SHOWN
PEP BOYS
SERVICE

ALL PRESENT AND

BALLAS—Cheeks as clean as a baby's . . . Back to the dogs with Bax . . . Griping . . . "But I won't resign my commission"—Now a P.F.C. . . . Both eyes towards nurses home . . . Steady not study . . .

BARCLAY—Junior surgeon . . . Only U.S.P.H.S. man in class . . . Chamberlainish with ever present parasol . . . Checkered career at medical school . . . Chummy with Brown . . . Has it down Pat . . . Short talker—long walker . . .

BAX—Swarthy . . . Voceriferous . . . Black mustache (pre-army) . . . The voice above the din . . . "Japonnee" . . . Irrascible . . . Skeptic and friend . . . Class jester, the profs to pester . . .

BAYLOR—Muscles . . . Football shoulders . . . "In Northumberland" . . . That red head on the sixth floor . . . "Got the nicest place in the park" . . . Rhymes with Breme and Schaffner . . . Shoveled coal . . . Front row man . . .

BERGER—Diminutive . . . Mustache reluctantly departed . . . Receiving a message from Garcia or was it Marcia . . . Takes notes half the time—other half by Blomain . . . Now has two uncles, Sam and Harry . . . "Betcha quarter" . . .

BLOMAIN—Lives up to name of his city—"Windy" . . . Don't believe it . . . Szmal and Berger . . . Belligerent . . . Blasphemous . . . Main activity rhymes with witch . . . The E in his name stands for Emil . . .

BOYLE—"When are you going down to Abe's" . . . Strawberry hair . . . Sartorial master . . . Farley atmosphere . . . Welcome senior recruit . . . Fitting member . . . Allentown loser . . . Always gets the "air" . . .

BREME—Face like a razor, tongue ditto . . . Scholar . . . Front row man . . . Baton waver . . . Only working interne at West Jersey . . . Wavy hair . . . Married—adopted Baylor and Schaffner . . . Slinkey slouch . . .

BROWN—The man with never a frown . . . Stooped shoulders . . . Barclay's footsteps . . . Quiet . . . Astute questioning . . . Why didn't he join the Public Health Service too? . . . Foreigner—naturalized by the Army . . . The only man in step . . .

CARNEY—Third man in checker triumvirate . . . First two years introspective—last two years has come out with the unexpected . . . Notes on yellow paper . . . Hofbrau waiter . . . Makes gals squawk in New Yawk . . .

CARRAS—Hair recession on both flanks . . . Incessant curling with fingers has never produced a permanent . . . Turbulent whirpool of thought underlying a smooth non rippling surface . . . Contradictory . . .

CHEMYCZ—Downward deflection of oral angles . . . Swagger . . . Accompanying disdainful eyes . . . Golfer . . . Basketballer . . . Sardonical cynicism . . . Sleek haired . . . Women troubles . . . Date Engineer . . . Mary, Mary, quite contrary . . .

CHITWOOD—Noah with a whale of a story . . . "In Alabama" . . . Massive pectoral girdle . . . Beaming smile . . . Falsetto above the rumble of conversation . . . Neely and Nettles . . . What d'ya say, boy . . .

CORENZWIT—Plump . . . Concerned about girth . . . Hieroglyphic writing . . . Ruth . . . "That prof is all wet, he doesn't understand the physiopathology" . . . Starts nine o'clock class at 9:05—especially since the era of Ruth . . .

CORN—Likeable . . . Pleasing smile . . . Activities and studies rhyme with his mind . . . Quiet spoken . . . "Gotta meet Selma" . . . Face supported by two fingers . . . Deep thought, not for nought . . . Micrographia . . .

CURTIS—Brief case . . . Coolidge-like brevity of the spoken word . . . Married and mum . . . Curtis and Wright Corporation . . . Piping voice belies his huskiness . . . Receding hair . . .

ACCOUNTED FOR, SIR!

DARBY—Short in stature, long in gray matter . . . Snyder disciple . . . Strong in political undertow, riding the crest of its wave . . . All bones, no meat . . . Slick hair . . . Ditto for ideas . . .

DOSOVITZ—Flushed face with increasing rubor in proportion to excitability . . . Thoughts faster than words . . . Tongue in the way . . . Non drinking member of the drinking group . . . Bought a new suit last year . . . "Get the notes in shape" . . . Laughter, subdued like a foghorn . . .

DRATMAN—The thinker . . . Academy of Music . . . Pre-med school prominence in staining technique unstained by tinted behavior . . . Modulated speaking voice . . . Associated with Lieberman as Mutt with Jeff . . .

DUNLAP—Hulking . . . Close set eyes . . . Intrepid note taker including the jokes . . . Homeopathic adherent with a little bit of pow-wow . . . Juniored at Trenton . . . Humoresque sense of humor . . . Lunch hour study periods . . . Sandwiches in Surgery . . .

EDWARDS—Dunlap confrere . . . Nervous in orals . . . Acme of politeness . . . Tedious trips to Trenton lightened now by marriage . . . Friendly as sunshine . . . good listener . . . Risorii in tetany . . .

ERHARD—Calmness of demeanor upset by absolutely nothing . . . Dreaming of what . . . Hurrying neither to class nor up the steps when late for class . . . Knows his aces and his partner's by their faces . . . Different indifference . . .

FORTHMAN—"We'll jump your king" . . . Can bridge any gap . . . Puts the dummy in your lap . . . Looking for a Forth in the game . . . Medicine to him is strictly tame . . . Locker luncher . . . Five o'clock snort . . .

FUHRMANN—Ware is number 97?? . . . Duty unmoved by friendship with no fear fuhr man nor beast . . . Jane his permanent jane . . . Haughty look surrounded by glass . . .

GABROY—If you want it he can get it . . . "Pop" . . . Voice at a price . . . Leads with his can while we shake with Glee . . . "Exam has been cancelled—" "Bashful stool" . . . "I spoke to the doctor and—" . . . A zealous president observing no precedent . . . Naruna . . . Paoli Local . . .

GAN—Unusual attire . . . Gan and Chepko . . . Order of words . . . Though after exams we exhalt, there is no halt for Walt . . . Subdued like a hymn . . . Late again . . . Conscientious worrier . . .

GELINAS—Back row king . . . Notes if any, on folded sheets . . . "I was listening, Doctor" . . . Of the sit and listen school . . . Dreamy eyes . . . The man Kearney looks up to . . .

GERARD—Mainline personified . . . Esquirely attired . . . Somewhat aloof . . . Impeccable diction . . . "I can't afford it" . . . Buick convertible . . . Refined as oil . . . Duke from Duke . . .

GERBER—Near sighted in vision—far sighted in ideas . . . End seat, fifth row . . . Reticent . . . Murray-Wagner-Gerber Bill . . . Next to Ray every day . . . Mental machinery in perpetual motion . . . Public health enthusiast . . .

GOULDIN—Parts his hair with a towel . . . Jovial . . . Efficient vice-prexy of the institute . . . "Bob" to all . . . "Back in Ithaca" . . . Flanked by Hitchner and Gerard . . . Middle of the fence . . . Teamed with Jean who keeps family coffers lean? . . .

GRAHAM—Typical westerner . . . Taciturn . . . Clinical investigator . . . Apparently shy, but surprisingly sly . . . Can get you a date with any girl at Broad St. . . . Bashful member of quiet triumvirate . . .

HABERMAN—Scholarly appearance with tortoise-shell glasses, inefficiently obscures a mischievous bent . . . Deuteranopia . . . Premature alopeciac . . . Legs curled pretzel like . . . Classroom hours in the land of nod . . . Take Haberman and McAfoos and you have the long and short of it . . .

HALE—Hale, the gangs all here . . . But where's Hale? . . . Fifth Ave. Chesterfield worn on Fifteenth St. . . . Homburg, not Hamburg . . . A bit more mature than the rest . . . Level headed . . . Pedagogic aloofness . . . Nights in books—Weekends in Frackville . . .

HALL—Amiable . . . Laughing boy . . . Sexy with the sax . . . Saxy with the sex . . . Hair follicles in full retreat . . . Klain job by Bob on Physiotherapy queries . . .

HAMILTON—The man with the book . . . Next plane to Cleveland . . . New England type of dry humor . . . Serious aspect even with glass of suds in hand . . . Actions no reflection of close association with Mozola . . .

HITCHNER—Tall, dark, and then some . . . From the wilds of Jersey . . . Quiet variety of Tammany tactics . . . Never much to say except when necessary . . . Blue and Gold was his to mold . . . Hitched to college sweetheart despite others' attempts to part . . .

HOKHOLT—Stretched height . . . Stretched budget . . . Stretched line of dates . . . Mileage to homeland stretched across continent to California . . . Stretched gastric capacity for beer . . . Stretched mind . . . This wretch is none other than "Stretch" . . .

JABLONSKI—Tall . . . Jabby . . . Donut for breakfast . . . Donut for buttocks . . . Pittsburgh bound on the rail like a hound on the trail . . . Face like an inverted wedge . . . Acquired glassy stare from Oliver H. Bair.

JACK—Roy the boy of joy . . . Habitus herbiverous . . . Built like a keg—Jokes lay an egg . . . Classroom chores replaced by snores . . . Waddle gait . . . Jiggles when he laughs . . . Soph marriage—Senior carriage . . .

JULER—Flaxen haired . . . Hotel operator . . . Lord Fauntleroy . . . Polished demeanor . . . Ambition of a southerner . . . Looey sojourner . . . Consumer of hometown's pride . . . Converted convertible . . .

JUNK—Key tickler . . . Well considered remarks . . . "Ivy" . . . That nude look without glasses . . . Now has new accomplishment—advertising . . . Look at the back of the book . . . Keeping Schroth out of trouble keeps him out . . .

JUREWICZ—"Stix" . . . "Errol" . . . Laryngeal accomplishments . . . Also drinks with glee . . . Track star . . . Watch out women . . . Wolf without a howl . . . Cigar connoisseur . . . Political smile worried Kerst and Rendin awhile . . .

KATO—Changing ways? . . . Well, some of these days . . . Comfort first—Let the prof burst . . . Dark top side . . . Barrie likes to tarry . . . Ownership walk, ownership attitude . . .

KEARNEY—Little Caesar . . . Sam, you made the pants too long . . . Built like a truck with short wheelbase . . . P.G.H. dates . . . Give you two to one . . . Admires and looks up to women . . . Nagged by the nags . . .

KERST—Instituted institute into the institution . . . "J. C." . . . B.M.O.C. (Big man on campus) . . . Nursing directory . . . Excellent leader . . . Ulcers . . . Rumors . . . Fills date book a month . . . Sick call champ . . .

KIRKPATRICK—Frat man par excellence . . .Society man—in all the societies . . . Philadelphia brogue . . . "Hurray for McAfoos" . . . All smiles but where's the Irish? . . . Bryn Mawr wife and ditto internship . . .

KOREY—Tongue with hinges . . . Leads with his belly . . . Poured into G.I's . . . Waddling along . . . Gripes with a smile . . . Takes the cue . . . Brunette pulsatilla . . .Hypochondriac . . .

LAGERQUIST—Librarian . . . Codfish accent . . . Canoes . . . Cabins . . . Open air man . . . "My camp" . . . Mind full of facts and questions . . . Tongue loose as a brook . . . Nurses at R.I.H.H. . . .

LANDAY—Patched fingernails . . . Starts and finishes exams in a worry despite a mind that works in a hurry . . . Hair starting to grey . . . Chaplin feet . . . Chest with a fallen arch . . . Chin stroker a la Rodin . . . Facial contortionist . . .

LAUBACH—Slow and jovial . . . The deacon . . . "I married a nurse" . . . "Hey Bill" . . . Left handed salutes . . . This is BROTZMAN . . . The Pennsylvania Dutchman . . . "Pride" of the Army . . .

LEADBETTER—Mark, my word, she makes him toe the mark . . . Favorite bird is a goose and this is foul . . . Practical joker . . . Chemistry water bottles . . .

LEAM—Ox, sly as a fox . . . Rittenhouse habitue . . . Though shaven at seven has a ten o'clock shadow . . . Strictly in the Lyon's den . . . Married with that hunted look . . .

LIEBERMAN—Confidence supreme . . . "G. Harlan and I" . . . "In my series of 12,360 cases" . . . Haircut with hedge shears . . . Ow Lieberman . . . Made a Drake take . . . Eyes like windows under sloping caves . . .

LIPCIUS—"Whitey" . . . Hinged joints . . . Friendly . . . Wry grin . . . Nurses delight . . . Social light . . . St. Lukes fair haired boy . . . Dead Eye Dick on the basket . . . Lithe as a cat . . .

LORENTZ—Peanuts, popcorn, candy, chewing gum . . . Antithesis of punctuality . . . Leica specialist . . . Hides behind lenses . . . In the Army, but who would know it . . . Army physical—Wow . . . Hypomaniac . . .

LYONS—Fu Manchu . . . Lapel daisies . . . A nurse a night . . . Jim for vim . . . Man of action . . . Little bull in a china shop . . . Practice started oily . . .

MARTIN—Airplanes . . . Aviation medicine . . . Gas stations . . . Camden trips . . . True blue to Navy blue . . . Sap for the ladies . . . Figures in his line . . . Studies much, won't admit such . . .

MARTON—Symbolic of confidence . . . Brief case and pipe . . . Steel worker . . . Glasses add dignity . . . Ultra intimate doctor-patient relationships . . . Everything on the Q.T. . . . I never larf nor play .. At female laig, assisting Dr. Craig . . .

MAYER—"Dagwood" . . . Bin 56 . . . Uncle from Iowa . . . Mayer drug Co. . . . "Vegie and I" . . . Smiles spontaneous as combustion . . . Pictures of the baby . . . Swing and sway gait . . . "Haven't looked at it yet" . . . "You know" . . .

McAFOOS—Sunday school teacher in freshman days—Complete change in senior ways . . . "The little things in disease" . . . "Little Hitler" . . . Pass him down . . . Full of life like suds on a beer . . . Accompanied by the crop of black hair . . . Artist even unto note taking . . .

McINTYRE—Army nurses . . . Bicycle trips . . . Moments of review before exams . . . International linguist . . . Pedagogical accomplishments . . . Traveler . . . Brief case and books . . . Epicurean . . .

McKANE—Half owner in Kodak . . . Merck manual boy . . . Feminine gazer with x-ray vision . . . Not too conscious—Not too conscientious . . . Tardy . . . Convention hound—samples by the pound . . . Orange juice . . .

MOLINA-RIVERA—"Gracias, senor" . . . "Eet Steenks" . . . Upper lip wheat rust . . . "It's simple" . . . Wilmington Memorial . . . Molina neonatorum . . . Medicine a la Boyd . . . Air of confidence—"I know thees so I'm leaving" . . .

MONHEIT—Sold our Buick for 1600 berries . . . Null and Sataloff . . . Walks on springs . . . Straight up and down like a poker . . . Forward festination gait . . . "I tried it on Mickey" . . . "Trouble is I'm too generous" . . . "Kiss me Snooks" . . .

MONTALVO-CARROLL—Member in absentia . . . Home tending to little Carroll . . . Rum coke . . . Soup strainer black and shiny—Army here, it's grown tiny . . . Quiet like a mice . . . Turns tables at orals—tests the professor . . .

MORRILL—Oak leaves . . . One easy lesson in boudoir tactics—Nearly everyone reads the Bulletin . . . Hollywood lover . . . Chesty . . . In lieu of medicine . . . "Sir, you are speaking of the man I love" . . .

MOZOLA—Dart sharpshooter . . . Zombie . . . Incessant sarcasm . . . On bars reclines till elbow shines . . . Women at Women's . . . Cue shark . . . Expert on sleeping in din . . . Blunt and to the point . . .

MUNCHAK—Burly, curly, and surly . . . Semi-pro . . . Beer barrel polka . . . Blue eyes deceiving . . . Green St.—But gets his B's nevertheless . . . Relaxes in his hip pockets . . . Obvious power makes wise guys cower . . .

NEELY—What hair? . . . Temper like Alabama weather—Sultry . . . Over exercised arytenoids . . . "Now ah got the flo' and ah aims to speak mah piece" . . . Mid gals and study . . . "Man, what a brawl" . . . "Heah" . . .

NETTLES—Southern gentleman . . . Immaculate dress . . . Three S's—studying, sleeping, sedate . . . "Six foty five is too early fo' a white man to get up" . . . Walking Kreml ad . . . Unfailing attendance . . . "Heah" . . .

NULL—Subscriptions for the A.M.A. . . . Lunching with Janice . . . Skull peeks through in the back . . . "My hair's always been thin" . . . "Heah" . . .

OAKEY—Sun ship . . . Pew . . . Swimming pool in privacy . . . Regular fellow . . . Sarah says . . . Getting older every day . . . "Up with the youngsters last night" . . . Calcarea carb . . . "Dr. Ludwig, Dr. Martin and Me" . . .

O'BRIEN—Cactus Jack . . . Arizona exponent . . . "Come to Arizona with T.B."—Who's he? . . . Broads at Broad St. . . . "Little ole——" . . . Jack of all trades . . .

OSTROWSKI—Behind the cage . . . God's gift to the women—ask him if you don't believe us . . . Amphitheatre dates . . . Drawings are a sketch . . . Believes in variety . . . Hahnemann Army Joe . . . Freshman daze due to EVEning study . . .

PARET—Constantly in cold water—Weismuller, Jr. . . . The fellow with the deceiving name . . . "Towels are five cents here" . . . Studious kisser—clown beneath . . . Finally took a chance on childhood romance . . .

PFROMM—One of the later army incumbants . . . From Amish land but actions belie any such heritage . . . Always the fooler when out with Juler . . . Speaks with a smile and motionless lips . . . Ends words with teeth . . .

PHILLIPS—"In Arkansas" . . . Seen daily with Bailey . . . Long winded about his kindred . . . Demeanor quite serious and never unbending . . . Fastidity—but dammit, no rapidity . . . The rhetorical outweighs the rational . . .

POLEVOY—Huge . . . Hulking . . . Humerous . . . Hail fellow, well met . . . Ever present in any discussion . . . Low down on politics . . . Serious demeanor . . . "How did you answer it" . . . P.M.'s favorite pastime . . . Has all the dope on us dopes . . .

POWELL—Canary colored coiffure . . . Quiet . . . Diligent . . . An obscure subtlety . . . Well liked . . . Unassuming . . . Bye bye to Byberry . . . Look to Crozer for etiology of classroom dozer . . .

PREIS—Franny, what's the ante? . . . Basketball bouncer and bounder . . . Giving hair the air . . . "I'll muss your hair up" . . . "If you guys write anything about that—" . . .

RENDIN—"How d'ya like my gal?" . . . "Bull—" . . . Strictly confidential . . . President of this and that . . . "I'm worried" . . . Sport coats, quiet like a four alarm blaze . . . "I've been Kerst" . . .

RIGBY—Prosperous plumpness . . . Austere appearance . . . Introverted and extroverted personality . . . Gentlemanly in the end . . . Rigby, rigger of chem lab . . .

RUBIN—Conservative—Likes em small . . . Seldom perturbed—Keeps the gals disturbed . . . Neat like a well groomed terrier . . . Blush like a mercurochrome spray . . . Supplies unknown facts to augment spotty lectures . . .

SATALOFF—Short laughs that start from his shoes . . . Full of talk . . . "Where's the chalk" . . . On the fourth floor dissecting . . . Ambitious . . . Crew cut hair . . . Bobbing up like a cork . . . "Penn was outweighed" . . .

SHAFFNER—Geometric cranium . . . Square jaws and blond roof . . . Heated arguments with Schroth . . . "Waddya know" . . . "I'm a sad apple" . . . Beat of the drums . . . Allentown weekends . . . Gluteal hypertrophy—built like a bull . . . Institute's super sleuth . . .

SCHROTH—"Well now Doctor—" . . . A forceful personality . . . Maestro supreme . . . "Such an orchestra" . . . Plugging for Alma Mater song . . . On Pediatrics does he now bone for the one Lafferty is sending home . . .

SHEPARD—Unsheath the needles . . . Time for (re)Morse . . . Clipped hair . . . Clipped gait . . . Clipped features . . . Unclipped speech . . . June bug . . . Nerves like piano strings . . .

SHIELDS—Personality distinctive . . . Strict abstinence from the rowdy . . . One of the few with no beer . . . But doesn't ignore the gals . . . All appearances of a doctor—With honesty that would serve in good stead as a proctor . . .

SIMOSON—Rotund and pompous . . . "On page 229 it says" . . . Book laden arm . . . Neatly attired . . . Stilted gait . . . Majestic habitue . . . Pursed lips . . . "This is the way I see it fellas" . . .

SMITH—Similia similibus . . . Tropical haircuts . . . Naive sleepy blue eyes . . . The Californian . . . Speaks in low gear . . . "He lectures too fast" . . . Dark blue shirts till the eye it hurts . . . Frigidity at the mention of rapidity . . .

G. SNYDER—Concerned over consonants . . . Reiteration of Rendin's thoughts . . . "Can you lend me a buck" . . . Bangtail expert . . . "Across the board" . . . Always talking except when called on . . .

J. SNYDER—Effervescence is the word . . . Dynamic kinesis is the phrase . . . Front row man . . . Elbows supreme that carry him to the front . . . Quick witted . . . "My wife Bunny—" . . . Always swallowing his hat . . . Did you know he is knitting?—Ask him about the tie he just finished . . .

SONIS—Always late . . . Horn rimmed spectacles . . . Millimeter square adhesive patches . . . A cohort super duper—Strictly in a stupor . . . "Where am I going to intern now" . . . Psychosomatically speaking . . .

STEWART—Boudoir eyes, but also gets along with the guys . . . Stew, etc. . . . Tailor made and for this let Bill bill you . . . Engaging engagements . . . Has a line for the mainline . . .

SULLIVAN—"Snake" . . . Kaleidoscopic memory organizing chaos into order . . . "What'll the wife say" . . . Venomous poker player . . . Rebel, but little accent . . . Tainted with the Kerst of politics . . .

SUSSMAN—Salesman extraordinary . . . "Where's Neely" . . . Aggressive . . . "What'll we put here" . . . "Were you in class" . . . "Lend me your notes" . . . "We can't make the deadline" . . . "I've got a date for a change" . . . Knows his MEDICation . . .

SZCZEPANIAK—Stumbling block in the roll call . . . Belly protruding . . . "In other words" . . . Abdomen distended . . . "What I mean to say" . . . A big tummy . . . "In other words" . . . "You don't understand my point" . . . "I give up" . . . The trouble with you is—" . . .

SZMAL—"Where are you going" . . . "What are you going to do" . . . "Wait for me" . . . Waits for someone else to do it first . . . Farmer's daughter type of joke . . . Yarns by the yard . . . Talking about his wife back home . . .

TEATER—Five hour conversations . . . Slim, spare, likes to go on a tear . . . Proponent of Havelock Ellis . . . Beau Brummel of Summer St. . . . Searching histories . . . First at bar, first to show effects, last to leave . . .

TOTH—Fugitive from the Bar-ber . . . Olecranon bursitis . . . "Not so good looking but built" . . . "Who's gonna spring?" . . . "Did he take roll?" . . . "Where's the benzedrine" . . . Sulphur . . . Light drinker—Continues till its light . . . "What's this, water?" . . . Two weeks late from Allentown . . .

TURNER—Looks like a prof . . . "When I was talking to the general" . . . A new star mid the 48 on the flag . . . Red, White and BOO . . . Truly an Arden(t) proponent of the Bill of Rights . . . "Communism?—Phooey" . . .

URSIN—Russian stoicism . . . Smiling . . . Blondes in his diary . . . Mild mannered . . . Chicago whirlwind . . . Sneaked into a presidency . . . Addresses galore . . . Admirable Admiral's attire . . . Tips, hot off the wire . . .

UZMANN—Bananas . . . Boats . . . Bags . . . Bombastic . . . The "B" on the boys . . . Beak of a newshawk . . . Broads . . . Born con man . . . Brooklynese speech . . . Bookies attire . . . Bull . . . Baloney . . . Bow-ties . . . Beer . . . Bacardi's . . . Blotto . . .

WASLEY—Sweating . . . Losing hair . . . White, Wasley, Whitaker . . . "O.K. fellas, attention" . . . Laughs in soprano . . . The gal friend . . .

WATSON—Sotto voice . . . Hahvad accent . . . Toy dolls . . . Margie . . . Knife like quips . . . Flare for culture . . . Featured features . . . Yachts . . . Main line tendency with sideline interludes . . .

WEISS—Diminutive . . . Camera addict . . . Eberhard disciple . . . Extended vacationeer . . . Runner from Hunter . . . Sam's son (and not Strength) . . . Finger nail polisher with worn out lapel . . . From New Yawk . . .

WEITZEL—"Back home in Indiana" . . . Jolly Roger . . . Dotes on notes . . . Matrimonially bonded . . . Midwestern hospitality and utmost of formality . . .

WHITAKER—English humor . . . Light complexioned . . . Secluded scholar . . . Whirlpool interior under placid exterior . . . Tawdry tips with a talented touch . . . Slightly touted dearth of a twinkling mirth . . .

WHITE—Demeanor contrite . . . Bach to Boogie banger . . . Al's a pal . . . Little's known about the seeds he's sown—Activities unproper he's sure to disown . . .

WITHERSPOON—Cue ball cranium . . . Wolf through association with . . . Sunburned hair with a debonair air . . . Soldier supreme—This guys on the beam . . . "Come on brother, let's have another" . . .

WOELFEL—Perennial cast . . . Well read . . . All the books he's bled . . . Body mighty, voice quite flighty . . . Member of threesome—Marriage made it foursome . . . If finger's not limber, will be heckler of Geckler . . .

WOLF—Gangling, hands dangling . . . Swaying while braying . . . In classroom stuperous—Remarks vituperous . . . Eats his meals with a Witherspoon . . . Licks his chops for that extract of hops . . .

WRIGHT—Byberry . . . Mustache . . . An air with an illuminating stare . . . Watches 'em go by . . . Nothing phony in matrimony . . . Curtis associate . . .

YOSHIKAWA—Yosh has them joshed . . . Delusion from seclusion . . . Attire well zooted . . . Girls, it's tough to wow a Toyoo Yoshikawa . . . Former grappler . . .

ZAINO—Open mouth, hear him talk—glass of tonic, hear him squawk . . . With a countenance dark and a frankness stark . . . Real name Ed, called Zyno instead . . . Z for Zealous . . .

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GERALD LORENTZ:—for zealous effort and time expended in the mounting of the panels.

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For so graciously supplying us with the lithographic prints of Medical Heroes of Army and Navy used on the dividers of this book.

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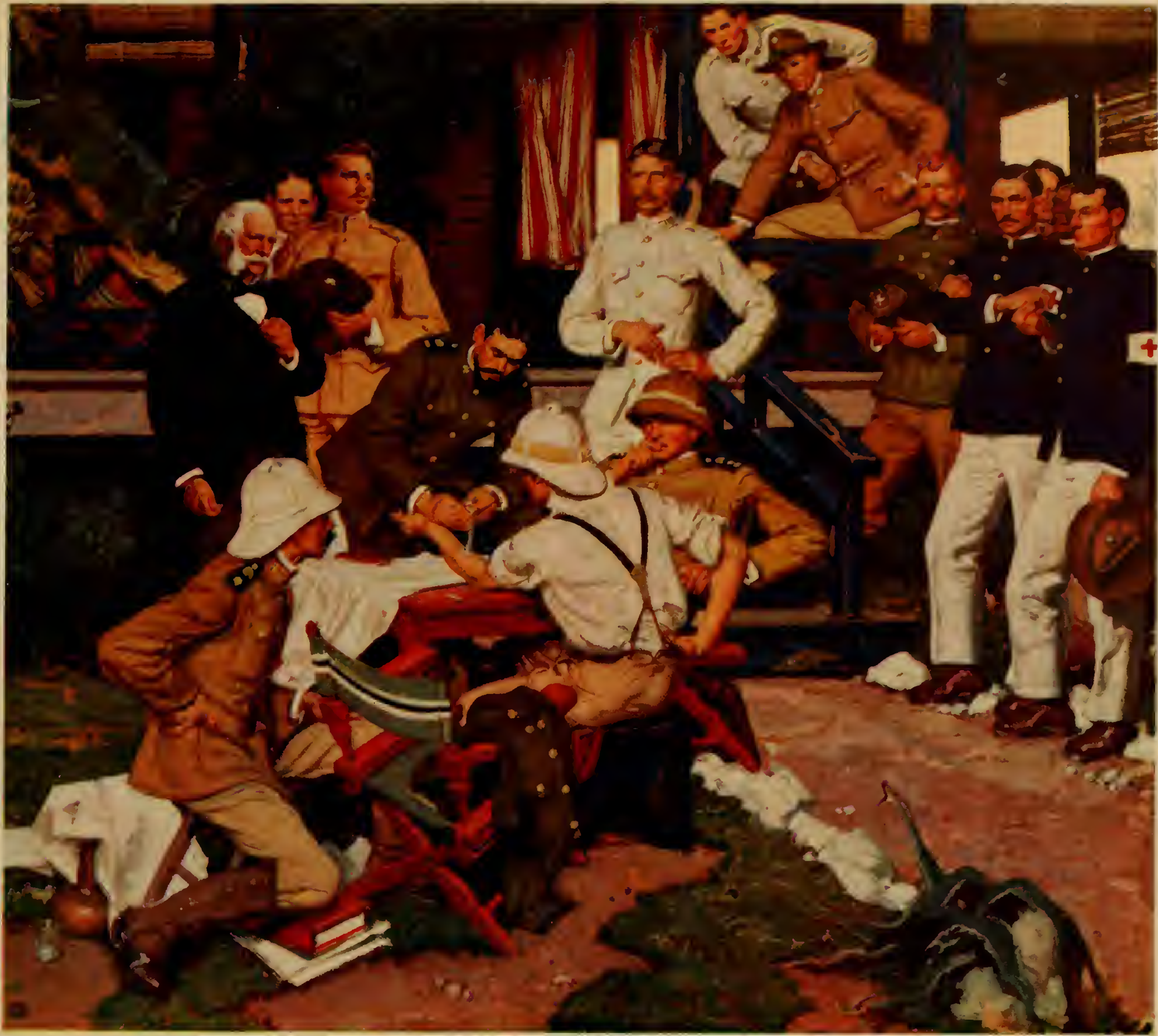

Conquerors of Yellow Fever

BY DEAN CORNWELL, N. A.

THIRD IN THE SERIES "PIONEERS OF AMERICAN MEDICINE"

After spending six months in research aided by many competent advisors, Dean Cornwell completed the third canvas in the series, "Pioneers of American Medicine," *Conquerors of Yellow Fever*, which was unveiled during the recent convention of the American Medical Association in Cleveland. It is for artistic reasons a compromise between literal historical accuracy and the "spirit of the truth" of the story of the yellow fever investigation brought to a magnificently successful conclusion under the direction of Major Walter Reed, American Hospital Corps.

John Wyeth & Brother, who are proud to sponsor this series of paintings on medical history, wish to acknowledge the generous aid given Mr. Cornwell by many prominent persons, including Dr. Pedro Martinez Fraga, at the time Cuban Ambassador to the United States; Dr. Domingo Ramos, Cuban Minister of Defense; Dr. Carlos Finlay, Jr., Dr. Guillermo Lage, Director of the Finlay Institute; Dr. Carlos M. Kohly, Dr. A. Diaz Albertini, Dr. Alberto Recio, Dr. F. Dominguez Roldan, Dr. S. Garcia Marruz, Minister of Public Health; Dr. Angel Vieta, Mr. Conrado Massaguer, all of Havana and all of whom were personally consulted.

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* * *

Reproductions of *Conquerors of Yellow Fever*, 16″ x 14¼″, suitable for framing, are available to physicians, hospitals and libraries free on request.

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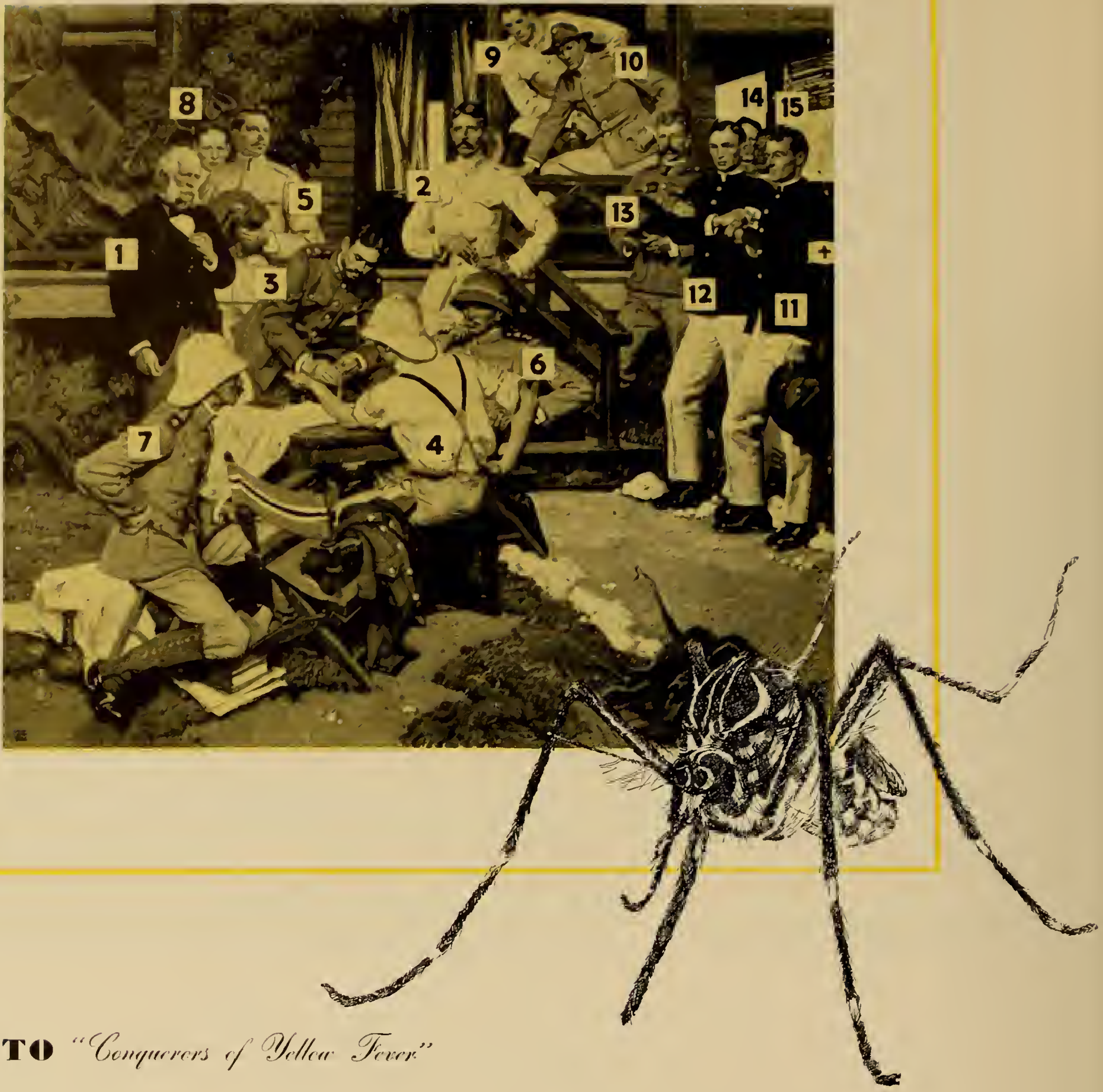

KEY TO *"Conquerors of Yellow Fever"*

1. Dr. Carlos Finlay, the Cuban physician who originated and developed the theory of the transmission of yellow fever by the mosquito but whose work was ignored for 19 years. 2. Dr. (Major) Walter Reed, President of the U. S. Army Yellow Fever Board, which proved conclusively the cause of yellow fever. 3. Dr. Jesse W. Lazear, member of the Army Board, inoculating Dr. Carroll with an infected mosquito. (Dr. Lazear died a month later as a result of self-experimentation, a martyr to science.) 4. Dr. James Carroll, member of the Army Board, who developed the Board's first case of experimental yellow fever as a result of the inoculation portrayed. 5. Dr. Aristides Agramonte, Cuban physician and member of the U. S. Army Board. 6. General Leonard Wood, Governor-General of Cuba, who threw the weight of his authority behind the Board. 7. Major Jefferson R. Kean, Chief Surgeon of the Department of Western Cuba, friend and advisor of Reed and his colleagues. 8. Lieutenant Albert E. Truby, Commanding Officer of the Columbia Barracks Post Hospital, Quemados (near Havana), Cuba, where the early experiments were performed. 9. Dr. Roger P. Ames, U. S. Army Medical Corps, yellow fever expert, who successfully cared for the cases of experimental yellow fever. 10. Dr. Robert P. Cooke, Contract Surgeon, U. S. Army Medical Corps, who volunteered to be shut up in a house (Bldg. No. 1) with infected bedding for 20 days to prove the non-infectiousness of "fomites" (personal belongings). 11. John R. Kissinger, Private, U. S. Army Hospital Corps. 12. John J. Moran, Acting Steward, Army Hospital Corps. He and Kissinger were the first two who volunteered to submit to inoculations after the mosquito theory was accepted by the Yellow Fever Board. 13. Warren G. Jernegan, Private, Hospital Corps, who submitted to experiments with infected clothing and later to inoculation. 14. An American private representative of the eleven additional volunteers: Dean (case "X-Y"), Olson, Folk, Forbes, Andrus, West, Hanberry and Sonntag, who accepted inoculations: Weatherwalks, Hildebrand and England who were exposed to "fomites." 15. A Spanish immigrant, representative of the four who volunteered for inoculations: Benigno, Fernandez, Presedo and Martinez.

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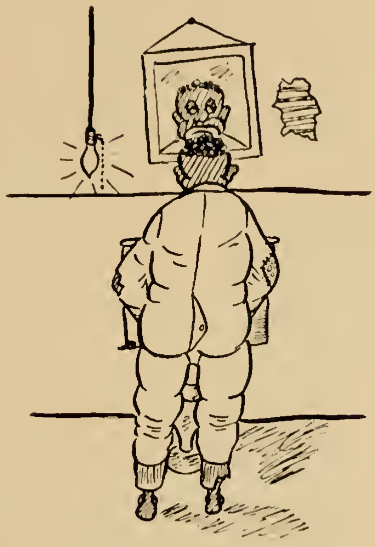

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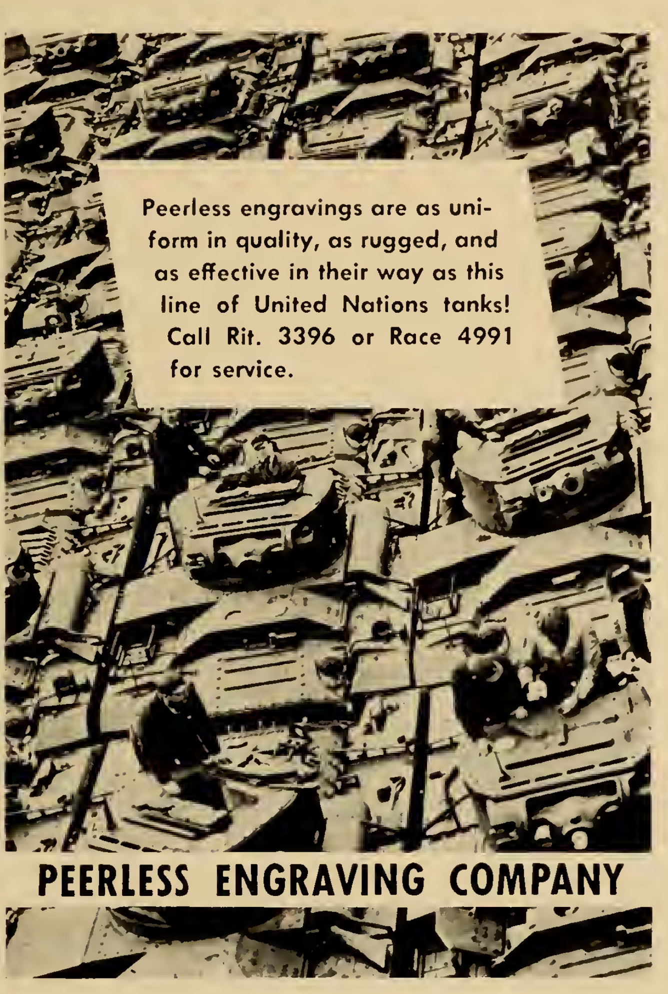

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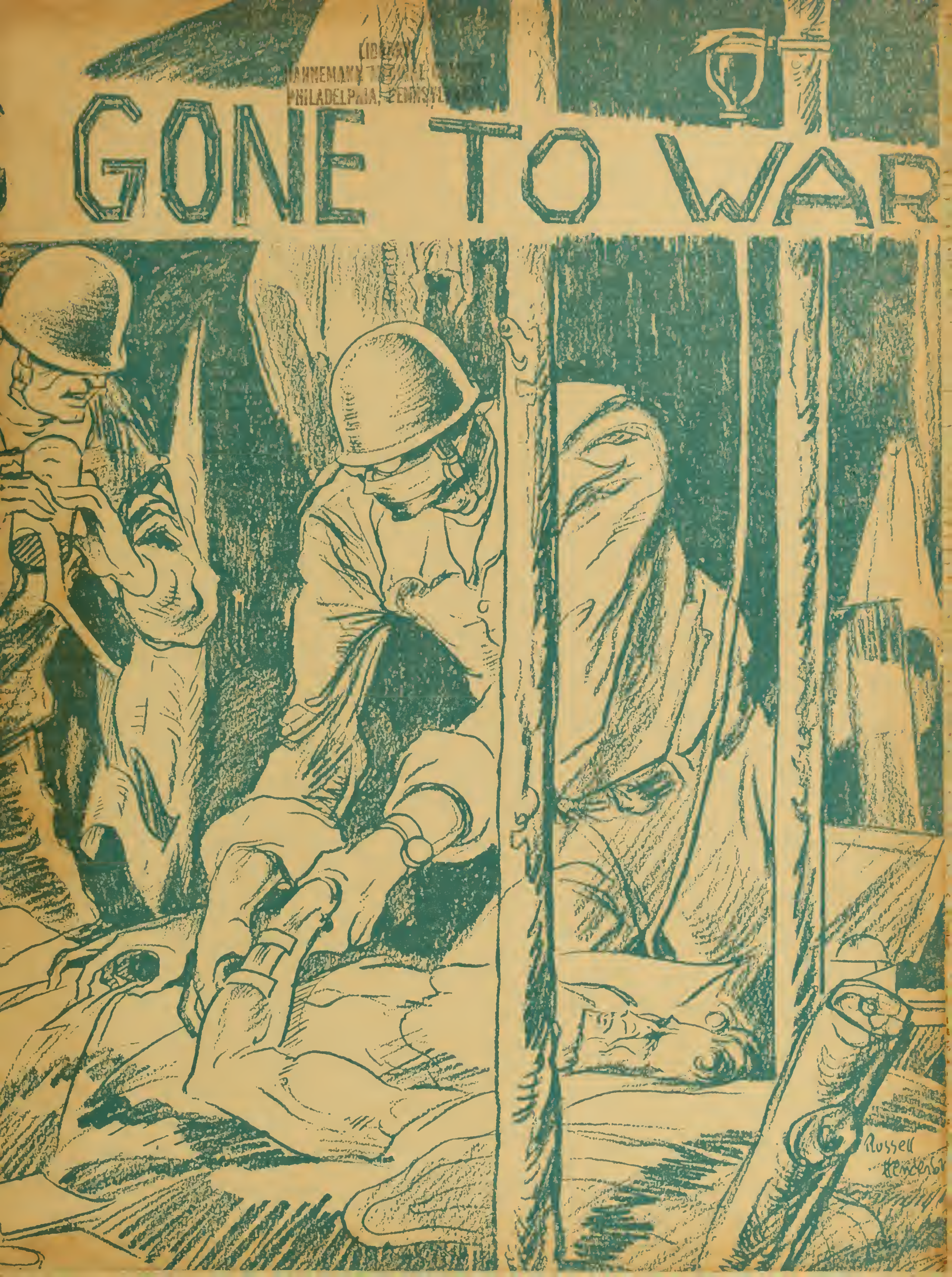
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